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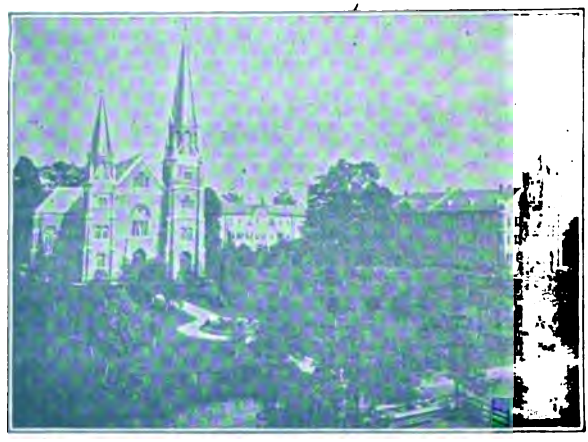

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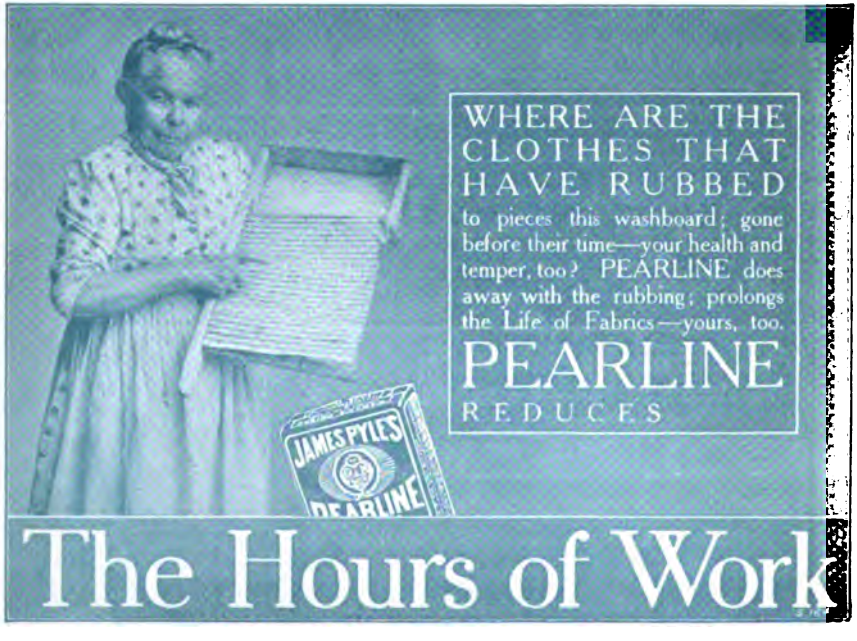
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GUIDO RENI'S "CHOIR OF ANGELS," IN THE ORATORY OF ST. SYLVIA. *Page 33.*

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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ORESTES A. BROWNSON, LL.D.*

"A man of courage and a great American."

BY M. J. HARSON.

ORESTES AUGUSTUS BROWNSON was one of the giants of the nineteenth century. He towered above his fellows as towers the average man in a group of boys. Great in physical proportions as compared with most men, he was still greater in his intellectual endowments. A fine and massive head crowned his tall, broad-shouldered, and sturdy body, and his strong, expressive face, fearless eyes, and long, shaggy hair impressed the beholder with a conviction of leonine power. To have him on your side was like having a regiment in your defence; to have him against you was like facing an overwhelming battalion. Many phrases have been used in describing his many-sided qualities, but the one which has pleased me most, and which seems to embrace all the others, is that he was "A Man of Courage, and a Great American."

Orestes Augustus Brownson, LL.D., the distinguished reviewer, controversialist, publicist, and philosopher, was born at Stockbridge, Vt., September 16, 1803, and died at Detroit, Michigan, April 17, 1876.

His father, Sylvester A. Brownson, a native of Hartford County, Conn., and his mother, Relief Metcalf, a native of Keene, New Hampshire, were among the early settlers of Stockbridge. The elder Brownson died shortly before Orestes

* An address delivered before the Catholic Club of New York City, January 19, 1904.

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was born, but his mother, who by the way was born on the American Thanksgiving following Burgoyne's defeat, lived until December, 1865. Dr. Brownson was one of a family of six children, three boys and three girls. His eldest brother, Daniel, became distinguished as quite an orator; his second, Orin, became a Catholic late in life. His twin sister, Mrs. Ludington, died in Bay City, Michigan, December, 1892. She never became a Catholic, but one of her daughters did.

Dr. Brownson's father died without leaving any estate, and his mother had a hard struggle in bringing up her children. At the age of six he was placed with an aged couple who lived on a farm about four miles from the little town of Royalton, Vt. He was treated with great kindness and affection by them, and brought up as well as could be expected from persons in their condition of life, but according to the most rigid form of New England orthodoxy. Living with these old people he was debarred from the sports, plays, and amusements of children, and, as he says in *The Convert:* "I had the manners, the tone and tastes of an old man before I was a boy—a sad misfortune, for children form one another and should always be suffered to be children as long as possible."

He learned to read at an early age, and with a great fondness for reading, had scarcely any books to read but the Scriptures and a few religious treatises. He had read the Bible through before he was eight years old, and knew a great part of it by heart before he was fourteen.

Hence it is not surprising that his precocious mind turned early to thoughts dealing with the mysteries of life, and that they should take a deeply religious turn. The prevailing thought of the early part of the last century was religious and controversial, and an examination of the old quarterlies and newspapers gives an insight into this phase of New England life, which one would not otherwise be prepared to believe. When men met together, whether in the little shops, country stores, at their firesides or elsewhere, religious discussions were indulged in with the same vigor and earnestness as political discussions are indulged in now during a hotly contested presidential campaign.

When about nine years old Brownson was permitted to accompany a much older boy to the middle of the town,

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about four miles distant from his home, to witness a muster, or general training, of a brigade of militia. On returning home he was asked what he had seen which interested him most, and he replied that he had seen two old men talking on religion. In speaking of this incident in *The Convert* he says: "In fact I was so interested in their discussion that I quite forgot the soldiers, though I came of a military family, and almost forgot to eat my card of gingerbread. The discussion, I remember, was on free-will and election, and I actually took part in it, stoutly maintaining free-will against Edwards, who confounds volition with judgment, and maintains that the will is necessarily determined by the state of the affections and the motives presented to the understanding."

In the town in which he lived were Congregationalists, Baptists, Universalists, Methodists, and "Christians," a sect founded in northern New England in 1800. The two latter being the more numerous, he usually attended their meetings. He said that the only difference that he could discover between the Methodists and the Christians, in those days, was that the Methodist preachers appeared to have the strongest lungs, preached in a louder tone, and gave the most vivid pictures of hell-fire and the tortures of the damned. He was so impressed with this kind of preaching that he became constantly afraid that the devil would come and carry him off bodily. He tried to get religion, and had almost made up his mind to submit to the Methodist form of belief. At this time he was only twelve years of age, and in his distress of mind he visited an old lady for whom he had a great affection, who was a rigid and sincere Congregationalist, and stated his case to her. She replied: "My poor boy, God has been good to you and has no doubt gracious designs towards you. He means to use you for a purpose of his own, and you must be faithful to his inspirations. But go not with the Methodists, or with any of the sects. They are new lights, and are not to be trusted. The Christian religion is not new, and Christians have existed from the time of Christ. These new lights are of yesterday. You yourself know the founder of the Christian sect, and I myself knew personally both George Whitefield and John Wesley, the founders of Methodism. Neither can be right, for they come too late, and have broken off, separated from the body of Christians which subsisted before them. When you join any

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body calling itself a Christian body, find out and join one that began with Christ and his Apostles, and has continued to subsist the same, without change of doctrine or worship, down to our time."

This advice deterred him from joining the Methodists, and two years afterwards his aunt gave him some books on Universalism to read. The perusal of these books, aided by his aunt's intelligent commentaries, shook his early belief in future rewards and punishments, and unsettled his mind on the most important points of Christian faith. This state of religious uncertainty and unrest, without his affiliating with any of the prevailing sects, continued until his nineteenth year. While pursuing his academic studies at Ballston, N. Y., in 1822, he became a Presbyterian, but soon meeting with men of various religious opinions he changed his views, and became a Universalist minister in 1825, at the age of twenty-two. He received his letter of fellowship as a Universalist preacher at Hartland, Vt., and remained there a year, continuing his studies part of the time with the Rev. S. C. Loveland, a man of some learning and the compiler of a Greek lexicon of the New Testament, and was ordained at Jaffrey, N. H., in the summer of 1826.

During the year 1824 he taught school in what is now a portion of the City of Detroit, but he suffered so from fever and ague that he could not longer remain. Coming East in 1825, he taught school at Elbridge, Onondaga County, N. Y., where he met his wife, Miss Sally Healy, and was married to her in 1827. Miss Healy was said to be a woman of a singularly sweet and beautiful character, and was received into the church soon after Brownson was, and died at Elizabeth, N. J., in 1872. Her cousin, the Hon. John P. Healy, of Boston, was the trusted law partner of Daniel Webster, and between Healy and Brownson the warmest friendship always existed. From this union of Dr. Brownson and Miss Healy eight children were born, seven sons and one daughter, and all finally became Catholics. Two died in childhood. Orestes A., the oldest, died at Rockville, Dubuque County, Ia., April 29, 1892. John, the second, a lawyer, died at St. Paul in 1857. William, the third, was coming home to enter the army when he was taken sick and died at Virginia City, Nevada, in 1864. Henry F., the fourth, was a major in the Third Artillery Regulars

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during the war and until 1870. For the past twenty years he has been practising law in Detroit, Michigan. He is a graduate of Holy Cross College, of Georgetown University, and of the University of Munich. In 1856 he published a translation from the Spanish of Balmes' *Fundamental Philosophy*. In later years he published translations from the Italian of Tarducci's *Christopher Columbus* and *John and Sebastian Cabot*. He has written a Life of his distinguished father in three volumes, and has collected and edited his entire writings in twenty volumes. Miss Brownson, the only daughter, wrote a *Life of Prince Galitzin*, and several stories, one of which is *Marian Elwood*. She married Judge Tenney, of New Jersey, in November, 1873, and died a few years later, leaving two daughters. Edward, the youngest child of Orestes A., was a Captain A. D. C. in the Civil War, and was killed in battle at Reams Station, Va., August 24, 1864. He was a graduate of St. John's College, Fordham, while the other brothers took their degrees from Georgetown.

At the time Brownson became a Universalist minister he had already acquired a considerable reputation as a bold and original thinker, by contributions to the *Gospel Advocate*, the leading Universalist organ. He afterwards became editor of the *Philanthropist*, and was a contributor to all the leading periodicals. He was at this time in the full enthusiasm of youth, with a magnificent physique, a powerful voice, unconquerable energy, fiery, fearless, and terribly in earnest. After his ordination he returned to New York State, where he had lived most of the time since his fourteenth year, and although beginning to acquire a prominent position in the Universalist denomination, he found that on closer scrutiny he could not reconcile his reason to its teachings, and in 1828 withdrew from its communion.

About this time Robert Dale Owen was before the public with his plans of world-reform. This movement drew the attention of Dr. Brownson to the social evils which exist in every land, and to the inequalities which existed in our own. His sympathies were enlisted, and he became a socialist in the highest and broadest sense. He was prominent in the formation of the Workingmen's Party in New York, and for some years found vent for his activity in devising, supporting, rejecting, and refuting theories and plans of world-reform. Of the effectiveness of these plans he presently despaired. He found

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that if he wished to build up society, to effect something positive, he could not proceed a single step without religion, and without it all efforts were impotent. He therefore resumed preaching as an independent preacher, and being attracted to the study of Unitarianism by the writings of Dr. William Ellery Channing, in 1832 he became pastor of a Unitarian congregation at Walpole, N. H. Four years later he organized, in Boston, "The Society for Christian Union and Progress," of which he retained the pastorate until he ceased preaching in 1843. His friends at this time were William Ellery Channing, Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, A. Bronson Alcott, Nathaniel Hawthorne, George Bancroft, John C. Calhoun, George Ripley, and men of this class. Among the younger men were Henry D. Thoreau, Isaac T. Hecker, William D. Kelley, and Charles A. Dana, and he had a more or less intimate acquaintance with all the prominent men in literature and politics.

The influence of Brownson on the thought of the day—political, social, philosophical, and religious—was not exceeded by that of any other man in the country at this time, and his influence in individual cases was wide and far-reaching. The deep friendship and affection which existed between himself and Father Hecker to the end are well known. Hon. Amos Perry, of Rhode Island, who succeeded John Howard Payne as consul at Tunis, was a classmate and intimate friend of Thoreau at Harvard, and he has told me that during their college career Thoreau's thought was almost entirely dominated by Brownson, and that he spoke of him with greater admiration than of any other writer. Perry asserted, moreover, that Thoreau told him that his profound love of nature was inspired by Brownson, not by Emerson, as is generally supposed.

William D. Kelley was employed in a jewelry shop in Boston when he first attracted the attention of Brownson, who, perceiving his great natural talents, induced him to take up the study of law and got him into the law-office of Hon. John P. Healy. After Kelley's admission to the bar he returned to his native city of Philadelphia, entered Congress in 1861, and will be remembered as one of the leaders there for more than a quarter of a century, until his death in 1890. Charles A. Dana came under the attention and influence of Brownson while he was a member of the "Brook Farm Community." He was assistant secretary of war in 1863 and 1864, and as

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editor of the New York *Sun* became the most distinguished journalist in America.

Brownson was regarded as among the first men of the age, and was acknowledged to be the leading thinker and writer of our country. His writings were held in high esteem by the scholars of Europe. Victor Cousin, in his *Fragments Philosophiques*, regarded him as the main philosopher of the country; a distinguished Spaniard called him the "Balmes of America," and Lord Brougham pronounced him to be our leading genius. Men like George Bancroft, Charles Sumner, and Horace Greeley esteemed his writings as of the highest order.

Translations of some of his various works and essays were published and favorably received in various centres of Europe, and his *Quarterly Review* was regularly published in London simultaneously with its appearance in this country. He lectured with success in the different New England lyceums, and was in demand for commencement orations at most of the New England colleges and universities. He received the degree of LL.D. from Norwich University, Vermont, and later was the first to receive the same degree from St. John's College, Fordham. In 1838, while still preaching and writing for various periodicals, he established the Boston *Quarterly Review*, which he continued for five years. In 1844 he began the publication of *Brownson's Quarterly Review*, which he continued without interruption until 1864. In 1873 he revived the *Review* and continued it until October, 1875, when the infirmities of age obliged him to relinquish the work. To give an account of the successive changes, or developments, in his views until he finally announced his intention of becoming a Catholic, would in itself require a separate and extended address. He was received into the church by Bishop Fitzpatrick, of Boston, on Sunday, October 20, 1844, just as he had entered his forty-second year. After his conversion he wrote and lectured indefatigably, and besides his *Quarterly Review* and articles for other periodicals, he published *The Convert*, *The Spirit Rapper*, *The American Republic*, and several other works.

Dr. Brownson moved to New York City in October, 1855, and in 1858 or 1859 took up his residence in Elizabeth, N. J. Leaving there in October, 1875, he went to live with his son in Detroit, Michigan, where he died on Easter Monday, April 17 1876. On June 16, 1886, his remains were transferred to the

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Brownson Memorial Chapel at Notre Dame University, Indiana, where they now rest.

I have said that the phrase which pleased me most and which seemed to embrace all other phrases descriptive of this great and many-sided man was that *he was a man of courage.* Of all types of courage the most sublime is that which can calmly and critically examine the beliefs which have been held to be true, prove them to be false or defective, reject them with knowledge of the consequences which will follow, take up other beliefs looked upon with intolerance, find them to be true, and embrace them, conscious of the sacrifices and the odium this announcement will bring.

I have the greatest respect for every good man's honest beliefs in the things which he holds to be true, whether Christian, Jew, or pagan, and I wonder at and admire those who calmly take up the beliefs taught by an affectionate mother, shared in by those most tenderly loved, firmly held by those recognized as superior in virtue and intelligence, and find them to be grossly in error. To reject such beliefs may mean the severance of warmest friendships and serious material losses; to divest other doctrines, which had been looked upon with feelings akin to horror, of all their disagreeable and obnoxious features, and, finding them true, to accept them, oftentimes gives no other compensation save the consciousness of holding to the truth. Many good men there are who, jealous of their claims to courage, have hesitated and turned back before they had traversed half the way. How transcendent, therefore, must be the courage of those who unhesitatingly work their way through to the end! Brownson's courage was of that sublime order which dares to tell the truth at all times without regard to cost, and this is the most unpopular thing a man can do. Brownson's tones at times in defence of the truth were like the thunder, with lightning flashes. They cleared the air, but they filled the hearts of the timid with alarm. He gave no quarter to false teaching, deceit, or humbug, and those he thus exposed opposed him bitterly. Between the faint-heartedness of those he sought to inspire with courage, and the relentlessness of those he exposed, his later life was a struggle in which only such courage as was his could have battled on unflinchingly to the end. Brownson firmly believed in the gospel of "Do!" while many Catholics believe in the gospel of "Don't!"

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Great as he was physically and intellectually, he had a heart big enough to dominate both. He loved God and country with all the intensity of his great soul, and his sympathy for all humanity was as tender as that of a woman. Next to his love of God was his love of country, and when not engaged in the exposition of the teachings of the church, or the exposure of error, his great talents were devoted to the study of all questions the solution of which would lift up the state and make Americans the best people under the sun, for he believed that Americans were destined to teach the world. His political writings are worthy of profound study. He welcomed all those who landed on our shores from the various countries of Europe, but viewed with concern their disposition to retain their "Foreignism," and their reluctance to become Americans. He believed their incoming meant a higher and better Americanism, but only by their assimilating with and being fused into the American body. He declared that the great body of Catholic immigrants coming to our shores half a century ago should be one of the best elements of American citizenship, and he tried to point out that they would be better Americans by becoming better Catholics. And was not his own career a proof of this declaration, for who could match him in his intense devotion to Catholicism, and excel him in his loyal Americanism? He believed that more depended on us than on non-Catholics, and that, looking to the future, we held the destinies of our country in our hands. But we must win the minds and hearts of our countrymen, not by empty boasting or idle assertions of what Catholics have done in other times and places, but by proving our own superiority in wisdom, intelligence, and virtue here and now. The demagogues of those days, however, distorted his views and misrepresented his motives, and he was greatly misunderstood. He frequently gave expression to his belief in the importance of Catholic influence, and in his preface to *The American Republic* he says: "I am ambitious even in my old age to exert an influence on the future of my country, for which I have made, or rather my family have made, some sacrifices, and which I tenderly love. Now, I believe that he who can exert the most influence on our Catholic population, especially in giving tone and direction to our Catholic youth, will exert the most influence in forming the character and shaping the future destiny of the American Republic." Previous

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to, and after, the outbreak of the great Civil War, which threatened the destruction of the country, many of our foremost men hesitated as to the real issues involved. Brownson was one of the first to see the situation clearly, and thundered out his views in no uncertain tones; and few men of that day did more to inspire loyal devotion to the Union, and to set the nation right, than he.

I am tempted to cite one instance of his loyal Catholic Americanism when argument seemed to be out of the question, and when it was necessary for him to use his great physical strength rather than his overmastering mental ability. One day a man named Hoover was abusing Brownson to his publisher, Rev. B. H. Greene, at his store in Boston. As Brownson entered the book-store Greene said: "There is Brownson now; talk to him." Hoover turned to Brownson and began to abuse him violently for becoming a Catholic. Brownson interrupted him, saying: "Another word and I will throw you over that stove-pipe." Hoover retorted by calling him a traitor to his country and a Benedict Arnold for becoming a Catholic. Dr. Brownson instantly grasped him, and unceremoniously pitched him headlong over the stove-pipe, which ran from a stove in the front of the shop to the wall in the rear. The newspapers and magazines made much of the incident at the time, and Hoover commenced an action for assault and battery; but it never came to trial.

Brownson always looked hopefully to the young men, and placed his dependence mainly on them. This is true of his whole career to the end of his life. My purpose in taking up the movement to honor Brownson was not so much to see a monument erected to his memory, as to attract the attention of our young men to the type of man and to his writings. I owe him a debt of gratitude. I question if there is any type of writing so mischievous and harmful as the apologetic defences of the church, its history, teachings, and traditions, which are to be found in many of our histories, stories, addresses, and sermons.

Their aim seems to be to paralyze rather than to stimulate and develop thought. Much of this kind of literature was thrown in my way when a young man, and the effect it had on me was to excite doubt where I had entertained absolute and unquestioning faith. Many of these apologies were so

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beggarly in their arguments and so supine in their defence, that they established the strongest kind of an argument for the other side—a side which I did not otherwise know of. They made me acquainted with a universe of doubt that I had not previously dreamed of, and I was thrown into a state of mental unrest on questions of religion that distressed me for some years. That the truth was in great peril, and could evoke no better support than the kind of defence offered, seemed incomprehensible to me. My gentle mother had taught me to have supreme faith in God, that he ruled the world and was all-powerful, and I could not therefore believe that the future of God's church depended on these pigmies and their lilliputian struggles in its defence. Faith was strong within me in spite of my doubts. If the doctrines which I was told were errors of modern thought could command the most accomplished expositions of many of the recognized intellectual leaders of the day, surely, if what I believed to be true, were true, I should be able to find greater minds giving grander demonstrations of intellectual ability in their behalf. The apologetic plea that error was more fascinating to great minds than truth, always struck me as childish and filled me with impatience. It could only be the plea of little souls excusing their own incompetency. The underlying suggestion made by them, that the Prince of Evil controlled the human mind and could triumph over truth, seemed an argument only fit for pagans to use. It was making out God to be weak, impotent, powerless; truth negative, and error affirmative. One might as well claim that darkness dispelled light. In my search I finally discovered in Brownson the one man I was looking for, and my doubts were dispelled as quickly as the morning mists before the rising sun. No one can read Brownson and harbor doubt. He inspires one with enthusiasm in a belief in God. He impresses on one the conviction that the greatest act of the human mind is in giving an expression of absolute faith, and that this act lifts one above all others devoid of faith. If I am ever guilty of an act of pride it is that feeling that no man is my equal who is not my equal in Catholic faith. I fear no man, and I do not apologize to any one for the faith that is in me; but, on the other hand, rather expect an apology from those who do not agree with me. This spirit and these convictions I owe to Brownson more than to all other Catholic writers combined,

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and I make this statement to explain why I have clung so tenaciously to the movement to erect a monument to him.

American Catholics are the best Catholics in the world, and this is due in some measure to the antagonisms of American Protestantism. With the present softening of religious prejudices there is danger of lapsing into the timid, helpless, and senile condition of the Catholics of France and Italy, and the safeguard from this awful fate is the raising up of many men of the type of Brownson. As the great Archbishop of St. Paul has so eloquently said: "The Common! We are surfeited with it; it has made our souls torpid and our limbs rigid. Under the guise of goodness it is a curse. The want in the world, the want in the church, to-day as at other times, but to-day as never before, is men among men, men who see further than others, rise higher than others, act more boldly than others. . . . Now is the opportunity for great and singular men among the sons of God's Church. To-day routine is fatal, to-day the Common is exhausted senility. The crisis demands the new, the extraordinary, and with it the Catholic Church will secure the grandest of her victories, in the grandest of history's ages."

Following the announcement of Dr. Brownson's suspension of his *Review* in 1875, and his retirement from the field which he had occupied so conspicuously for so many years, Dr. W. G. Ward, the well-known English Catholic scholar, wrote a critique of Brownson and his philosophy which appeared in the *Dublin Review* for January, 1876. In this article he gave expression to the following appreciative estimate:

"Brownson's career is one which may well serve to lessen our despondency as we look out upon the world of the nineteenth century. We are sometimes asked whether the Catholic Church is not powerless over minds that have known intellectual freedom, have ranged abroad, and been enlightened by the philosophy of Liberalism and Socialism. *The answer is here.* So wonderful is the power of truth that it is able to subdue the charm of license, to take from so-called liberty its fascinations, and from the thirst after knowledge its danger. The same truth which, more than thirty years ago, won to the church this cultured and energetic nature, has kept it in humble submission to authority, which did not appeal to the private judgment of the individual but to faith. Is Christianity unable

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to bear investigation? Must it of necessity dissolve under the test of modern thought and severe logic? Here again is one more instance of the correct answer. Not, indeed, that Catholicity is in need of the approbation of any human being, but in an age which professes to see a necessary antagonism between intellect and faith we may lawfully be proud of the men who are conspicuous in their obedience to the Church of God, whilst in intellect they are second to none. And this testimony becomes only the more impressive when, as may happen anywhere, there arise difficulties after conversion, and the mind has received a bias in some erroneous direction. Then it is beautiful to see the victory of faith, and to learn how moral discipline avails much more than philosophy. Dr. Brownson might have chosen to believe in his own power of reasoning in spite of the Church's evident wishes, but with a magnanimity which is the finest trait in his character, he preferred to divest himself of many advantages, rather than, in any way whatever, to endanger his own or his neighbor's faith. There are many men who, under slighter temptation than his, have forgotten to obey. His has been the rare privilege of showing to the world, by a constant and frank submission, that humility is the guide and safeguard of wisdom. We venture to say that there are very many who will regret the pressure of circumstances to which he has been obliged to yield, and who will often look wistfully for the appearance of such loyal and hearty declarations of faith as those to which they had been in the habit of expecting from him. They will often remember how strong and enduring was the impression left upon them as they read his defence of Mother Church against the rampant errors of the day; how they gained a new light as they pondered his admirable reasonings on the relations of society to the Church of Jesus Christ, and of kings and peoples to His Vicar; how they were taught the hollowness of Protestant beliefs as they contemplated, by his aid, the downward course of Lutheranism and Calvinism towards the lowest depths. And if in another province they have not been able to receive his conclusions, nor to follow him in the tenets which he long defended, they have always at least recognized his ardor for the propagation of truth, even when it needed to be enlightened by a wider knowledge of what the Church has declared. The qualities of intellect displayed have won our admiration, but still more

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have they been edified by the docility of heart, the unwavering faith which prompted him now to speak of the Catholic Church as the tenderest and most affectionate of mothers, with whom alone he desires to find a home and a refuge. These are beautiful words on the lips of a man whose intellect is so masculine and powerful. They are most encouraging amid the din of conflicting opinions and the wild cries for liberty which rise up into our murky atmosphere. It is sad that we shall hear them no more."

After Brownson's death Dr. Corcoran, in the *American Catholic Quarterly* for July, 1876, had this to say of him:

"After his conversion he devoted his energies, and indeed his whole life, to the defence of the truth to which his eyes had been opened. His *Review*, and other works, which will live as his monument, attest with what loyal constancy and fond affection he consecrated to the service of the church the varied talents with which God had endowed him. His *Review* is a rich mine, which will never lose its value for the student of controversial theology, of Christian philosophy, and Christian politics. His style, based on the best English models, gives an additional charm to all he wrote. He stands out certainly unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, by any of our countrymen in his masterly handling of the mother tongue. But the beautiful workmanship is as nothing compared to the glorious material which it adorns. It is like the mantle of gold which enwrapped the matchless Olympian Jove of Phidias. His logical power is simply wonderful; no sophistry, no specious reasoning of error or unbelief can stand before it. And coupled with this is the gift, so rare amongst profound thinkers and subtle dialecticians, of bringing home his triumphant process of reasoning to the minds even of ordinary readers with clearness and precision. One need not subscribe to his philosophical system to recognize the power and skill that characterize his grappling with the most abstruse and intricate problems of metaphysics. And even those who do not assent to all his philosophical and political views must allow that they were as conscientiously held as they were ably defended. Here, too, his great love of truth was manifest, for he retracted without shame or hesitation whatever he afterwards discovered to be false or unsound. Even when he laid down certain doctrines or opinions that gave offence and exposed him to obloquy, and in some degree to

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persecution from his brethren in the faith, his faith, if such it must be called, arose both from his own brightness of intellect and his inherent love of truth. What he said he had to utter, because he saw it in the clearest light of evidence, and because it was unpopular, he feared that to give it anything short of the boldest expression might seem like paltering with the truth. Hence doctrines, maxims, facts, and perhaps at times individual views, in proportion to what he considered their evidence and importance, were enunciated by him in a direct, blunt, stern, and occasionally harsh manner, that pleased some but offended others. It was merely the wind proclaiming in clear, loud, defiant blasts what might have been conveyed as well and with undimmed, undiminished truth in gentle tones. Some may question his prudence, none can doubt that he was prompted solely by his strong convictions and zeal for the truth.

"Had Dr. Brownson confined himself to the rôle of a merely political writer in the service of a party, he would have attained not preferment—for his honesty made that impossible—but wealth and reputation. But he would not; he had made up his mind to serve a nobler master than party, and his soul aspired to higher rewards than worldly fame and riches. It had cost him much to come into possession of the truth. He determined to become its champion and defender, to spread it abroad amongst his countrymen, that they too might have a share in all that had come to him through its acquisition. And yet to this man of noble nature and lofty disinterestedness, at the very end of his glorious career, within the last few years, some parties, gauging the hearts of others by the meanness and corruption of their own, had the face to make an offer of wealth and popularity, if he would apostatize and do his best to build up and Americanize a despicable little sect that cannot thrive in its own home, though backed by the gigantic power of the German Empire."

"He is gone; but his memory lives not only in the work he has done, but also in the example he has left behind him. And it is precisely this example that should commend itself to the educated portion of our Catholc laity. Most of them have no laborious struggle to acquire the treasure of religious truth. Grown up from infancy in the house of their Father, they succeed to its possession as to their birthright. Let them prize

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and love it as Brownson did; let them seek to extend its domain so that all within their reach may be conquered, of their own good will, by its gentle power. The sphere in which the educated layman can co-operate with the church is daily widening, and the value of his co-operation is daily growing in importance. How is it that of the many who graduate at our colleges and academies, only a few seem conscious of their duty in this respect? Fewer still have the courage to discharge it!"

THE CATHOLIC WORLD for June, 1876, contained a very appreciative and exhaustive review of Brownson from the pen of Rev. A. F. Hewit, C.S.P. Father Hewit had known Brownson intimately for more than twenty years, and although they disagreed on many philosophical questions and freely criticised each other time and again, still a warm friendship existed between them, although not of the affectionate character which existed between Brownson and Father Hecker. The following is an extract from this masterly tribute:

"It was as a Catholic publicist that Brownson became a truly great man, and achieved a great work for which he deserves to be held in lasting remembrance. To this work the last thirty years of his life was devoted with a gigantic energy, which diminished toward the end under the influence of advancing age and enfeebled health, but never wholly flagged until the approach of death gradually quenched the vital flame of physical existence.

"From the time of his conversion he was not only a loyal but a pious and practical Catholic, constantly receiving the sacraments and making his own salvation the chief object of his life.

"In his calibre of mind we think Dr. Brownson may be classed with those men whose capacity is only exceeded by a very small number of minds of the highest order of genius. Intellect, reason, imagination, and memory were alike powerful faculties of his mind, and his great weight of brain, with a corresponding nervous and muscular strength, made him capable of the most concentrated, vigorous, and sustained intellectual labor. Within the scope of his genius there was no work, however colossal, which he was not naturally capable of accomplishing. His gift of language, and ability of giving expression to his thoughts and sentiments whether original or borrowed,

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was even greater than his power of abstraction and conception, and his style has a magnificent Doric beauty seldom surpassed, rarely even equalled. Although Dr. Brownson was not an orator and Mr. Webster was not a philosopher, there is nevertheless a striking similarity in the style of the two men, who mutually admired each other's productions with the sympathy of cognate minds. In argument, but especially in controversial argument and philippics, Dr. Brownson wielded the hammer of Thor. In the capacity of grasping a first principle, and following it out on the synthetic method, lay his great power. Whenever he had these great first principles and fundamental ideas, either from reason or faith, he was unrivalled in the grand and mighty exposition of the truth, irresistible in the demolition of sophistical, inconsequent, and false theories and their advocates, many of whom he laid low with the ease and force of the blow of Richard Cœur de Lion on the cheek of the unlucky clerk of Campanhurst. Humor, wit, and sarcasm were also at his command as well as serious argument. Nor were they always sparingly used, although generally with the good humor of a giant conscious of his strength. Many Catholics were alarmed at one time lest he should stray beyond the boundaries of the faith. He had even so far lost the confidence of the hierarchy and the Catholic public in the year 1864 that he was unable to keep up the *Review*. Complaints were lodged against him before one of the Roman tribunals, and the celebrated theologian Cardinal Franzelin, then professor in the Roman College, was deputed to examine his writings.

". . . Some portions of Brownson's writings deserve to remain as a portion of our standard Catholic literature and to be studied while the English language endures. We are disposed to consider the various essays on subjects belonging to the department of political ethics, the articles on the controversy with Protestants and various kinds of free-thinkers, those on transcendentalism, *The Convert*, *The American Republic*, as the most consummate productions of the great publicist. Such competent judges as Lord Brougham, Cardinal Wiseman, Mr. Webster, Mr. Ripley, and the editors of the principal reviews of England, France, and Germany have pronounced the highest eulogiums upon the masterpieces of Dr. Brownson's pen, either in respect to the power of thought and beauty of style which are their characteristics, or the intrinsic value of their argu-

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ment as an exposition or defence of great truths and principles. The terse logic of Tertullian, the polemic crash of St. Jerome, the sublime eloquence of Bossuet, are all to be found there in combination, or alternation, with many sweet strains of tenderness and playful flashes of humor. There are numerous passages in his writings not to be surpassed by the finest portions of the works of the great masters of thought and style, whether in the English or any other language, in the present or in any past age. They render certain and immortal the just and hard-earned fame of their author, who labored not, however, for fame and honor, but for the love of truth, the welfare of mankind, and the approbation of Heaven.

"Dr. Brownson is the most remarkable of all the converts to the Catholic Church in the United States, and among the most remarkable in the group of illustrious men who have paid homage to her authority in the present age. His conversion was a great event, and made an epoch. Dr. Brownson's demonstration of the Divine institution and authority of the church is unanswered and unanswerable. It is childish trifling, unworthy of rational men, to ignore his arguments and escape from his logic by petty criticisms on his person. Reason is objective and real; the subjective qualities of the reasoner have nothing to do with its authority. Several years before Dr. Brownson's conversion the writer heard several of the professors of Princeton express their opinion that he was the ablest and most dangerous antagonist of Christianity in the country. His conversion, therefore, is one of the many instances proving that now, as ever, the Catholic Church has power to win and master the strongest and most fearless minds, the most generous and disinterested hearts. . . .

"Neglect, aversion, martyrdom, are the portion of the genuine heroes, sages, patriots, lovers, and benefactors of their race, and whatever homage they receive is extorted, reluctant, scanty, in proportion to their worth and merit. Even when they are admired and praised, their teaching is not heeded or their example followed by the fickle, frivolous crowd. Morally, when not literally, exile and the cup of hemlock are their portion. Those who literally encounter death and receive the palm of martyrdom are the happiest and most favored among them. But these are the men who redeem the race, and are the only lasting glory of the age in which their task of labor

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and suffering is fulfilled. Among these crusaders Dr. Brownson enlisted when he abandoned the camp of infidelity and revolution to receive the cross. He loved the church first of all, and next his country. He deserved well of both, for Christian and civic virtues, sacrifices on the altar of God and the battlefield of the Republic, wise and eloquent pleadings for Catholic law in the Christian commonwealth, and constitutional right, freedom, and order in the American state. We trust that his instructions and example will always be a light and an encouragement, a glory and model to the Catholic laymen of the United States, and especially to the young men of education who aspire to intellectual culture, and feel the impulse to act valiantly and usefully their part as citizens of this Republic and as Christian gentlemen."

What higher testimony than these tributes, which I have just quoted, could be written of any but a few of the greatest men in the world's history? And yet the fame of Brownson was almost forgotten by American Catholics a few years ago. These were not pronounced as eulogies but as candid estimates of the man, and a most significant note in each is the regretful confession that there are practically no laymen to follow in his footsteps. Does not the name of Brownson deserve to be held in loving memory by all Americans, but especially by Catholic Americans?

A word now about the Brownson memorial.

In April, 1886, the Right Rev. Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland, contributed an editorial to the *Catholic Universe* of that city, suggesting that the Catholics of America ought to erect a suitable monument to the memory of Orestes A. Brownson, either in New York or Boston, the principal scenes of his labors. This appeal was immediately responded to by contributions of $100 each from Archbishop Williams of Boston, Archbishop Corrigan of New York, and smaller contributions from others.

At the convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union held at Philadelphia, May 19 and 20, 1886, attention was called to this proposed movement, resolutions were adopted commending it, and a committee of five was appointed to aid the undertaking in any manner that Bishop Gilmour might desire. On corresponding with the Bishop, he expressed the

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wish that the committee take entire charge of the project, as his object in first proposing the matter was simply to get it started.

The committee accepted the responsibility thus tendered, and formulated a plan which they hoped would enlist the liberal support of the Catholics of the entire country, especially the laity, and which would result in the erection of a memorial worthy of Brownson and of themselves. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Corrigan, Archbishop Williams, Bishop Gilmour, Bishop McQuaid, and Monsignor Doane cordially approved the plan, and consented to act as a Board of Trustees of the Memorial Fund. A number of prominent Catholic laymen in various parts of the country were requested to act as members of the memorial committee, and early in 1887 an address was published in all the Catholic papers explaining the undertaking and requesting contributions. The appeal did not meet with the liberal response that the committee expected, and the movement has dragged along in a rather unsatisfactory fashion to the present time. Scores of newspaper articles and hundreds of letters have been written, and though the financial response has not been encouraging, these have served to make the name of Brownson better known to the present generation. While it was hoped that the main portion of the fund would be contributed by laymen, the contrary is true, and the greater part of the fund as it stands to-day has been subscribed by the bishops and clergy. At the convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union held at Boston, September 1, 1897, an effort was made to have the fund, then approximating $5,000, appropriated for the founding of a scholarship at the Catholic University, on the plea that it would be impossible to have a monument erected to Brownson in New York. The chairman of the committee held that the main portion of the fund was subscribed for the specific purpose of the monument to Brownson in New York and that it might not be diverted to any other use without the consent of the contributors. As nearly $600 had been subscribed indefinitely, it was believed, however, that no exception would be taken by the subscribers if $1,000 should be appropriated to the University, and this sum was presented to the Catholic University in October, 1898, for the purpose of furnishing books for a Brownson alcove in the University Library.

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In closing, acknowledgment must be made of the constant encouragement given by Richard H. Clark, LL.D., Mr. Patrick Farrelly, and the late John A. Sullivan, without whose support and assistance the movement would not be so near the successful completion now assured.

A contract for the monument was awarded to the sculptor, Samuel J. Kitson, of Boston, early in 1899. On November 14 of that year his design was exhibited at the Catholic Club and won the favorable commendation of the Municipal Art Commission. The Park Commissioners suggested several sites, and Sherman Square Park—72d Street and Amsterdam Avenue—was selected as possibly the most desirable site in the city of New York. The bronze bust of Brownson has been on exhibition at the Catholic Club during the past year, and it is expected that the completed monument will be unveiled before next June.

That the Brownson Memorial movement has been so slow in its development is, perhaps, a cause for congratulation. The greatest and most enduring movements have developed slowly, and now that the Brownson movement has taken concrete form under the patronage of his Grace Archbishop Farley, let us hope that it will flourish vigorously in its stimulating effect on Catholic public spirit for generations to come.

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THE THIRTEENTH GREGORIAN CENTENARY, 604-1904.

BY MARIE DONEGAN WALSH.

THIRTEEN hundred years have gone since the great St. Gregory, the glorious representative of the "Monks of the West," the grand pontifical figure which stands out as the ideal embodiment of the strength and power and saintliness of the Papacy, passed to his reward in 604.

Not only in the calendar of the saints and the history of the popes, in the annals of the great order to which it was his proudest boast to belong, but in the world's respect and admiration, the name of St. Gregory the Great has lived through all the centuries. His was one of those dominating personalities which, appearing but at rare epochs in the world, not only influence contemporary history but sway the minds of their times to such an extent as to bear on the fate of people and nations as yet unknown.

Tremendous is the potentiality of such personalities for good or evil. In their very nature they must inevitably influence, morally, politically, and socially; and when such extraordinary strength of character is found combined with entire sanctity of life, its influence for good is almost unrealizable. In the person of St. Gregory the Great these attributes of a rarest character were exemplified in the highest degree.

Studying his life and character in relation to the times in which the sainted Pontiff lived, it seems to even the most unfavorably biassed intelligence a supreme object-lesson of the providence of God and the divine continuity of the church that such a man should have been raised up, in the midst of troublous times, to guide the church and lay the foundations of much that is best and purest and highest in the civilization of to-day. The life of St. Gregory the Great is too well known to dwell upon here.

This brief sketch is meant to touch solely on the personal and local features connected with the centenary celebrations.

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Born of the patrician family of the "Anicii," the son of the Senator Gordian, he was yet what we are pleased to call "modern" and broad-minded in his ideas, this learned, ardent youth of a noble Roman house, with the pure heart of a saint (inherited from a sainted mother), and the keen intelligence of a lawgiver (the heredity of a long line of Roman senators). His qualities of mind and heart made the young "Prætor" a man of mark even from earliest youth, until there came the higher call, to which heart and soul and clearest intellect gladly responded—the first whispering of the Dove of the Holy Spirit, leading the great Doctor of the Church unswervingly to his goal, from the life of an ideal religious, through the cardinalate to the pontificate. Under his rule the moral supremacy, influence, and power of the church in regard to nations were firmly established and strengthened, while every practical and needed reform in religion, discipline, government, and even music, was undertaken, with persuasiveness, untiring energy, and apostolic zeal. Pervading it all ruled the keen, unerring instinct, the insight (which in St. Gregory's character amounted almost to inspiration) into the minds of men and the needs of the times, characteristic of the born ruler.

The active life-work of the Pontiff brought results immediate and wide-spreading, but after his death the moral force and influence remained and endured throughout the ages, and the seeds which St. Gregory sowed brought forth an ample harvest. The voice which spoke in inspired Homilies re-echoes still in the universal church of to-day, a model for the episcopate of all time! The hands once outstretched in solemn benediction over St. Augustine and his companions, as at St. Gregory's bidding they went forth from the roof-tree of the "Cœlian" to evangelize the future land of "Mary's Dowry," are upraised still, in the benediction of the faith which the glorious Pontiff brought to unborn thousands in the uttermost ends of the earth! Now, thirteen centuries after his death, when the great men of far later epochs have passed into forgetfulness, the Catholic Church keeps the thirteenth Gregorian Centenary, not alone in the city where St. Gregory lived and labored but over all the Catholic world. Kings, conquerors, generals, and politicians have had their reward, in the fame of a lifetime, in the fierce controversies over their name waged by contemporaries and descendants. But the force of a spiritual

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dominion exerted over Christendom, the benefits to humanity and the world-wide fatherdom of the sixth century monk of the Cœlian, still remain, fresh as in the days when the great Pontiff cherished that noblest inspired ideal of universal unity—of peoples and races and nations and tongues, gathered under one spiritual head. It is the ideal yet of every true successor of St. Peter; but one which St. Gregory did more than any other to strengthen and consolidate.

The church has always been the great educator of the people, the pioneer of civilization, protector of the fine arts and sciences, and zealous guardian of the learning which she preserved to posterity through the self-same religious orders which a blindly unreasoning materialism would suppress from its midst. But for the church of the Middle Ages, to whose development St. Gregory gave the first incentive, all knowledge would have perished, crushed by the ignoble strifes of a turbulent age. Therefore all that is not only Catholic, but *Christian*, in the world at the present day, must join in the debt of gratitude to St. Gregory the Great.

Our present Pontiff, Pius X., resolved to honor this memorable thirteenth centenary of his immortal predecessor with all possible solemnity. Even in the early days of his pontificate His Holiness sent his blessing and encouragement to the promoters in his own handwriting; announcing his intention of celebrating a pontifical Mass* in St. Peter's on the occasion of the centenary feast, and appointing a Roman committee to whom the arrangements for the celebrations were completely entrusted. His Eminence Cardinal Respighi—the Cardinal-Vicar of His Holiness—assumed the office of honorary president, while the post of active president is filled by his Excellency Prince Mario Chigi. Many well-known names in the ecclesiastical and learned Catholic world figure on both active and honorary committees; among others the Primate of the Benedic-

* It is not, perhaps, widely known that on the occasion of a solemn papal Mass a missal is used containing only the Mass proper to the celebration. On this day the celebration being a precedent and not solemnized on the actual feast, the Benedictine Order has offered to His Holiness Pius X. the splendid and appropriate gift of a richly illuminated missal with the Gregorian notes according to the edition of Solesmes—to be used by His Holiness at the "Mass of the Angels." This most suitable presentation for the Gregorian centenary has been received with great gratification by the Pope, who in using this magnificent missal at the papal Mass will not only honor the memory of St. Gregory but afford a signal honor to the spiritual sons of the great Benedictine Pontiff, of whose heritage of sacred music they have ever been the faithful custodians and almoners.

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STATUE OF ST. GREGORY THE GREAT. IN THE GARDEN CHAPEL OF ST. GREGORY ON THE CŒLIAN HILL.

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tines, Most Rev. Dom Hildebrand de Hemptinne; the aged Dom Pothier, Abbot of St. Wandrille, who may be called the restorer of the pure Gregorian chant; the Most Rev. Abbot Delotte, of the famous Abbey of Solesmes; the Most Rev. Dom Boniface Krug, the Arch-Abbot of Montecassino, and a prelate of American birth; Most Rev. Maurus Serafini, General of the "Cassinensi" of the Primitive Observance; the Abbot-General of the Reformed Cistercians; the Abbot-General of the Camaldolese Order, Abbot of St. Gregory on the Cœlian; Don Lorenzo Perosi, and many others. This able committee undertook to render the Gregorian celebrations worthy of the occasion; relying on co-operation from every part of the world. The celebrations* began on the 12th of March (the actual feast of St. Gregory the Great), but the date of the more important celebrations, such as the papal Mass in St. Peter's and the pilgrimages and commemorations in the various spots connected with St. Gregory's memory were deferred for a month later, until after Lent, at a period of the year offering greater facilities for those outside of Rome and Italy to join in the celebrations.

The English Catholics early signified their intention of sending a deputation for this occasion. Contemporaneously with the Roman celebration, the Gregorian centenary was solemnized in various parts of Italy and also in England—the greatest debtor among all the nations to the sainted Pontiff's memory. Nor have these children of St. Gregory's predilection —the "non angli sed angeli," over whom, in the Roman Forum of long ago, the saint's tenderly-spoken, world-remembered epigram was pronounced—failed to take their part in the centenary. On the date of St. Gregory's feast, England's archbishop, hierarchy, and people, in England's first post-Reformation cathedral, befittingly honored the memory of the Pontiff who, from the fulness of his apostolic heart, called them

* On the days immediately preceding the celebration of the Gregorian Centenary in St. Peter's an historical and liturgical congress will be held in Rome under the auspices of the Gregorian Committee. This congress, on account of the absorbing interest of the themes discussed and the numbers of distinguished personalities of the literary world taking part in it, will form one of the most important and characteristic features of the celebrations by attracting widespread attention to the Gregorian centenary, not only from a religious but a literary and historical point of view. This work of Catholic congresses, to which so much attention has been paid of late, is producing excellent results, by bringing the Catholic laity together in an intellectual field of interest, and promoting social action and endeavor by means of concentration and consolidation. The Gregorian Congress, owing to its universal character, has contributed greatly to Catholic interest at large—a scope which should be the primary and needful one of every Catholic movement of the present day, even of a religious character.

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lovingly into their "Father's house," thirteen hundred years ago!

Among the innumerable benefits conferred on posterity by St. Gregory has been the establishment of that splendid school of ecclesiastical music which has formed for the ages no small part of the glory of the church's ritual—the solemn yet sonorous chant, to which he has given his name. To commemorate the glorious inheritance, handed down to us from the earliest centuries, and to restore in its pristine beauty to the whole Catholic world the only church music worthy of the universal church, Pope Pius X. welcomed the occasion of this centenary in order to inaugurate the revival of Gregorian music, in which not only the clergy and clerics will take part; but also the people—who are already being trained in various choral schools, established by the express desire of the Sovereign Pontiff for this purpose.

This intense desire for the revival of Gregorian music in its severe purity has long been a cherished dream of the Pope; himself an ardent admirer of all that tends to preserve intact to the church every detail of her ancient ritual in its most solemn forms. "I have loved, O Lord, the beauty of thy House," might have formed his motto, as priest and bishop and pontiff; and that the majesty and divinity of this beauty may penetrate deep into the hearts of his people has been his most zealous care.

Everything calculated to lessen the solemnity of a purely religious ceremony, such as music in any degree florid and operatic, is rigorously condemned by the strong and openly-expressed convictions of Pius X. on this subject. The words of His Holiness himself, written several years ago when still Bishop of Mantua, gives voice to this desire, now on the eve of realization:

"The argument to recommend is the Gregorian Chant, and especially the method of singing it and rendering it popular. Oh! if it could be realized that *all the faithful*, in the same manner in which they sing the 'Litany of Loreto' and the 'Tantum Ergo,' could sing the *fixed* parts of the Mass—the '*Kyrie*,' '*Gloria*,' '*Credo*,' '*Sanctus*,' and '*Agnus Dei*,' it would be to my mind a most desirable achievement in sacred music; because the *faithful* in thus taking an active part in the sacred liturgy will be enabled to keep up their piety and devotion. I

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picture to myself sometimes a thousand voices singing in a church the 'Mass of the Angels'; and I am carried away, as the singing of *the people* in the 'Tantum Ergo,' 'Veni Creator,' and 'Te Deum' always moves me on hearing it towards piety and devotion. . . ."

Nothing, therefore, can be more manifest than the Pope's wishes on the subject of Gregorian music, which His Holiness is now able to realize. So now, once more, instead of being heard in perfection only in the great Benedictine monasteries, where the sons of St. Benedict conserve and render it with constant care, the pure Gregorian Chant will re-echo in all churches, cathedrals, and chapels throughout the Catholic world. What applies to the training of the mind and eye applies equally to the training of the ear. Before long, when the Sovereign Pontiff's wishes have been constantly carried into effect, the people, trained to appreciate and understand the highest and best in ecclesiastical music, will grow critical of the florid and meretricious, until, rejecting it utterly, their lips will join spontaneously in the pure cadences, simple yet sonorous—the ideal music in which to clothe the church's liturgy—the true "congregational singing" which formed St. Gregory's ideal in the sixth century, as it does that of Pius X. in the twentieth.

To the choir-master of the Sistine choir, Don Lorenzo Perosi—the young and valued coadjutor of His Holiness in his endeavors for the re-establishment of Gregorian music—has been entrusted the duty of organizing the magnificent "Mass of the Angels," to be rendered by one thousand voices, during the pontifical Mass celebrated by Pius X. at the papal altar in St. Peter's, on April 11. This most grand and solemn of Gregorian Masses, as it rings through the vaults of the "World's Cathedral," will veritably form the grandest hymn of praise ever heard within those mighty walls. Therefore His Holiness chose it especially for this occasion, in order that the Gregorian celebration should be worthy of so grand an event. The training of the choir has been going on for many months, and the disposition of the thousand voices who will take part in it are disposed in such a manner that the volume of harmony can be heard in every portion of the mighty edifice,—three separate colossal choirs being stationed towards either lateral nave, and around and before the papal altar.

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To many of us who have gathered under St. Peter's dome on occasions of solemn papal celebrations, when Palestrina's intricate harmonies filled the air with a very sea of subtle gradations, and the silver trumpets fell like prayerful whispers from the dome, the change to the very simplicity of this Gregorian melody seems strange at first. But as the notes of the chant in its purely ecclesiastical severity rise from one thousand voices, and the faultless "soprani" of the boy-choirs soar like the angels whose Mass they are rendering, one will realize that the Gregorian music is indeed *the essential* church music for all time.

In addition to the "Mass of the Angels," the marvellous young priest-composer, Don Lorenzo Perosi, decided to produce his new oratorio, "The Universal Judgment," on the occasion of the Gregorian centenary. The music of the new production is judged by eminent critics not only to equal but surpass in merit his former works, in grandeur and breadth of conception and masterly treatment of a most difficult theme. The gifted young composer has combined the offices of author and composer, in setting his music to verses chosen by himself from the Apocalypse to illustrate the theme. The production of the oratorio, which has excited widespread interest and attention, promises to be altogether one of the most remarkable parts of the Gregorian centenary celebrations as well as a notable event in the musical world.

Another important feature in the celebrations has been a series of lectures on the religious and historical, archæological, literary, and musical aspects of the life and times of St. Gregory, in which many prominent archæologists, littérateurs, and historians took part; such as Dom Laurent Jannsens, O.S.B., rector of the International Benedictine College of St. Anselm; Mgr. Louis Duchesne, the president of the Pontifical Archæological Society; Professor Ludwig Pastor, the noted German historian and archæologist; Professor Horace Marucchi, the distinguished Roman archæologist; Mgr. Joseph Wilpert, who has just published a volume on his recent valuable discoveries in the Catacombs; and many other noted names. These lectures or "conferences," studying from various points of view the titles of St. Gregory the Great to the gratitude of the whole Christian world, as pontiff, reformer, and organizer of the social order, served, as no other method could have

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done, to present to contemporary history a mental picture of one of the most wonderful and many-sided characters which have ever formed the lasting glory of the Catholic Church.

In the Paschal days of the soft Roman springtime the Gregorian pilgrimages began to the various spots connected with the saint's life-memories. These are not one but many; for even to-day the memorials of the great St. Gregory are interlinked from end to end of eternal Rome. There is his father's house on the Cœlian—the home of saints and the cradle of missionaries—the Lateran and Liberian Basilicas: the Catacombs of Domitilla (where one of St. Gregory's most famous homilies was pronounced), and finally the tomb of St. Gregory in the Vatican Basilica (near that of the Prince of the Apostles), over which was sung the glorious "Te Deum" of the Christian peoples, in gratitude for the life-work whose benefits endure.

Of all the landmarks of St. Gregory in Rome, the first and most important is the church on the Cœlian hill. They are names and sites to cover a world of memories: on the road which leads us to St. Gregory's roof-tree; past the Coliseum and the panorama of the Forum, seen through the arch of Titus; and under that ever-splendid monument of the arch of Constantine. Beyond the arch stretch the green vistas of the "Parco San Gregorio" and the tree-lined avenue, where the abundant promise of springtime is shooting into life. On the hill, above the green banks of grasses, looms the ruined Palatine, a "memento homo" of the dread dominion which spared neither friend nor foe. But the April gladness proceeds unchecked, in centuries familiarity with that grim "world's ruin." All around is the busy hum of springtime; the birds are making concert, and the picturesque wine-carts wend their slow way in files to the "Porta San Sebastiano"; the "carrettiere" lazily droning a "stornello" as he goes. The leafy avenue ends in a broad, grass-green piazza, picturesque in its features as the road from which we have just emerged. Facing us, on its commanding height, is the grand façade of that noblest of Roman churches, "San Gregorio on the Cœlian hill," with its lofty flight of steps, where every step is eloquent with the history of the past. Many another roof-tree of saints and martyrs keeps company with San Gregorio, out here in the solitudes of the Cœlian hill. But

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FAÇADE OF THE CHURCH OF ST. GREGORY ON THE CŒLIAN HILL, WITH THE FLIGHT OF STEPS WHENCE ST. GREGORY THE GREAT SENT THE MISSIONARIES TO ENGLAND.

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to-day all other memories seem but dim and shadowy, and only *one* mighty personality dominates the scene. Standing on this threshold of the ancestral home of the Anicii, where the gateway in the wall opens into St. Sylvia's garden, where the *child* St. Gregory played, in these monastery precincts where the *monk* St. Gregory lived, on these steps where *Pope* St. Gregory blessed the missionaries to England, the thirteen centuries roll back like a day-dream, till his figure stands out before us, living still. One turns instinctively at the doorway to look back upon the prospect—still the same outlook, in many features, which stretched before St. Gregory's gaze: the city, with its domes and towers, the sky-swept hill of the Aventine, and across the roadway, only a few short yards away, that ruined, silent kingdom of the "Palace of the Cæsars"—a panoramic vista of the history of the world. Standing where St. Gregory stood, on this glorious April morning, how plainly one can see the scene which took place here—the group of black-robed monks kneeling for the last time before father and pontiff as he blessed them and sent them on their mission! What a picture for an artist!—with the ever-glorious background of eternal Rome—that worn, ascetic figure of the sainted Pontiff, shading his eyes from the sunset as he watches the departing figures; the light of inspiration transfiguring the strongly-marked features till they glow with glory as if from the hills of the West! For St. Gregory's prophetic vision has travelled across the centuries, and over the ruins of the Palatine he sees the arising of grand new nations with their glorious harvest of souls.

The church is dedicated to St. Andrew and St. Gregory, for when the saint, as a Benedictine monk, founded his monastery here in A. D. 575, on the site of his father's house, he dedicated it to St. Andrew, and not until the pontificate of another Gregory—Gregory II.—was it dedicated also in honor of the sainted Pontiff.

Within the doorways lies a wide, cloistered "atrium," around whose walls are frescoes of the life of St. Gregory the Great, together with many monuments, tombs, and memorials of illustrious personages who have been connected with the history of these walls. But before passing into the church, the first step of the Gregorian pilgrimage lies in the quiet garden opening from the cloister; for the monastic buildings founded by St.

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Gregory within his ancestral dwelling have been turned into a barracks, only a few of the Camaldolese monks—the successors of the Benedictines since the sixteenth century—having been allowed to remain, as guardians of St. Gregory's patrimony. The modern uses, however, of the garden are what its founder, more than any other, would have desired them to be: dedicated to the good of the people—a playground or gymnasium for boys and youths, under the auspices of a Catholic club. Only on Sundays and holidays does boyish laughter and merriment resound in the Gregorian garden. At other times it shares in the brooding stillness of its surroundings. This violet-scented Roman garden of the saints, with one of the most matchless views on earth spread out below its terraces, is like a little kingdom from the world apart; enclosing in the three chapels erected within its limits memories which seem to make the past to-day. In "Santa Sylvia's" tiny oratory, dedicated to the "great mother of a greater son," a marble statue of Saint Sylvia surmounts the altar—a life-like representation of an aged saint, with a sweet, strong yet spiritual face; such as one might picture the saintly mother of a Doctor of the Church. Above, in the vaulting, Guido Reni's frescoed "Choir of Angels" seem to fill the air with music—a perpetual prayer in painting, worthy of the spot. This oratory has been recently restored, and put to practical uses as an oratory for the boys frequenting the "Recreatorio," who hear Mass and assist at Benediction here every Sunday.

Beyond it is the Chapel of St. Andrew; but one leaves the priceless frescoes on its walls to linger in the *third* chapel, with the glorious title bestowed on it by St. Gregory, the "Dining-hall of the Poor," where the grandest statue of St. Gregory ever sculptured seems like the guardian genius of this roof-tree, with hand uplifted in benediction over his early home! This chapel is a depository of Gregorian memories. Frescoes of the scenes in the saint's life-story surround the walls, and in the midst stands an ancient Roman marble table, with an exquisitely carved base, where, tradition has it, St. Gregory fed twelve poor pensioner guests, serving them daily with loving hands. One day came an uninvited guest—a beggar worn and weary, and ruder than the rest, whom the saint in his great charity could not turn empty away. Then the rags fell from the beggar's shoulders, and an angel in shining

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garments paused for a second at the board, till the vision faded and only the empty place remained to show that angels had been entertained that day. Modern scepticism may smile at the beautiful old legend, but who shall say how God chose to reward the charity of his servant?—the great saint and philanthropist, who in his world-wide schemes of universal benefaction lost no part of the daily homely charities of life, despoiling himself of all his great inheritance for the church and the poor! The bread has come back to him over the water of centuries; and those deeds of tender charity, even the smallest, are laid up to form part of the grand inheritance which blesses his memory to-day.

From St. Sylvia's garden one comes back by a side-entrance into the church. Within it is the brooding silence of perpetual peace—the monastic peace which its great founder ever loved, still lingering about the atmosphere, and rendering St. Gregory on the Cœlian so singularly memorable, even in the midst of Rome's many churches of the past. It is an interior full of harmony, simple yet severe, from the subdued glory of the inlaid marble and mosaic pavement to the long rows of stately columns leading to the tribune, over which is a sculptured bas-relief of St. Gregory sending the missioners to England. Beside the altar stands the episcopal throne—that throne so worthily filled by the successors of St. Augustine and his companions—the successive English cardinals, Cardinals Manning and Vaughan, who have taken their title from St. Gregory on the Cœlian hill. Beautiful as is this old-world church, its side chapels contain the supreme interest of a Gregorian pilgrimage—the one, the narrow cell where St. Gregory lived and slept and prayed; the other, his oratory, with the fresco of the Blessed Virgin, as she appeared to the saint in this spot. The tiny cell, redecorated and restored, contains nothing now but a marble chair, said to have been occupied by St. Gregory; and the narrow, almost tomb-like niche in the wall which served as the saint's hard bed, where, seen through a grating, is a curious old fresco on the wall representing the outstretched figure of the Pontiff.

At the entrance to the cell stands the privileged altar on the site where St. Gregory said Mass, over which hangs a portrait of the church's great doctor composing his inspired writings, prompted by the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove—

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STATUE OF ST. SYLVIA, MOTHER OF ST. GREGORY, IN THE ORATORY OF ST. SYLVIA ON THE CŒLIAN HILL.

the sign of the Eternal Wisdom which guided his tongue and pen.

A beautiful bas-relief, or "predella," of early century marble work, representing St. Gregory's miracles as Pontiff, is placed over the altar—a further link in the life-story whose chapters unfold before us here, in the very spot where so many of its incidents took place. Another chapel more truly ancient, because less touched by the hand of restoration, is the oratory of St. Gregory; the scene of his visions and meditations, where the "Homilies" one day destined to instruct and enlighten the world were written. In the silence of this hallowed spot the Spirit of Wisdom descended into the heart of

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the listening saint, rapt in an ecstasy of wordless prayer, while in his ears sounded the melodies which he has handed down the ages.

The old, old fresco of Mother and Child, the everlasting memory of the gracious vision which made the tiny oratory a foretaste of Paradise, is painted on a niche in the wall; and over the three altars are represented three living memories of the saint who lived here. Over one is the miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin; above the other a painting of St. Gregory kneeling, turned towards the very altar before which he spent long hours in prayer; while over the third, in a fourteenth century bas-relief, altar-piece and tabernacle, is the representation of a well-known miraculous episode in the Pontiff's life—the apparition of St. Michael over the tomb of Hadrian. This ancient tradition is one well known: how St. Gregory at a time of devastating pestilence instituted a penitential procession of clergy and people to Rome's basilicas, walking himself at the head of the procession, bearing a miraculous picture of the Blessed Virgin.

As the intercessory procession passed the tomb of Hadrian an angel appeared on its summit, sheathing a fiery sword; while the strophes of the "Regina Cœli" fell on the heavy air breathed from unseen lips. The anger of God had passed, the plague had gone from Rome; but henceforth the round tower tomb of the pagan emperor was known by the name of the heavenly visitant, who, in response to the Pontiff's prayers, stayed the hand of God!

But how few of the strangers who pass under the "Castle of St. Angelo" to-day, pausing to admire the grand bronze angel ceaselessly sheathing his glittering sword against the limpid sky, realize that they are standing before one of the many landmarks which keep the memory of the great St. Gregory living in the Eternal City. One turns away reluctantly at last from the home on the Cœlian, where the mind loves best to picture the sainted Pontiff, in the surroundings amid which that marvellous life ripened and developed to its full perfection.

But before leaving the "atrium" of the cradle of England's Catholicism, another never-to-be-forgotten record meets the pilgrim's eye—a tablet near the doorway, bearing the names of the Benedictine missioners who went from here: St.

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Augustine, first Apostle of England; St. Lawrence, Archbishop of Canterbury; St. Paulinus, Archbishop of York; St. Justus, first Bishop of Rochester; St. Melitus, first Archbishop of London, and many others.

We have spent this April morning amid memories and miracles of the great Pontiff Saint; but surely this glorious record can be counted as among the grandest of his achievements; the furtherance of the mighty ideal for which St. Gregory so ceaselessly labored.

The time is short; and we cannot linger to-day in yet another Gregorian shrine, the Basilica of the Catacombs of St. Domitilla, with the band of centenary pilgrims who are gathered to listen to the reading and explanation of St. Gregory's Homily, once pronounced over the tombs of the martyrs by the silver-tongued pontifical orator in this very spot.

However, one more important link in the chain of Gregorian memories still remains before the pilgrimage is done—the visit to the tomb of St. Gregory the Great in St. Peter's upon which, on this memorable centenary day, the laurels of posterity are laid. At present it is decorated with solemn grandeur for the centenary; for on his way to celebrate the papal Mass the Sovereign Pontiff paused in solemn procession to venerate the relics of the saint. Usually it is an intensely peaceful spot, this Gregorian chapel near the lateral nave, with its inlaid marble altar, open in the centre, where, through a wrought-iron "trafora," or grating, can be seen the stone sarcophagus with its inscription, "Corpor S. Gregori magni." Formerly the relics of St. Gregory were laid in a tomb in the vestibule of the ancient Basilica of St. Peter's—the favorite burial-place of popes and emperors, who deemed themselves worthy to lie only *on the threshold* of the Prince of the Apostles. On the demolition of the old basilica the saint's relics were transferred to the site where they now rest. Above the altar is a mosaic picture of one of the miracles of St. Gregory, in which a cloth enveloping earth of the Coliseum, given as a relic to some prince or potentate, bled in the hands of the Pontiff, when pierced by a dagger, to convince the recipient of the value of any substance once hallowed by the blood of martyrs!

The picture illustrates a beautiful feature in that many-

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sided character, who amid the multifarious cares of the pontificate, cherished a life-long, ardent devotion to the martyrs, which led St. Gregory to visit lovingly the sites of their martyrdom and burial-place, impressing the example of their faith on the people by constantly dwelling upon it.

Here, at the tomb of the Pontiff whose thirteenth centenary we are keeping, the Gregorian pilgrimage ends; while the echoes of the most magnificent of Gregorian Masses still linger around the transept where the ashes of the great St. Gregory lie in the eternal peace of the saints.

The piety of the present head of the universal church has revived and quickened the devotion of the whole Catholic world to one whose benefits to that church can never be overestimated. Thus the thirteenth centenary of St. Gregory the Great will remain for ever memorable, as recording a glorious anniversary in the church's history, as well as the initial step in the great Gregorian revival, which is to form a characteristic feature of the present pontificate.

Rome, 1904.

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MOZART AND THE CHURCH.

BY REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

BY the new Instruction on Sacred Music the Holy Father has, I suppose, signed the death-warrant of Mozart and Haydn, with others of the tuneful choir. The compositions of these masters have been so often "executed" that it is no wonder that they are now done away with. Only modern music is to be allowed when it fulfils the conditions of excellence, sobriety, and gravity; when it contains nothing profane, is free from reminiscences of motifs adopted in the theatres, and is not fashioned, even in its external form, after the manner of profane pieces. For, such music the Pope declares to be diametrically opposed to the Plain Song and to the Polyphonic School, and therefore to the most important law of all good music. So, by its intrinsic structure, rhythm, and conventionalism of style this kind of music is badly adapted to the requirements of true liturgical song. I am sorry to part with Mozart and Haydn. I have known and loved them all my life. To-day I delight in them and would willingly hear them everywhere, save in one place, and at all times, save at one. The church is not the place and the Mass is not the time for such music. For many years I have felt that Calvary and an orchestra are ideas that do not sort together. The music of worship is one thing, and the worship of music is another. Each has its place, the church or the concert-room. It is for the same reason that I feel that the Polyphonic or Palestrina School (to use a convenient term) is open to the same disadvantage. The Plain Song, as the Pope says, is the song proper to the Roman Church; and to me it is the only music which is fitting as an accompaniment to the Awful Sacrifice of the New Law. I do not see anything, in itself, particularly ecclesiastical about the Palestrina school. Counterpoint is a very human invention and very ingenious. But where is the spirituality of it all? It is just as hard in

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many cases to make out the words, say, in a *Benedictus* of Palestrina as in one of Mozart's Masses. And then it should be remembered that when Palestrina wrote the contrapuntal style was the style of the day. Take one of his motets and put it side by side with one of his madrigals, and what is the difference? I can understand that when the principle of a real individualistic melody asserted itself and religious or quasi-religious emotion found a new means of expressing itself musically, the older school, which clung to the intermingling in a well-ordered scheme of several subtle melodies each co-ordinate, should be looked upon as the proper thing because it was the older, although at one time itself it had been a novelty. Moreover, the Palestrina style, by its rigid conformity with rules, represented one principle; while the new independent melodic music stood for another. I mean the principles of Authority and Personality. And with just that touch of inconsistency which redeems so many human things, it happened that those who were wont to exaggerate in other matters the principle of authority became among the most strenuous advocates of musical individualism.

Now, before Mozart and his school go down into the outer darkness, I want to say a word on their behalf; and as Mozart may be taken as the type, I have thought it worth while to look into his relations with the church so as to see what it was he was aiming at and how he tried to serve her. In judging of his church music, and of that of the Vienna school, it is well to remember that these composers were essentially children of their age; and their age was that just before and just after the Revolution. We must also take into account the religious spirit of the time, which was marked—now a wave of Jansenism, now one of the reaction. From the severity of the one the world moved to the exuberant spirits of the other. While between them both there was but little of solid religion anywhere; and even this among the soberer portion of the community was associated rather with ideas of restraint than of liberty, which brings the sense of responsibility. I must refuse to judge Mozart by twentieth-century ideals. He was a man of his age and can only be properly understood when he is taken in his own setting. But, here and now, the main point is to set out a side of his life which is little known, viz., his relations with the church.

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John Chrysostom Wolfgang Theophilus Mozart, known to the world as Wolfgang Amadee Mozart, was born January 27, 1756, at Salzburg, where his father, Leopold Mozart, was Kapellmeister to Archbishop Sigismund. Originally from Augsburg, Leopold was a devout Catholic and kept strictly to all his duties. Even as a boy this had been his character, and the clergy of his native town wished him to become a monk. In his official connection with Salzburg Cathedral, Leopold Mozart was naturally mixed up with clerical life; and so it is easily understood that his son would come under the same influence. The boy, bright, clever, and lovable as he was, made fast friends with the clergy and with the monks of the neighboring monasteries. His extraordinary talent was soon recognized, and the child was much sought after. The Benedictines of St. Uldarich's Abbey at Augsburg had founded and managed the university at Salzburg; and it was probably through them that the elder Mozart came to the archiepiscopal court. At any rate, the Black Monks of St. Benedict and Wolfgang were great friends, and many are the charming stories told about their intercourse.

Shortly after his return from Paris the boy paid a visit to the Abbey of Seeon; and here he gave a proof of his wonderful and precocious gift. The abbot happened to say that he was sorry that his choir had no fitting *offertorium* for the feast of St. Benedict. Wolfgang left the dinner-table and went into the cloister, and there, leaning on the edge of the window opposite the door, wrote, or perhaps, rather, sketched, the *offertorium*, "*Scande Cœli Limina*," a motet which begins with a very graceful soprano solo and ends with a four-part chorus accompanied by strings, trumpets, and drums. He was then about eight years old. At another monastery one of the monks, Father John, was a special favorite. On the occasion of a visit Wolfgang, who had always the most charming and engaging winsomeness, jumped up to him with joy and put his little arms round the monk's neck, stroking his cheek and singing to a little caressing melody: "My Johnnie, dear Johnnie, dear Johnnie." The community were much entertained, and used to tease Father John about the tune. But when his next feast-day came round his delight was great when little Wolfgang made him a present of an *offertorium* on the words *Inter natos mulierum*, for chorus and orchestra; and as the singers came to the words *Joanne*

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Baptista they all recognized the caressing little melody with which Wolfgang had greeted the monk. I have lately been reading the score and am delighted with the beautiful work. The "Johnnie" melody is constantly recurring in a most engaging and artistic manner.

In many of his journeys the boy stayed at monasteries, where he was always at home. When at Augsburg, in 1777, he often visited the monastery of Holy Cross; and in one of his letters to his father he tells the following incident:

"The dean is a good, jovial man; he is a cousin of Eberlin's, and is named Zeschinger; and remembers you very well. In the evening at supper I played the Strasburg *Concerto*. It went as smooth as oil. They all praised the beautiful, pure tone. Afterwards a little clavichord was brought in. I preluded and played a sonata and the Fischer variations. Then some one whispered to the dean that he should hear me play organ fashion. I said he might give me a theme, but he would not. So one of the monks did. I handled it quite leisurely, and all at once (the fugue was in G minor) I brought in a long movement in the major key, but in the same *tempo;* and at the end the original subject, only reversed. At last it occurred to me that I might use the playful style for the theme of the fugue. Without much ado I tried it and it went as accurately as if it had been measured for by tailor Daser. The dean was in a state of great excitement. 'I would n't have believed it,' said he; 'you are indeed a wonderful man. My abbot told me that he had never in his life heard any one play the organ in a more finished and solid style.' The abbot had heard me two or three days before when the dean was not there. Finally some one brought me a fugal sonata to play, but I said: 'Gentlemen, this is too much; I must admit that I cannot play this sonata at sight.' 'I think so too,' said the dean eagerly, for he was quite on my side. 'That is too much; it would be impossible for any one.' 'Still,' said I, 'I will try it.' And all the time I played I heard the dean calling out behind me, 'O you rogue! O you young scamp!' I played until 11 o'clock. They bombarded me with themes for fugues and laid siege to me on all sides."

It was about this time, when Wolfgang was twenty-one years old, and away from home with his mother, that his father

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wrote to his wife and questioned her about the youth's soul: "Let me ask you if Wolfgang has not of late neglected to go to confession? God should ever be first in our thoughts. To him alone must we look for earthly happiness, and we should ever keep eternity in view; young people, I know, are averse from hearing of these things. I was young myself once; but, God be thanked, I always came to myself after my youthful follies, fled from all dangers to my soul, and kept steadily in view God and my honor and the dangerous consequences of indulgence in sin." His wife reassured him, and said that both she and Wolfgang went to their duties on the feast of the Immaculate Conception and heard Mass regularly on Sundays, though not always on week-days. Wolfgang touches a deeper note in his reply: "One part of your letter vexed me a little, the question whether I had not somewhat neglected confession. I have nothing to reply to this except to make you one request, which is not to think so ill of me again. I am fond of fun; but be assured that I can be serious on occasion. Since I left Salzburg (and even before) I have met with people whose speech and actions I should have been ashamed to imitate, although they were ten, twenty, or thirty years older than myself; so I beg you earnestly to have a better opinion of me." "God first, papa next," he used often to quote as his motto.

Another extract. When he and his mother were talking, in 1778, of visiting Paris, the father had arranged that they should travel with friends. Wolfgang changed the plan and thus wrote to his father:

"Mamma and I have talked it over and agreed that the life which Wendling leads does not suit us. Wendling is a thoroughly honest, good man, but he and all his household are totally without religion; his daughter's relations with the elector sufficiently prove this. Ramm is good at heart, but a libertine. I know myself, and know that I have so much religion that I should never commit an action that I could not proclaim to the whole world; but the mere thought of travelling with people whose way of thinking is so opposite to mine (and to that of all honorable men) frightens me. They may do as they please, but I have no wish to accompany them. I should not have a happy hour. I should never know what I

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was saying, for in one word I have no confidence in them. Friendship without religion is not lasting."

This, remember, from a young man in the first flower of his age, fêted, the darling of the musical world, sought after on all sides, flattered, and by temperament a Bohemian of Bohemia. His religious instincts must have been solid and his goodness staunch to keep him safe amid the fires of an artist's life. His friends among the Benedictines, and the Jesuits at Vienna, and his bosom friend, the priest Bullinger, who was the confidant of all his thoughts and wishes, saw with pleasure the young musician leading a life that was true and Christian. The blessing which the saintly Clement XIV. had given him in Rome hovered over his soul and strengthened him to follow his father's counsels.

A few more traits to complete the picture. When his mother died in Paris (1778) Wolfgang wrote to Bullinger: "When the danger became imminent I asked God for only two things, a happy death for my mother and strength and courage for myself; and the good God heard my prayer, and bestowed these two gifts fully on me." Writing to his father when the news came that Voltaire had died without the last sacraments, he says: "I must give you a piece of intelligence that you perhaps already know—namely, that the ungodly arch-villain Voltaire has died miserably, like a dog—just like a brute. This is his reward." And when he was engaged to Constance Weber, whom he married in 1782, he writes to tell his father how they both had been to confession and Communion. I have now brought up Mozart to his twenty-seventh year as a good practical Catholic; and it is surely needless to say that he was also a consummate artist, with that intense reverence for his art which would not allow him to scamp his work or give forth anything unworthy of his genius.

And yet this is the man whom controversialists on that thorny subject of church music have not hesitated to accuse of contempt for the music he wrote for the church. Some, who really knew very little about the matter, say that his Masses are his weakest works. Thibaut says: "Mozart thought little of his Masses, and often when a Mass was ordered he objected that he was only made for opera. But he was offered one hundred louis d'or for every Mass, and that he could not

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refuse; only he used to say, laughing, that he would take whatever was good in his Masses and use it in his next opera." There are many Thibauts to-day who make the same assertion without one word of proof. Had they taken the trouble to compare Mozart's Masses and his operas they would not find a single instance in which passages from one were transferred into the other. Moreover, as a mere historical fact (these things are generally forgotten in controversy), almost all Mozart's church music was written at Salzburg. In Vienna, where most of his operas were composed, he wrote no Mass to order save the *Requiem;* and only composed one Mass on his own account, and even that also was not finished. In fact it may be said that his church music represents one period of his life and his operas another, and that the former was produced when he was a good practical Catholic. Moreover, we have his own statement as to his views on church music. At Leipzig he declared that a Protestant could not possibly conceive the associations which the services of the church awoke in the mind of a devout Catholic, nor the powerful effect which they had on the genius of an artist. In all his correspondence there is not the slightest sign of any contemptuous attitude to the subject; rather the reverse, for when he was applying for a post at the Imperial chapel he wrote: "The learned Kapellmeister Salieri has never devoted himself to church music, while I have made it my peculiar study from my youth up."

Let us hear no more of this calumny. Mozart was too true an artist not to give of his best. We now may not consider his church music as liturgical. I do not. But in his day there was no objection to it. The faults we see in it are the faults of the age, not those of the man. After all, he wrote for his day, not for ours. If in his operas he gained in depth and breadth, this is to be accounted for by the increase of experience; but it is folly to argue because these from an operatic point of view are supreme, that the others are not so in their own way. Moreover, it is well to remember that the Mass by which Mozart is generally known to the ordinary hearer *is not his at all.* I refer to the so-called "Twelfth Mass." This, if you like, is indeed weak and altogether unworthy of the master. No one who knows Mozart's scores will have any hesitation in saying that the composition is a manifest forgery from

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beginning to end. Mozart could not and would not write such pitiful twaddle as we find upon almost every page, both in the vocal and in the instrumental parts. Some years ago I made a critical examination of the Mass; and I think it is possible to indicate a few passages and themes which may be by the master. We know that he left behind him certain sketches and themes written on scraps of paper. Some were, we know, used by Sussmayer to complete the Requiem; and it is more than likely that some *few* found their way into the "Twelfth Mass." This is a tempting subject, but one I cannot now follow.

We have seen that up to his marriage in his twenty-seventh year Mozart remained a practising Catholic—and now a darker page has to be written. Somehow or other he fell away almost as soon as he married. He was extravagant, took to drinking, keeping bad company, and there are other serious charges which it is difficult to speak of with certainty. But this seems clear, his love for his wife remained to the end. She, however, was a frequent invalid and often had to be away at Baden for long periods. And this may have exposed him to the dangers to which a man fond of having friends and some one to rely upon is liable. But what I think was the cause of his neglect of his religion was the fact that about 1785 he became a Freemason. The craft was introduced into Vienna in 1781 and became the fashion. The lodge to which Mozart belonged contained many rich and noble members, amateurs and patrons of music, and seems to have been famous for its splendid banquets. This would appeal to Mozart's love of society and conviviality. Religion in the capital was at a very low ebb; and in societies as in individuals, where supernatural religion is not a real living force, men are more easily led away by the specious claims of the so-called natural religion of benevolence, which pretends to satisfy the craving of the soul after good. Be this as it may, Mozart, shortly after his marriage, seems to have given up the practice of his religion altogether. I find no trace of it in his letters. Abandoning all restraint, he became dissipated, debauched, and at the mercy of an unscrupulous blackguard, Schikander, also a Mason, who became his evil genius. The end was not now far off. His brain, overtaxed by his work, found no help in a body exhausted and weakened. On

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the 15th of November he went out for the last time. It was to the lodge. The *Requiem*, which was half finished and was occupying all his thoughts, may have touched his heart when he had "the flavor of death on his tongue." His weeping wife by the death-bed quietly begged her sister for God's sake to go to the priests at St. Peter's and ask one of them to call *as if by chance*. Evidently Mozart had not asked for the last sacraments of the church, although he was quite conscious of his state. We know not what was passing in his soul, and whether human respect was holding him back. The clergy naturally hesitated to approach the death-bed of an excommunicated man who gave no signs of repentance. While I find no direct assertion that Mozart died absolved, anointed, and aneled, yet, as his sister-in-law says that she had great difficulty in persuading one of the priests to do what she wished, this joined to the fact that the funeral service took place in St. Stephen's and the burial in the church-yard of St. Mark's, there can be no reasonable doubt but that Wolfgang Amadee Mozart returned to the Heavenly Father in sorrow and love, and died on December 5, 1791, in union with the church to whom he had dedicated the choice and masterly fruits of his immortal genius.

London, February, 1904.

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Easter.

RING out, O Bells of Easter!
Ring out and let your mirth,
Your gladsome chime, your chant sublime,
Resound throughout the earth!
Ring loud to the clouds of Heaven!
Ring out, and shout to the hills!
Sing the Risen Lord, by all adored,
Till the world with the music thrills!

Lift up, O golden organ,
Your deep, majestic voice,
And let your peal make the temple reel
And the heart of the world rejoice!
Send forth your deepest ocean-tones,
Your golden thunders roll!
Triumphant sing the Conquering King,
And the Sunburst of the soul!

And thou, O sweet soprano,
Send forth your soul like a dove
On the trembling wings of song, till it rings
At the golden gates of Love!
Sing high, sing loud, till the silver cloud
Takes up the strain with might,
And the choirs above in the Land of Love
With the choirs below unite!

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And ye, O purest preachers,
  Ye lilies on the altar high,
Let your tongues of flame proclaim His Name,
  Whose glories fill the sky!
Let your fragrance fine to Heaven ascend
  In praise of Him who rent
The bonds of the tomb, and rose on the gloom
  Like the sun in the firmament!

Ring out, O Bells of Easter!
  Ring, swing in the belfry tall,
And to every heart your joy impart,
  Bring love unto hut and hall!
Let your merry din expel all sin
  And the Resurrection tell,
Of souls that lay like lifeless clay
  In the tomb and the gloom of hell!

JULIAN E JOHNSTONE.

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AUTHORITY IN RELIGION.*

BY REV. JOSEPH McSORLEY, C.S.P.

AMONG the great multitude of souls slowly and steadily growing towards Catholicism one, at least, is known to the present writer to be concentrating attention just now on the question of Church authority. With no little shock, it recently dawned on the mind of this prospective convert that membership in the Catholic Church presupposes something more than the surrender of Protestant in favor of Catholic views as to the meaning of the particular doctrines variously interpreted by different Christian bodies.

"I have studied the Catholic explanations and I believe them to be true. Am I not ready now for reception into the church?" The appeal came as conclusion to long and prayerful consideration of Catholicism on the part of a soul that possessed in perfect purity of motive and singular holiness of life far nobler endowments than profound learning or intellectual acumen can ever be.

But the answer was returned: "Hardly yet. For you must believe not only that the church's teachings are true, but also that they cannot possibly be false. You have always been accustomed to look on the Bible as incapable of falsehood or error. Well, until you believe that the church is endowed with that very attribute of infallibility you cannot become a Catholic, because you do not accept the fundamental principle of Catholicism."

There the case was rested for the moment. Meanwhiie these two minds have been dwelling upon the critical and all-important issue, which must ever divide Catholic from non-Catholic, whether their particular views be in agreement or not; and the narration of the incident has seemed like an apt preface to a comment on a volume concerned primarily with the discussion of authority as a principle of religious belief.

* *Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit.* By Auguste Sabatier, late Dean of the Protestant Faculty of Theology in the University of Paris. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. MCMIV.

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A good deal is written and said nowadays about the reconciling of revelation and reason, of faith and science. At times it appears that the ultimate and essential dualism of Catholicity is lost sight of, or at least unduly minimized. Of course all must recognize the utility of insisting on the correspondence between the aspirations of humanism and the good things of religion; of showing how faith solves problems and allays cravings that must otherwise torment the soul; of arguing from the very postulates of science and philosophy to various articles of the Christian creed; but at the same time we must never forget that this reasoning begets no Catholicity of belief, that it gives us no final basis for faith, that it can lead only to particular and more or less isolated conclusions, any or all of which might be accepted by a mind quite as foreign to the church's spirit as the mind of Simon Magus was to that of Peter.

It is the merit of Sabatier's book—as in a lesser degree of all literature representing modern liberal Protestantism—that it brings into clear relief the real issue by which Catholicity, and indeed supernatural religion as a whole, must stand or fall. That issue is the affirmation or denial of the autonomy of reason. To day there are two, and only two, systems of theology in the field; and they are "characterized by methods radically opposed." One is based upon the principle that the mind is autonomous, that "it finds the supreme norm of its ideas and acts not outside of itself, but within itself, in its very constitution."* This system, in the developing of religious ideals and in the determining of Christian dogma, depends only on experience. Holding that religion is on a plane with the natural sciences, it proposes to use in theology the modern experimental method which "puts us in immediate contact with reality, and teaches us to judge of a doctrine only according to its intrinsic value, directly manifested to the mind by the degree of its evidence" (p. xi.) The other system is based on the principle of authority,—understanding by that term something very different from "those natural, historic, human authorities which are born of the very force of things, and are modified according to the evolution of the reason and the conscience, whose right of censure they accept or endure" (p. xxix.) This second religious system professes to base its doctrine on a divine, supernatural authority, conclusive and

* *Religions of Authority*, p. xvi.

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infallible. "The point of departure is the axiom that it is reasonable and just that human reason should subordinate itself to the divine reason, should indeed be silent and humble before it" (p. xvi.)

As Sabatier puts this issue clearly, so too he makes plain who the representatives of these two systems actually are. On the one side stands the army of the various opponents of supernatural religion; on the other stands Catholicism alone, the sole surviving champion of dogmatic Christianity, the logically and historically necessary defender of revelation which must survive or perish, accordingly as the Catholic Church triumphs or is vanquished.

For what was long prophesied of Protestantism has been now unmistakably realized. The standard of private judgment has been carried straight forward to the centre of its proper empire and serves as the rallying point of all who accord to reason the same supremacy in religion as in the various other fields of human knowledge and activity. Tradition, expert opinion, common consent, may be of service, no doubt; but on Protestant principles each of them is forced to submit to the findings of the high court of reason. As no power dares warn the individual back from what seems to be the most probable conclusion, so final allegiance will never be pledged to what has not been demonstrated to be beyond the possibility of question. In a word, unless one recognizes the existence of what Protestantism is irrevocably committed against, the verdicts of private judgment can be reversed by no higher power; and hence no religious doctrine can be guaranteed as unchangeable until reason has proven that intelligent beings cannot deny it. This, of course, implies that finality can attach only to religious teachings never questioned by any one; so that concerning these alone can the consistent Protestant dogmatize.

It will be of some interest and value, perhaps, to indicate in detail what Sabatier has to say about orthodox Protestantism. He takes it up for discussion as a professed alternative to the more ancient system of authority, but dismisses it at last with the verdict that both logic and history repudiate it.

The Protestant and Catholic dogmas of authority "have the same starting point, and, at least theoretically, are constructed upon the same deductive model. Their common start-

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ing point is the notion of an external divine revelation, consisting in a doctrine or an institution decreed by God and supernaturally communicated to men as an external law to command the intelligence and the will" (p. 183). "The Protestants were led to establish the infallibility of the Scriptures along the same path by which the Catholics established that of the church" (p. 185). "The Catholic agrees in advance to accept all that the church teaches, or may teach, whether or not it is in conformity with his moral or religious convictions. There have been, perhaps there still are, Protestants who take this attitude with regard to the Bible, and, so far in method at least, they are still Catholics" (p. 161). The successors of the Reformation Fathers "considered the Bible from without in the extrinsic qualities which demonstrate its divine origin, and permitted them to claim an explicit faith in all that it may contain, previous to its examination and experience. Thus they fell into the old rut of Catholicism and sought, like it, to build up a religion of authority" (p. 174).

"The Protestant dogma of authority never had, nor could have, the simplicity, the plenitude, the efficacy of the Catholic dogma. For Protestantism to undertake to constitute such a dogma is a pure inconsistency" (p. 154). "Roman intolerance had been odious, but the claims of Protestant scholasticism became ridiculous" (p. 179). "It was Catholicism transposed" (p. 154). "The Bible, literally defined as the Word of God, was as much opposed to the claims of reason as to the Catholic Church" (p. 176). "In Protestantism the attempt to build up a system of authority could not succeed because it was vitiated by a radical inconsistency. Therefore the work of those who conducted it resembles the sand heaps which children make when they think to carry the top higher by piling on it the sand which they pull out from below" (p. 252). "The Protestant dogma of the infallibility of the Bible is not only inconceivable in thought—it is also useless in fact" (p. 187). "The idea of setting up in Protestantism an external infallible authority is only a survival of the principle which was defeated in the sixteenth century" (p. 253).

"Yet between Catholicism and Protestantism there is this difference, that one has succeeded where the other has failed. The Catholic system of authority has at last established and completed itself by the Vatican decree. The Protestant system

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of authority has for ever broken down" (p. 251).* "And from whatever point of view we examine the two systems, the advantage is incontestably on the Catholic side" (p. 186).

What follows will indicate Sabatier's estimate of the influence of Protestantism on Christian doctrine: "The Protestant system was barely completed when its fragility became evident" (p. 188). "With him (Schleiermacher) the Protestant conscience finally passed the strait which separates the theology of authority from the theology of experience. Religious truth could no longer be given by an oracle; henceforth it must spring out of Christian experience itself, and never cease to reproduce itself in pious souls, under the permanent influence of the Spirit of Christ. Holy Scripture could no longer be the foundation of faith, it became an auxiliary, a means of grace" (p. 210). "The dogma of plenary inspiration drags with it into its final ruin the notion of revelation itself" (p. 202). "The burning point of the controversy was always the same; the authority of the Scriptures, the basis of all English piety, was falling to pieces under the actual discoveries of history. . . . Since that time (forty years ago) the revolution has made its way in England as elsewhere. It has crossed the ocean. It is going on in all the churches of America, whatever their constitution and symbol, forcing itself everywhere, even upon those who repel it, for the only weapons with which it can be fought are those by which it has hitherto won the day" (p. 224).

"With Luther and Calvin the Christian conscience was definitively recognized as autonomous. It can never again retrace its steps nor again take on the yoke. The idea of setting up in Protestantism an external infallible authority is only a survival of the principle which was defeated in the sixteenth century. We should not be surprised at these relapses nor anticipate their long duration. In the time and countries where reaction has seemed to triumph it has given only a wretched copy of a stunted and decapitated Catholicism. In other places the discord between the Catholic and Protestant principles has become manifest. To it is due the ills and agitations of modern Protestant churches. By the logic of ideas and the

* The passage goes on to predict that Protestantism will be renewed by this defeat and Catholicism will die of its victory.

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force of things they are taking part in the final struggle, in which no choice remains but either to turn back again to the Roman Catholicism whence they once came out, or to rise joyfully and vigorously from the religion of the letter to the religion of the Spirit. A near future will show which sentence they pronounce upon themselves" (p. 253).

It all comes to this then, that there are now only two combatants in the field, but the quarrel between them must be to the death. If this development simplifies the situation, it also renders that issue more momentous and more awful. Most of us know well enough that what our author describes as a necessity of logic and an inevitable outcome of history, is being nowadays reproduced in the mind of many and many an individual Christian about us. The fatal consequences of the Protestant premisses are working themselves out. Gradually men are being drafted into either of the two armies; and minor differences are made less of as the critical moment of the battle for and against supernatural religion draws near. May we not venture the hope that as the opposition of principles reveals itself more and more clearly, an ever-increasing number will recognize what Sabatier affirms so explicitly, namely, that the Catholic Church is the one possible and living representative of supernatural revelation and dogmatic Christianity? Such recognition would involve the closer union and sympathy of all to whom the old cause is dear—no small improvement on a situation like the present, where brother is crossing swords with brother, though the arms of both might find more than enough to do if together they were turned against the common foe.

So, with Sabatier, we may consider that it is Catholicism which stands before us for examination when we seek an answer to the question: "Is there in the course of historic evolution any trace of the supernatural institution of an external, infallible authority, with mission to rule over all religious spirits?" (p. xxx.) To this profound problem our author addresses himself in the most important part of his book; and at the very outset of his attempt to solve it, he indicates the method he intends to employ. "Only one is of value to-day —that dictated by the scientific spirit. In the order of the moral sciences, it is the historical and critical method, including at once the testimony of psychology and of history" (p. xxx.)

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Whatever be Sabatier's appreciation of Catholicism, certainly his very first pages remove all doubt as to his opinion of its logical coherency. From beginning to end he finds evidence of orderly and consistent growth in the life of the Catholic Church. The teaching of the Pope's supernatural privilege of infallibility, the right and power to define the faith and to decide all controversies, "was destined to triumph in the end, because it was embedded in the logic of the generative principle of Roman Catholicism" (p. 5). "Doubtless it was entirely unknown in the early centuries of the Church, although Cyprian and Augustine did indeed unwittingly posit its premisses in their theory of the *Chair of St. Peter*" (p. 5). "The Pope had only to make effective that right of sovereign arbiter and supreme interpreter of the thought of the church which the Council of Trent had recognized as his" (p. 5). "The new dogma has its roots in the Catholic conception of the church itself. It grows therefrom, as the plant grows from the seed sown in the ground. The infallibility of the Pope is simply the last expression and perfected form of the infallibility of the church" (p. 13). "Thus the dogma of the personal infallibility of the Pope is implanted by all its rootlets in the more general dogma of the infallibility of the church. It is its necessary and final form" (p. 15).

The constituent elements of this wonderfully consistent dogma of authority are found to be "Church, tradition, supernatural priesthood, episcopate, and papacy" (p. 15). These consequently are taken up and studied in orderly succession, and everywhere the same recurrent phenomenon of logical and necessary development is discovered. The following quotations will serve to make plain our historian's impressions on this point:

"The property of the Catholic conception is to present religion itself as a supernatural institution; a sacerdotal and hierarchical institution; that is, a visible and permanent corporation charged by God himself to teach men what they ought to believe and do, and to save them" (p. 16). "From this point of view nothing is more logical or becomes more natural than the dogma of the infallibility of the church, or the current axiom that outside the church there is no salvation" (p. 17). "The original germ of the Catholic Church is the Messianic idea of the 'Kingdom of God' or 'of Heaven'" (p. 21). "Yet the evolution of every organism is governed by a direct-

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ing idea, which is as its perfect latent soul. This idea is no more wanting here than elsewhere. It appears in the very earliest beginning" (p. 25). "None the less we must recognize here (*i. e.*, in the Paulinian notion of the Church of Christ) the great idea which was to preside over the evolution of the Christian communities and lead through them to the constitution of the Catholic Church" (p. 26).

"Apostolicity must, therefore, be the inevitable and essential mark of Catholic tradition. Here we touch the very cornerstone of the infallibility of the church" (p. 56). "If the tradition of the church was to be the final arbiter of controversy, it must needs take on a definite form and find a popular mode of expression. We have already seen that about the same period it attained to both in the baptismal profession of faith" (p. 57). "Upon no other point (speaking of tradition) has Roman Catholic theology an appearance of greater liberality, of closer reconciliation with idealistic philosophy; as a matter of fact, on no other does she more faithfully obey the inner logic of the Catholic principle, nor better serve the hopes and plans now raised by the Roman curia" (p. 67). "It is therefore natural that tradition and episcopacy, forming an organic whole, and each powerless without the other, coming into being at the same time and from the same historic causes, should have developed along parallel lines, gaining strength each by the other, until their common ascendency became complete" (p. 69).

"It was inevitable that when the Eucharist was invested with the appearance and significance of a sacrifice, the *presbyter* should take on the form and function of a *sacerdos*" (p. 84). So with regard to the right to bind and loose: "In vain did Tertullian, Hippolytus, Novatian, raise indignant protests against the too complaisant practices of a Zephyrinus, a Callixtus, or a Cornelius; they must, therefore, yield to the inevitable consequences of the principle which they had themselves laid down in the heat of the battle against the Gnostics" (p. 97). "Nevertheless, such is the interior logic of the system that at the very moment when Cyprian was laboring to define and hedge it up, he himself dropped into it the germ of a new evolution which should cause to issue from the body of bishops the head of the episcopate, that bishop of bishops, from whom he was endeavoring to protect it" (p. 99). "That befell Tertullian, Cyprian, and the entire African Church in that early age, which in our

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own time befell the liberal ultramontane school of Montalembert and Lacordaire in face of the dogma of the personal infallibility of the Pope. All were carried away, in spite of themselves, by the irresistible logic of the movement which they themselves had created, but which they were impotent either to direct or to restrain" (p. 100). "It was the entirely natural result of the movement toward concentration which had been going on in the church for a century, when from the oligarchical body of bishops in Cyprian's time a single bishop attempted to raise himself above the others and become the centre and head of Christendom. That the bishop who thus suddenly became predominant should be he of Rome was the still more natural result of the part played in history by the city which had conquered the world and become the metropolis of the empire" (p. 103). "Rome apprehended this mission (of elder sister) from the beginning, accepted it, and accomplished it in a manner as admirable as it was touching" (p. 107). "At the same time it was Rome who, in the name of all Christendom, was carrying on the battle against Gnosticism and upholding the true doctrine" (p. 107). "It is impossible too greatly to admire the order and energy which the Roman Church brought to this common work of defence, organization, and propaganda" (p. 107). "The Papacy triumphed over its humiliations and trials, because its roots were sunk deep in the religious faith of the peoples, and after every crisis it drew fresh vigor therefrom" (p. 126). "In these crises (1870) the Papacy assuredly did not die, but it was transformed. Having ceased to be a power in the political order, it became a dogma in the religious order" (p. 128). "Infallibility, which had been the attribute of the one universal church, became with the lapse of time concentrated in the Church of Rome, and thence passed finally to its bishop. When the Pope was held as the head and mouthpiece of the church, how could infallibility be expressed by any other head or any other lips" (p. 130). "This perfectly logical system was the work of centuries" (p. 130). "That the Papacy should thus reach a sort of apotheosis is marvellous, but not miraculous. Every stage in it from the beginning is logical and linked together, as in the history of great empires. The same tendency which forced the bishop up from the ranks of the presbyters of the apostolic age brought the Papacy forth from the episcopate" (p. 135).

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Thus far as to Sabatier's testimony concerning the strict logical coherence and historical necessity of the Catholic system. What has been quoted, though but a part of the evidence presented, warrants the presumption that he thinks the very existence of supernatural religion to have been bound up with the life and growth of Catholicism. An additional fact, strikingly impressive from other points of view beside his own, is this: "From one end of the history of the Catholic Church to the other we can note this circumstance. Dogma never consecrates anything that has not already passed into practice for a century or two" (p. 20). "The history of Catholicism presents this singular law, that dogmatic theory always lags two or three centuries behind the practical reality." "Here, as in nature, it is correct to say that the need normally created the organ" (p. 72). "But the theory followed, not preceded, the establishment of the episcopate" (p. 90). "This legal transmission of a power of divine origin is in both cases (*i. e.*, politically and ecclesiastically) a monstrous historic fiction, but in both cases also it is not the fiction that establishes the power, it is the power already established that gives rise to and accounts for the fiction" (p. 91). If a legendary title were invented, it gained ground and triumphed "because the interests which it served became dominant in the church and eventually became dominant in history" (p. 113). "The degree of infallibility accorded to the Pope has always been proportioned to the measure of the authority which he had acquired and exercised" (p. 129).

It is by no means pretended that the foregoing excerpts give an adequate representation of our author's mind with regard to Catholicism. They have been selected very carefully from the midst of other passages expressive of anything rather than faith in the church's claims; and they have been presented, not with a view to giving Sabatier's judgment on the truth of Catholicism, but for the purpose of showing what a scientific historian, after a critical study of the church's story, feels he must proclaim; namely, that during two thousand years supernatural religion has lived in and by and on account of Catholicism, that the essential continuity, symmetry, and coherence of Catholic dogma are perfect, and that if the church had been truly a divine institution committed to the current of history with no other safeguard than the controlling and directing

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hand of God, then during these past twenty centuries things would have run on very much as the student finds them actually to have gone.

The significance of such a series of facts lies in this: that the one consistent motive for deciding against the supernatural character of Catholicism seems to be only the conviction that supernatural religion does not exist at all. Such a conviction calls for careful consideration, of course, and to this consideration we shall presently proceed. Meanwhile let attention rest for the moment on the result of the assault made by scientific criticism upon historical Christianity:

1st. Belief in revelation required to be embodied in an external institution, and Catholicism undertook this office.

2d. The needs of succeeding epochs rendered imperative the dogmatic crystallization of traditions, the organization of an episcopate, the centralization of ecclesiastical power in the person of a primate; and as each of these demands arose the church showed herself to be provided with the means of supplying it satisfactorily.

3d. Perils on the right hand and on the left, problems theoretic and problems practical, hostile attack and internal dispute, in one way or another each of these succeeds in developing some new potency of the age-old system.

Not one of all the curious twists and turns of history's current has ever swung that bark upon the sands. Not summer drought nor winter storm has ever cast a final blight upon that giant growth. Not the metabolism of twice a thousand years has altered the identity of that organism. Hence to the Christian who recognizes a Providence where science perceives nothing more than adaptation to environment, the career of Catholicism, as described by Sabatier, should suggest the action of an omniscient mind and omnipotent will controlling its course. And when we realize that the church alone did, and the church alone could, survive the perils besetting the path of supernatural religion, we are tempted to ask if time must not at last surely bring into the Catholic fold all who believe in a miraculous revelation and an indefectible Christianity. As for the others, among whom our author is included, we have still to consider whether or not their point of view will permit of the church's being seen to good advantage.

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THE WORK OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

BY WILLIAM H. DE LACY, D.C.L.

GOVERNMENT, like the poor, we have always with us. Its study is ever interesting, especially to the American mind; for it has been America's work to recall the world from devious ways to the fundamental truth that government is primarily for the benefit of the people, and that it is not an estate of the few, or the governing class, by which the many are theirs to pluck, but that this institution, necessary to the existence of society, is to be administered with an eye single to the good of society, and for the welfare of the least as well as the greatest in the state.

In carrying out this idea the framers of our Constitution separated into co-ordinate branches the legislative, the executive, and the judicial powers of the government, each, like the different parts of the human body, having its particular functions, yet by that very fact contributing in their combined operation to the welfare of the whole.

From what Madison tells us of the Debates in the Convention of 1787, it was sought to provide a council for the President, to consist of the chief-justice of the Supreme Court and the heads of the executive departments. Dr. Franklin thought a council would not only be a check on a bad President, but be a relief to a good one. Charles Pinckney, of South Carolina, said: "Give the President an able council, and it will thwart him; a weak one, and he will shelter himself under their sanction." His idea was that the President should be authorized to call for advice or not, as he might choose.

As adopted, the Constitution makes the Senate the adviser of the President; for, with the advice and consent of the Senate, the President is to make treaties and appoint the chief officers of the United States; while Section 2 of Article II. authorizes the President to require the opinion, in writing,

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of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices.

From this authority to obtain the opinion of the heads of departments evolution was easy into regular, periodic consultations, these consultations, or "cabinet" meetings, being wholly advisory, in no sense obliging the President to compliance with its recommendations or involving responsibility to the people on the part of the members of the cabinet; in the manner, for example, the ministry in England is responsible for measures of government.

So that these departments are really the vast business houses of the executive branch of the government, along the lines of executive matters committed by law to each. The necessity of the arrangement impelled the President to keep in touch with the heads thereof, and gave rise to the cabinet, though not to a council to the President, in the sense debated in the Constitutional Convention.

Of the nine executive departments, the business of none is more directly related to the daily life of the people than the work of the Department of the Interior, embracing as it does the work of the United States Patent Office, the administration of the public lands, Indian affairs, pensions, the gathering of educational statistics, the reclamation of vast areas of arid lands in the West, the settlement of the accounts of those companies who received land grants and other government aid to build the railroads from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and thus opened to settlement the Empire of the West, and the important scientific bureau, the United States Geological Survey.

The Department at Washington occupies a number of buildings, some of which are leased, the rents aggregating $51,900 per annum—a strong argument, truly, for the erection of additional public buildings at the Capital City. The Secretary of the Interior has his office in what is popularly called the "Patent Office," which stands upon the square known at the dawn of the city as the "National Church Square." This square is spoken of as follows, on the plan of the city made by Peter Charles L'Enfant:

"This church is intended for National purposes, such as public prayer, thanksgivings, funeral orations, etc.; assigned to

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the special use of no particular sect or denomination, but equally open to all. It will be likewise a proper shelter for such monuments as were voted by the Continental Congress for those heroes who fell in the Cause of Liberty, and for such others as may hereafter be decreed by the voice of a grateful nation."

Congress, however, on the 4th of July, 1836, made an appropriation of $108,000 out of the fees which had been received for patents granted, for the erection of a building for the Patent Office. This building was erected upon the "Church Square."

When, in the administration of President Taylor, in 1849, the Department of the Interior was created, Thomas Ewing, of Ohio, was made the first Secretary of the Interior. In his office proper, Secretary Ewing had eight employees; at the present time, the Secretary of the Interior has the aid of a First Assistant Secretary, an Assistant Secretary, a chief clerk, and 291 clerks and other employees. His huge Department comprises eight bureaus or offices, the whole having at Washington and elsewhere throughout the country nearly sixteen thousand employees.

Apace with the marvellous growth of our country the business of the Department since its organization has developed, and to-day no head of an executive department at Washington retires at night with more official cares, or awakens to face more perplexing or important questions, than the Secretary of the Interior. His functions are at once judicial and administrative, for he and his assistants hear appeals in land and pension cases, as well as direct the policy of the Department in regard to the Indians, the distribution of the public lands to the actual settler, the care of the national parks, and many other matters committed to the Department. From the action of the Commissioner of Patents the appeal is, however, to the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia. You will notice here involved judicial and, in the various departmental regulations, quasi-legislative functions. In other words, the cleavage of sovereignty into legislative, executive, and judicial was not clean, or exclusive, for we see all three functions exercised within this Department; and the courts themselves uniformly refuse to interfere where matters have been legally committed

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to the discretion—*i. e.*, to the judgment—of the head of a department.

Our statesmen have followed the views of Edmund Burke, that the principal and best revenue to draw from the vast public domain is to spring from the actual settlement of the lands, and that, when thrown into the mass of private property, these lands will come, through the course of circulation and through the political secretions of the state, into well-regulated revenue. Accordingly the homestead law authorizes every person, either the head of a family or one arrived at the age of twenty-one years, who is a citizen or prospective citizen of the United States, to enter one hundred and sixty acres, or less, of unappropriated public land, providing, however, that no patent shall be given therefor until the expiration of five years from the date of entry.

Thanks, chiefly, to Thomas Jefferson, who likewise made the Louisiana Purchase, the centennial of which is this year to be celebrated at St. Louis, over this vast public domain has been extended an admirable system of surveys by which it is divided into bodies of land six miles square, called townships. In every township the government has given a mile of land in aid of popular education. Townships have generally been created bodies corporate to manage this princely endowment, the inhabitants electing the trustees. Now, the town is the germ of New England's political institutions, and it has been well pointed out that Western localism has found its nucleus in the school system, for the county election district has been made to coincide with the school township, often with the schoolhouse for a voting place. The report for the year 1893 shows that over eight hundred millions of acres of public land remain undisposed of. The Philippines, Porto Rico, and other island possessions do not enter into this calculation. These islands are under the control of the Bureau of Insular Affairs in the War Department. Neither was the strip of territory along the Isthmus of Panama taken into account.

The late Major J. W. Powell, many years the director of the U. S. Geological Survey, is regarded as the father of the idea to reclaim by irrigation the vast tracts of arid lands in the West. The act of June 17, 1902, makes abundant provision therefor, appropriating for the purpose certain receipts

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from the sales of public lands, and under it irrigation will be inaugurated rivalling, if not exceeding, that done in Egypt and in India.

We go back to the act of Congress of February 8, 1887, for the beginning of the nation's present policy towards its wards—*i. e.*, to seek to develop the individual Indian and to endeavor to make him self-reliant, to endow him with citizenship, and to destroy tribal relationship, which is now justly regarded as the greatest hindrance to the civilization and advancement of the Indian. It costs Uncle Sam about eight and a half million dollars annually to care for Poor Lo. Indians are yet located on reservations in New York; in Pennsylvania, at the Carlisle school; on the Qualla reservation in North Carolina; in Michigan and in Wisconsin; and there are a few hundred Seminoles in the Everglades of Florida. All other bodies of Indians are to be found west of the Mississippi.

In the first quarter of the nineteenth century the removal of the Indians from the Southern States was an important political question. Out of its settlement Georgia got some of the finest land in the southwest part of that State, in return for a cession to the Union of its claims to the territory west of the Chattahoochee River, which has since been erected into the States of Alabama and Mississippi; while the Indians were removed to the Indian Territory, and received large money payments. The Creek Indians stated that they were induced to make the treaty by a desire to get rid of the difficulties experienced by a residence within the settled parts of the United States; to reunite their people by joining those who had already crossed the Mississippi; and to live in a country beyond the limits of states' sovereignties, where they could enjoy a government of their choice, and "perpetuate" a state of society which might be most consonant with their views, habits, condition, etc. But alas! it was not to be perpetual. Under the operation of the Curtis act and the Dawes commission, the sovereignties of the Five Civilized Tribes are being abolished, and the Indian Territory is clamoring for statehood.

To the Bureau of Education is committed the task of gathering and publishing statistics and such other information as shall aid the people in the establishment and maintenance of efficient school systems, and otherwise promote the cause of

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education throughout the country. Education was one of the matters reserved to the States, and not delegated to the Union.

In his *Political Science*, Professor Woolsey, long the president of Yale College, says that the liberty of teaching is one form of freedom of speech and thought. By endowments and otherwise the general government has shown its liberality in the cause of popular education, in consonance with the declaration in the ordinance of 1787 for the government of the territory northwest of the Ohio River, that "religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall for ever be encouraged."

The Pension Office distributes some $138,000,000 annually, the grateful tribute of the nation to its surviving defenders.

The United States Geological Survey is, as its name implies, a highly scientific bureau. A number of such offices in Washington require trained scientists, and attract to their work some of the most skilled specialists in the country, all of which is, to my mind, a concrete realization of the wish of Washington for the establishment here of a national university.

The framers of the Constitution builded more wisely than they knew when they provided that Congress might encourage the arts and sciences by securing for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries. No other source has added more to the material prosperity of the country than the Patent System. Under its benign influence, American genius has been stimulated to meet the wants of a rapidly increasing population and an advancing civilization. In the recording and transmission of speech, the development of speedy locomotion by land and sea, in the providing of raiment and medicine and food, and the devising of machinery and other means to increase the capacity for production generally, the American Patent System has nobly served the Republic and benefited mankind.

The daily fees of the Patent Office now amount to more than five thousand dollars.

Patents are granted for inventions in the useful arts, and the work of the office requires the services of those who are trained in the sciences upon which the useful arts are founded.

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Experience in the office gives them familiarity with the state of the arts to which the classes of invention committed to them relate.

It is the task of the United States Civil Service Commission to submit the names of those eligible for appointment as vacancies occur throughout the department; and, in regard to Civil Service Reform, two things must be admitted: first, the elimination of "influence" from the matter of appointment to public office is in harmony with right American ideas; for, as is said by the Supreme Court of the United States in Yick Wo's case (118 U. S. Reports): "It would be the essence of slavery itself, intolerable to the American ideal, that a man should hold his life, or the means of living, or any other right material to him as a man, at the will of another"; and, secondly, by largely eliminating favoritism, it has, by thus removing an incentive to create offices, kept within more reasonable bounds the multiplication of offices, which is a positive benefit to the whole people, for it means less taxation. The most important source of the government's income, a source so important that it may be regarded as the sole means of income, is taxation, either direct or indirect, and in that every man and woman and child are interested.

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MISSION WORK IN JAPAN.

BY A. I. DU P. COLEMAN.

AMIDST the voluminous outpourings of picturesque information as to the ways of the Japanese which have flowed in a broad and even stream through the papers of the last few weeks, comparatively little has been said about the history and present condition of the Island Kingdom from the standpoint of the progress of Christianity. Yet there are points about this history, and details of the more recent missionary labors, which are full enough of color and dramatic interest to be worth the consideration even of those who, in these commercial days, are more occupied with material progress. There was, a little while ago, an admirable opportunity of realizing this aspect of things; but few people outside of those to whom an appeal was directly made can have known of it. We are so accustomed to the presence of distinguished foreigners in New York, glittering with visible tokens of celebrity, that we scarcely take the time to look for those who do not herald their advent with many trumpets. Yet the Right Reverend Jules-Auguste Chatron, Bishop of Osaka, who was lately the guest of the Fathers of Mercy in West Twenty-fourth Street, is a man whose personality and whose work are distinctly more interesting than one commonly finds.

The man and the story he had to tell were of one piece—absolutely simple; impressive, pathetic by their very simplicity. Monseigneur Chatron wore his episcopal purple with dignity, but you felt instinctively that in his mind the dignity was referred to his office and did not cling about himself. He is a Frenchman, like most of the Catholic missionaries in Japan; but curiously enough, whether it is imagination or an actual assimilation due to his thirty years' residence among them, his features at first sight suggest the characteristics of the Japanese. Even the slight accent with which he speaks English is more Japanese than French. One felt, as one listened to him, that nothing less than the pressure of a great necessity would have brought him so far from his flock. There was a wistful look in his face as he spoke of his four hundred orphans, then on

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very limited rations, and pictured them going to the sisters with "Mother, won't the Bishop soon come to bring us clothes and cakes as he used to?"

But the bishop was far away, telling the Americans how the storms and floods and earthquakes of the year before had almost ruined the "plant" of his diocese and used up in repairs and rebuilding all the scanty subsidy which came to him from the French "Association for the Propagation of the Faith." Ten dollars a month, by the way, is the average stipend of the priests in the jurisdiction of Osaka; so that quite obviously there is no special reason why there should be a rush there on the grounds of temporal advantage. A good many middle-aged men, who were boys at the famous Blue-coat School a couple of generations after Charles Lamb, will remember how the head-master of those days, when the time came each week to hand a boy his pocket-money (a shilling a week), would stop ninepence or tenpence out of it as fines for various offences, drop the odd coppers in his hand with a sardonic grin, and growl out "There—that does n't leave you very much margin to make a beast of yourself on!" In like manner, even supposing the patient little French missionaries felt inclined to make beasts of themselves, their salaries would not carry them very far.

Mgr. Chatron, who has been Bishop of Osaka since 1896, tells stories of fascinating dramatic interest about the early days of the present work there. When the first priests were allowed to enter the country, after Commodore Perry, with American directness, had forced the passage, they were supposed to limit themselves strictly to ministering to the foreign population. But they knew of the tremendous work that had been done there three centuries before by St. Francis Xavier and the early Jesuits, and it was not long before they made inquiries whether any remnants of this once flourishing church were to be found. Persecution of the most bloody and determined sort had done its work; the last priests had followed many of their predecessors to a martyr's death in 1643. It seemed at first that not a trace of Christian tradition was to reward their search. But presently an old woman stole into their chapel, and by mysterious hints and gestures contrived to convey to them that she too was of their religion. Then came a deputation, at night, with many precautions, like Nicodemus, and begged leave to ask some questions of the French priests.

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"Who is the head of your religion?" was the first. And the native heads nodded with solemn approval when they heard of the Pope. The personality of Pius IX. could have meant nothing to them; but they knew (and, as we shall see presently, not only from the preaching of missionaries) that far away across the sea there was a consecrated chief who claimed the obedience of souls.

Then came a second question, put as simply and directly: "Do you know Mary?" This also was easy enough to answer; again the heads nodded with increasing reverence when the missionaries pointed to the statue of a woman robed in blue and white, and carrying a Child in her arms.

But the phraseology of the third question brought a momentary confusion. "Have you children?" blandly inquired the natives; and when the priests seemed to answer in the affirmative, an expression of perplexity and disappointment gradually overspread their faces. The Frenchmen began to explain how they were called "Father," and that they regarded all those who followed their teachings as their children, to be loved and cared for as such. Presently it appeared that the Japanese were trying to find out if these missionaries belonged to the class of comfortable family men, some of whom they had seen in the European quarters. But when the misunderstanding was cleared away, and they realized that these fathers were celibates like those of whom their traditions had told them, they knelt down with a sigh of relief and beaming faces, and kissed the priests' hands.

Imagine the joy of the missionaries at the discovery that the work was not all to be done over—that, among these people who had not seen a priest for two hundred years, the faith had lingered, handed down from father to son. They had been proud of it and loyal to it as a sacred mystery. Even baptism had been continuously observed; care was taken that in each community one man, at least, should know the necessary formula and administer the sacrament to the children as they came into the world.

This does not mean, however, that Mgr. Chatron and his fellow-workers have converted the entire population since those days. Buddhism and Shintoism still hold the field; their adherents in the prefecture of Osaka (which is the second city of the empire) number over a million and a quarter, while the Catholic population is returned at little more than five thousand. But Mgr. Chatron is different from many other missionary bishops. His talk was not of statistics and "success" in the

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modern sense of the word. With an intense conviction of the sacredness of his cause went a compelling sense of duty; when he talked of his work, you felt that he was homesick for it, that he would not be happy till he could get back to his catechists and his sisters and his family of orphans—a family constantly increasing, as the sisters open their doors morning after morning to find a queer little Japanese baby in a basket, left there on the chance of its being taken in.

Fortunately, he did not have to face as many hardships and perils, when he went home, as did his Jesuit and Dominican and Franciscan predecessors in the sixteenth century. There are few episodes in the richly colored history of that age more full of picturesque suggestion to any one with a proper sort of imagination than the narrative (which may be found in Charlevoix by those who know where to look for it) of the embassy sent by some of the lesser Japanese kings to convey their homage as Christians to the Holy See in 1582. It may easily be conceived that the journey to Rome was no light undertaking in those days; indeed, they would probably never have ventured on it if Father Alessandro Valignani, the "visitor of all the Oriental missions," had not been ready to see them on their way.

The King of Bungo named his grand nephew, Mancius Ito, who, though he was only sixteen, is described as wise beyond his years; Michael Cingina, an accomplished cavalier also of royal connections, represented the King of Arima and the Prince of Omura; and two other native Christians of high rank, Martin Farami and Julian Nacaura, accompanied them. They embarked at Nagasaki on the 22d of February, 1582. It was to be eight years before they returned; but on the voyage to Goa they probably abandoned all hope of ever coming back. Their sentiments as seasickness laid hold of them are described with a realism which almost introduces a modern note into the narrative. At Goa they stayed several months, magnificently fêted by the viceroy; and when they set sail again, early in 1584, they had a more peaceful voyage, reaching Lisbon in August. The most flattering attentions were lavished upon them here, and when they visited Madrid, by Philip II. So slow was their progress amid these civilities that by the following spring they were only as far as Tuscany, where, as guests of the Grand Duke Piero de' Medici, they witnessed the festivities of the carnival, and no doubt marvelled intensely at them.

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On the boundaries of the States of the Church they were met by a guard of honor of five hundred arquebusiers. Gregory XIII., feeling his end approaching, sent to hasten them, and they soon reached Rome, where they went at once to the house of the Jesuits—still incognito, however, as their official entry was not till three days later. This was a most gorgeous affair, if we may judge from the minute details preserved of the order of the procession which conducted them to the papal presence. The Sala Regia of the Vatican was so thronged that the Swiss had to use their weapons to clear a passage to the throne for the Pope himself.

Two weeks later Gregory was dead; but his successor, Sixtus V., continued the same lavish kindness to the strangers. Space forbids lingering over the many functions recorded by the leisurely historian; but we must at least go with them to the Capitol to see them made patricians "by the Senate and the People." There, if you like, is the fulness of the dramatic contrast. Think what the letters S. P. Q. R. have always meant to our western world, and bring these wondering children of the Orient under them for one brief moment; what more would you have for a picture?

The return voyage was through the same enthusiasm, lit up here and there with vivid details, as when at Mantua the duke was to have stood sponsor, on the day of their arrival, at the baptism of a Jewish rabbi, and politely begged the Japanese princes to take his place at the font. So, in the end, in the summer of 1590, they came home again to Nagasaki—only to find a chill wind of persecution already blowing up, to enter the Jesuit novitiate, and in all probability to give their lives for their faith.

This remarkable episode acquires an additional interest from the fact that one account of it, bearing the title *De Missione Legatorum Japonensium* and the date Macao, 1590, was long supposed to have been the first book printed by Europeans in China. Few books have been the cause of more bibliographical myth and error. It is now known to have been composed by a Portuguese Jesuit, Duarte de Sande, professedly from the journals of the ambassadors, and to have no right to the primacy long claimed for it. But no earlier rival seems to exist, and this is at least very rare, only four copies being known, of which one is in the British Museum. The whole story, with its wealth of picturesque detail, is a delightful change from the prosaic sameness of modern life.

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THE ETERNAL CANTICLE.

SUNG IN EXILE.

Translated from the French of the Carmelite nun, Sœur Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus, by S. L. Emery.

EXILED afar from heaven, I still, dear Lord, can sing,—
I, Thy betrothed, can sing the eternal hymn of love;
For, spite of exile, comes, to me, on dove-like wing,
Thy Holy Spirit's fires of rapture from above.

Beauty supreme! my Love Thou art;
Thyself Thou givest all to me.
Oh, take my heart, my yearning heart,—
Make of my life one act of love to Thee!

Canst Thou my worthlessness efface?
In heart like mine canst make Thy home?
Yes, love wins love,—O wondrous grace!
I love Thee, love Thee! Jesu, come!

Love that enkindleth me,
Pierce and inflame me';
Come, for I cry to Thee!
Come and be mine!
Thy love urges me;
Fain would I ever be
Sunken and lost in Thee,
Furnace divine!
All pain borne for Thee
Changes to joy for me,
When my love flies to Thee,
Winged like the dove.
Heavenly Completeness,
Infinite Sweetness,
My soul possesses Thee
Here, as above.
Heavenly Completeness,
Infinite Sweetness,
Naught else art Thou but LOVE!

NOTE.—The swiftly varying metres of this rapturous "Canticle" evidently are meant to indicate the ever increasing ecstasy of the singer; unless, indeed, Sœur Thérèse had no explicit intention, but was simply carried on by the force of a quasi-inspiration.—S. L. E.

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LYRIC ELEMENTS IN OLD ENGLISH POETRY.

BY ESTELLE McCLOSKEY DASCHBACH.

SO little has Anglo-Saxon, or rather Old English, literature been studied by English-speaking people that the literary value of the fragments of our earliest literature has not as yet been fully appreciated. The difficulties of the phonetic system of the language and its dialectic peculiarities are so great and so many that a mastery of them has been judged more laborious than the resulting acquaintance with the literature would justify. To German philologists, who study language by the laboratory method, is left most of the original research in this subject. Nevertheless a study of Old English reveals poetic beauty and growth in literary expression which really well repay a student for the difficulties overcome in mastering the language. An investigation of the minor poems which antedate and follow our greatest Old English poem, *Beowulf*, must lead to the conclusion that the lyric and not the epic was the native spontaneous poetry of the English people.

To study with any degree of thoroughness the earliest records of Anglo-Saxon literature we must go back to a period when the English were still on the Continent. Perhaps the oldest and most authentic recorder of literary impulses among our Teutonic ancestors is Tacitus.* He tells us that our forefathers loved song, and that they celebrated in "carminibus antiquis" Tuisco, the god born of the earth, and Manus, his son, the founders of the race. The early Teutons sang their songs as they went to war, for the same historian writes that by songs they roused their courage for battle and prophesied the issue of the struggle. In a letter of Pope Gregory's to the Abbot Mellitus † and in the Statua Bonifacii, Council of Autun, is found indirect proof of the existence and nature of early hymnic choral rites. From these records we are not likely to err in drawing the inference that hymns in honor of the gods and heroes were prevalent as late as the seventh century. The

* Tacitus, *Germania*, ii. iii. † Bede, *Historia Ecclesiastica de gentis Anglorum*, i. 30.

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hymns were strophic in form, since they were accompanied by a dance. They were lyric, not epic in character. Songs intended to urge men to battle, they had little in common with the "Ruhe und Breite" of the epic. Rather were they wild bursts of emotion, impulsive, spontaneous pæans. At the same time they were not highly developed, dramatic lyrics, as are the Old Norse and Icelandic sagas in which the passions of love and hate, scorn and envy, greed and revenge find full and complete expression.

From the choral lyrics of the early Germanic to the welding of these songs into one lay or saga is a step of which there is no record. The fact remains, however, that the poetry of our forefathers now exists in epic form, and this epic poetry is a natural product of the Völkerwanderung. Between the fourth and sixth centuries Europe was invaded by the Huns, and England was colonized by the Angles and Saxons. The migration of the tribes would be favorable to the accomplishment of stirring deeds. Naturally these deeds of heroes were praised and magnified in song, and as time passed, the triumphs of less popular heroes were forgotten or were merged with those of more popular ones. The epics of this period were accompanied by the harp and their lyric character was retained. To this early transitional poetry we must trace the origin of the later unified poems, *Walter of Aquitaine*, the *Niebelungenlied*, and *The Lay of Gudrun*. As the Scandinavians took little or no part in the great migrations their poetry never received the impulse toward epic development by which the Germanic songs were influenced.

The Germanic tribes who colonized Britain during the fifth and sixth centuries brought with them from the Continent a heathen religion and a heathen literature. Traces of both are found in their records for the next two hundred years. The pagan idea of Wyrd, or Fate, as the arbiter of man's life is present long after Christian influence has modified the themes and expression of this literature. The oldest remains of a purely heathen literature still extant are the Charms and Hexensprüche. They seem to have been very widely known. Christian elements found in them would lead to the supposition that the church tried to give them a Christian coloring. From their similarity to the old Sanskrit, from their heathen character, and from the plausible assumption that they were incantations

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usually chanted either by an individual or a communal chorus, these charms must be regarded as the earliest existing records of the old lyric or hymnal poetry. Their poetic value lies in their personification and folk fancies. The charm against the Stitch has some poetic interest:

"In this rod I guard myself, and to God's grace trust myself,
'Gainst the stitch that sore is, and against the sore blow,
And against the grim, 'gainst the grisly terror,
And against the mickle horror that to every one is loathly;
And 'gainst all the loathly things that into the land may come
A victorious spell I sing, a victorious staff I bear,
Word of victory, work of victory, so may this avail me,
May no spirit mar me nor the mighty man afflict me.

Matthew be my helm, Mark my byrnie be;
Of my life the shining strength; let my sword be Luke,
Sharp and edged sheer; and my shield be John." *

Widsith, the oldest poem in the language in existence, is a didactic chronicle of princes and warriors. As a catalogue of tribes, kings, and heroes it has both geographical and historical interest. As a picture of a wandering minstrel, or "scop," of the sixth century it has some literary value. Its poetic merit lies in its unity, in the personal story of the bard's visit to Eormanric, his return and welcome home, and the songs of praise he made to his lord. In these songs there is a vivid reminiscence of the older lyric. The poem opens, however, with a purely epic phrase:

"Widsith spake, unlocked his word hold."

It is not strophic in form. In the very beginning it strikes the elegiac note which is the dominating characteristic of all Old English poetry. On the whole the poem is a remarkable mingling of the elements of the older lyric and the developing epic. The personal interest is paramount in such lines as these:

"Scilling then and with him I, in a voicing clear,
Lifted up the lay to our lord the conqueror;
Loudly at the harping lilted high our voice.

* Translated by Stopford Brooke: *The History of Early English Literature*, notes E, ch. ix.

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Then our hearers many, haughty of their heart,
They that couth it well, clearly said in words
That a better lay listed had they never." *

Next to *Widsith* in point of chronology stands the Old English epic, *Beowulf*. As the proof that much of it was composed on the Continent is indisputable, we may regard *Beowulf* as one of the earliest productions of the transitional period between choral songs and heroic sagas. A discussion of its growth, of the three mythical exploits in the poem, the various historical references and Christian interpolations embodied in it, must be left to an essay whose primary purpose is not to emphasize the lyric elements in Anglo-Saxon literature. Nor is this the place to show the inferiority of our oldest English epic in unity of composition, psychological interest, and individual character presentation to the classic Greek epics. But the themes of the best modern lyrics, the love of the sea, the glory of a brave spirit and a strong arm, the keen delight in danger and strife, are primitive passions as vividly realized in *Beowulf* as in any poem of later years. It is only in the higher art of a cultivated expression that *Beowulf* shows inferiority. Decided breaks in the style of the different lays which make up the poem are faults of an art not yet fully developed.

These same dissimilarities in style, together with many repetitions and recurring expressions, must imply that the poem was originally sung and not written. Besides this external mark of a style characteristic of lyric poetry, *Beowulf* has many passages which are purely lyric in both sentiment and expression. The lament of Hrothgar for his thane is one of the noblest:

"Ask not thou after happiness; sorrow is renewed again to the people of the Danes. Dead is Aeschere, Yrmenlaf's elder brother; my adviser, my counsellor, my shoulder-to-shoulder companion when we in war guarded our heads."

Then there is the beautiful passage in Beowulf's story of his own life where he tells the "sarigne sang" of Hrethel's mourning for his dead sons, and likens his grief to that of an old man who lives to see his young son hung upon a gallows-tree, a joy to the ravens:

* Translated by Stopford Brooke, *Ibid.*, page 3.

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"Sorrow laden does he look in the Bower of his son,
On the wasted wine-hall, on the wind-swept resting-places,
Now bereft of joyous noise. Far the Riders sleep;
In their howe the heroes lie. Clang of harp is there no more,
In the dwellings no delight as in days of old." *

And not less poetic or lyric in tone is the sad, dirge-like song chanted by the old earl over his buried treasure:

"Hold thou here, O Earth Now the heroes could not,
Hold the wealth of earls. . . .
None is left the sword to bear,
Or the cup to carry, chased with flakes of gold. . . .
Silent is the joy of harp,
Gone the glee-wood's mirth; nevermore the goodly hawk
Hovers through the hall; the swift horse no more
Beats with hoof the Burh-stead. Bale of battle ruinous
Many souls of men sent away, afar." †

Other passages, lyric in being the expression of a single personal emotion and in the same strain of grief and resignation are numerous in *Beowulf*. They have a singing quality far removed from the purely epic style.

Of about the same date chronologically as *Beowulf* exists a mere fragment of another Old English epic, *The Fight at Finnsburg*. Swift, terse, and direct, it has wonderful poetic vigor. The cry of the king "young in battle" is just such a passionate call as our Teuton ancestors might have uttered in urging on the warriors to the contest.

When the power of this speech and of similar impassioned speeches in *Beowulf* is compared with the unskilful handling of the narrative and the lack of epic breadth and sustained continuity in the same poems, we cannot believe but that the inherent genius of the Teutonic people for choral song had not yet yielded its spontaneity to the constructive art of the epic.

The personal note of the lyric is struck again in a few short poems, the date of which is not later than the seventh century. The first of these, *Deor's Complaint*, is the only Old English poem extant which preserves the strophic form. It is in six sections, each of which concludes with the refrain,

* Translated by Stopford Brooke, *Ibid.*, page 22. † *Ibid.*, page 49.

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"That he overcame, this also may I."

It is the mournful lament of a poet who compares his sufferings with those of others and fortifies himself with the philosophy of his refrain. Short, unified, and personal, the poem is a lyric of a purer type though of less imaginative power than the other poem usually classed with it, *The Wanderer*. The same tone of regret and love for nature in her most melancholy aspects, which are characteristics of English poetry of every age, are impressed in every line of *The Wanderer*.

The singer is a wanderer without home or friends. Overcome by sorrow and sleep, he dreams that he is again, as in days of old, at the gift-stool of his lord. He wakes to reality's loneliness and his "sorrow is renewed":

"Where is gone the horse? where is gone the hero? where is gone the giver of treasure?
Where are gone the seats of the feasts? Where are the joys of the hall?
Ah, thou bright cup! Ah, thou mailed warrior!
Ah, the prince's pride! how has the time passed away!
Has darkened 'neath the veil of night, as if it had not been!

All the realm of earth is full of hardships;
Fate's decree changes the world beneath the heavens.
Here wealth passes away, here friend passes away,
Here man passes away, here woman passes away;
All this earth's structure becomes empty."*

Lyric and epic elements similar to those in *The Wanderer* occur in another poem of like nature, *The Sea-farer*. By some critics this poem is considered a monologue in which the seafarer recounts first the dangers, then the joys of the sea. By other scholars it has been arranged in a dramatic dialogue. Whichever theory be held, the poem is far removed from the old heroic saga. In its melancholy sentiment, slow movement, and detailed description, it shows the characteristics of every other Old English record. Literary influences are now felt to be at work. The artistic value of the poem is impaired by Christian moralizing and editing. Nevertheless there are

*Translated by Israel Gollancz, *The Exeter Book*, lines 92-96, 106-110.

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single passages in *The Sea-farer* which in imaginative force and passionate humanity are little less than inspiring.

The love for pictures of desolation and ruin, which finds reiterated expression in *Beowulf*, *The Wanderer*, *Deor's Complaint*, and other early poems, is the subject of a short descriptive lyric, *The Ruin*. This poem is of a very early date and appears to be a picture of some definite city in ruins. It has many lines of genuine beauty, as its opening:

"Wondrous is this wall of stone. Fates have shattered it!
Broken are the castle seats! Crumbled is the giant's work!"

Two poems remain in this group of elegiac lyrics. Their possible date, the question as to whether or not they were originally lays of the Offa or Genovefa saga, their real meaning or theme, are still matters of conjecture and dispute. Their poetic value is their chief interest to us. Both *The Husband's Message* and *The Wife's Complaint* treat of a subject hitherto not discussed in Old English poetry—the love between man and woman. The theme readily lends itself to lyric expression. Both poems are full of personal feeling and poetic insight. As dramatic lyrics of individual revelation, they are not unworthy predecessors of the dramatic lyrics of Browning, which they ante-date by at least 1100 years.

This group of elegiac poems is additional proof that the epic had not yet absorbed the genius of English poetry. To be sure these early lyrics lack the intensity and vigor of the Scandinavian lyrics; but these same Scandinavian lyrics with which the comparison is made are part of a highly developed literature of the eleventh or twelfth century, fully 400 years later than the earliest Old English poem. The Scandinavians took no part in the Völkerwanderung. It was this migration, as we have already said, which gave to the Germanic tribes the impulse toward the popular and the historic epic. Just as the general restlessness and migratory movement on the Continent retarded the perpetuation and development of the old choral hymns and gave rise to a new form of popular poetry, the saga, so the latter received an unmistakable check when Christianity conquered Britain.

Christian learning and Christian teaching produced the literary epic. The English people at the time of their conver-

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sion had a strongly developed and flourishing national literature. The influence of Christianity on this was only superficial, readily detected in a Christian prologue or epilogue, or an occasional interpolation of moral truths. But the English people responded whole-heartedly to the new religion, and soon found in the stories of saints and martyrs subjects as full of interest as the heathen sagas of mythical heroes. "The transition to the new materials was doubtless easy for the gleeman," as Ten Brink has well said. "Epithets of gods and heroes could often without a change, or with only a slight modification, serve for the God of the Christians or for the patriarchs and saints. God himself was conceived as the Almighty Prince; . . . the devil as the faithless vassal who antagonizes his gold-friend; the heavenly throne was the gift-stool of the spirits." *

The *Andreas* of the eighth century shows in the description of the twelve Apostles a confusion of Christian with popular elements which can be paralleled in all the other Christian epics:

> "Twelve heroes famous far beneath the stars,
> Servants of God; their strength did yield not
> When they hewed in battle on helmet crest,
> Since they had placed themselves as God,
> Even the High King of Heaven, had set the lot." †

The earliest poem of purely Christian origin is probably the well-known hymn of Caedmon. It is a short lyric which has come down to us in both Latin and Northumbrian texts. Its figurative style, its alliterative form, and its heaping-up of epithets give it some claim to be called poetry, but it is too deliberative for a pure lyric, and too impersonal to bear any but a forced resemblance to the old choral hymns.

Of the other poems ascribed to Caedmon but one, the *Genesis*, has stood the test of criticism. The poem shows two distinct styles and has consequently been divided into two parts, *Genesis A* and *Genesis B*. Both poems are epic in their subject, treatment of nature, and metre. Parallels to passages in the old national epic, *Beowulf*, illustrating similarity of conception, national temperament, and identity of epithet, are very numerous. Equally interesting is a comparison between the

* Ten Brink, *History of English Literature.* † *Ibid.*, page 38.

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Genesis and its Latin original. No little imagination is displayed on the part of the poet, who has undoubtedly allowed himself considerable poetic freedom. Frequently he introduces dialogue into his work, thereby adding to it a certain amount of dramatic interest. But the dramatic force is palpably weakened by the verbosity of expression. The use of dialogue from this time on becomes more and more marked. The love for animated speech which was evident in the noble speeches of Beowulf or in the stirring cry of the king in the Finnsburg fragment, and which probably would be found in the earliest choral hymns, did they exist, suffers no diminution in the Christian epics. In *Andreas*, *Guthlac*, *Crist*, and *Saint Juliana* dialogue is used with considerable effect, the *Juliana* in particular being wonderfully vivid and dramatic. If the *Genesis*, as the earliest Christian epic, has lost the lyric note of folk-poetry, it has acquired dramatic force and skill in handling the language.

The *Exodus* and *Daniel* are Christian literary poems of uneven intrinsic merit. The former is dominated by detailed description, but the graphic writing of the poet in portraying the marshalling of the tribes, the speech of Moses as he rouses the men and turns to roll back the sea, the vivid suggestion of battle, are evidence of an art already more plastic. The *Daniel* lacks epic simplicity and dramatic force. It shows decided imaginative freedom when compared as a paraphrase with the *Book of Daniel*. The song of the three children saved from the fiery furnace is a passage full of the highest lyric apostrophe. The lofty strain of this song has a chanting quality, recalling the litanies still recited in the Catholic Church. Mr. Gollancz's translation, which follows the original very closely, has consciously or unconsciously brought out this chanting quality:

"May the glory of the world's creation bless thee,
Benignant Father! and thy every work,
The heavens, the angels and clear water,
And all the host of creatures of the earth.
May the sun and the moon's bright beams,
Serene and pure, bless thee, thou righteous King,
Thou living God! . . .

O thou benignant Father! may fishes and birds
Bless thee as their Almighty Lord;

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Let all things that stir the stormy waves
In the spacious sea glorify their Lord
And praise the Holy One; yea, the birds of heaven, too,
That journey, hovering lightly through the air,
And beasts and cattle, let them bless the Lord!" *

Of higher artistic merit and of more original conception than the *Exodus* and *Daniel* is the *Crist* of Cynewulf. Its date is probably the second half of the eighth century. The poem gives the life of Christ in three parts—the Nativity, the Ascension, and the Day of Judgment. To speak of a poem like the *Crist* in moderate praise is difficult. Here Old English poetry has reached its highest expression. The influence of Christianity is apparent in the theme and in its treatment. Latin literature has furnished the poet with rhetoric and ability to construct and develop his theme, but the lyric genius of the poem is native. In the lyric apostrophes to Christ, which are especially frequent in the first part, "we seem to hear an echo of those tones in which perhaps ancient lyrics sang the reception of Woden's elect in Walhalla or the world's doom by fire." The lyric elements from *Beowulf* down have established for Anglo-Saxon poetry its strongest claim to beauty. The lyrics in the *Crist* can but augment this claim. The unity of the narrative of this poem is well sustained, notwithstanding the redundancy of expression, which is a trait of national style as strongly marked here as in the pre-Christian epic. The dramatic dialogue between Joseph and Mary is more effective and characterizing than we would expect from the language in its present stage. That the poet had now a conscious artistic attitude toward his work is apparent in the unity of development of his theme, which is a real unity of construction, not merely that which results from an individual subject, as in *Beowulf*.

The conscious use of rhyme, the recurrence of many rhetorical figures, as antithesis, apostrophe, metaphor, anaphora, the use of expanded lines, are all indications of an art no longer rudimentary.

A review of the other poems ascribed to Cynewulf, *Juliana*, *Guthlac*, and *Elene*, reveals passages of wonderful poetic power and of unmistakable literary style. But English prose now

* Translated by Israel Gollancz, *The Exeter Book*, Part I., pages 193-196.

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received, under Alfred, a great impetus, and poetry in consequence declined. After Alfred's death prose literature continued to flourish until the Conquest revived the old love for song.

To summarize briefly from this necessarily cursory discussion of Old English poetry, we find that the earliest poetic expression of the English people was that of all Germanic races, hymns or choral songs. Traces of these were brought with them in their migrations and found place in the Völks-epos, which grew up, favored by war, conquest, and heroic achievements. Side by side with this popular and historical epic developed a Christian epic, embodying in a high degree of literary excellence unity of theme and imaginative treatment. Elegiac sentiment, idealization of the feelings and refinement of their intensity, and a love of the singer or scribe to linger over incidents and emotions, are characteristics of this early poetry. A frequent recourse to dialogue and direct speech sustains interest and gives scope for lyric expression. The most memorable passages in *Beowulf* are lyric; the *Crist*, *Guthlac*, *Battle of Brunanbrugh*, and other contemporary poems have lyric lines of rare beauty; while *The Wanderer*, *The Sea-farer*, *The Husband's Message*, *The Wife's Complaint*, and *The Ruin* are not inferior in spirit, interpretation of nature, and poetic insight to the noble odes of Keats or the exquisite lyrics of Shelley.

NOTE.—In addition to the references given the following texts have been used: K. Müllenhoff, *De Antiquissima Germanorum Poesi Chorica*, Kiel, 1847; *Beowulf*, edited from the original MS. by Moritz Heyne; Grein-Wülcker, *Bibliothek der angelsächsischen Poesie; The Exeter Book*, Part I., edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A., published by the Early English Text Society; Moore MS., Cambridge University Library, England; *Crist*, edited by Professor Albert S. Cook, 1891.

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AN EASTER CRY.

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

LO! Thou, dear Christ, hast risen
From Thy dark, sealèd tomb,
And Thou hast broken thro' the night
As some white rose might bloom;
But I, faint-hearted, cannot rise
From Doubt's incessant gloom.

Dear Lord, Thou hast arisen
From the grave's deepest night,
And Thou hast flooded all the world
With resurrection light,
While on the frail, frail heart of me
Is Sorrow's piteous blight.

Lo! Thou hast conquered death,
Whilst I, weak and afraid,
Lie trembling in the little tomb
Where my small grief is laid,
Fearing to lift my head, dear Lord,
And utterly dismayed!

Oh, Thou who hast the power,
Immeasurably deep,
To triumph over everything,
Bid me no longer weep,
And let me rise, dear Christ, with Thee,
From Sorrow's long, long sleep!

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CATARINA.

BY GEORGINA PELL CURTIS.

THE glistening white walls and broad galleries of the Sanitarium stood out clearly in the late afternoon sun. A sense of coolness and peace was lent to it by the dark green venetian blinds on the windows, and the broad green-and-white striped awnings that overarched the galleries.

Tall, leafy pecan-trees lifted their topmost branches above the cross that surmounted the cupola, and in the garden old-fashioned flowers bloomed in profusion. The wide grounds surrounding the Sanitarium were portioned off by the inevitable barbed-wire fence of the South. Beyond the flower gardens a gate through the fence led to an enclosure where on one side stood the kitchens and laundry, and on the other the little white chapel where the sisters and their nurses heard Mass every day.

Beyond this, through a second gate, the stony path led to the farm-yard stables and water-tower, whose windmill moved lazily in the light afternoon wind.

Westward a long range of hills appeared dark against the horizon, in contrast with the magnificent southern sunset that stretched from north to south, making a golden splendor that lit up the opposite valley and hills. Nature in that charmed region was fair and beautiful; as if to bring hope to the hearts that came there with bodies sick unto death. It was nearly time for the Angelus bell, as back and forth in the garden walked a young girl with a basket and pair of scissors, cutting long stems of the roses that grew in such profusion. Her hands, strong and shapely, grasped the thorny stems deftly as the clip, clip of her scissors passed from stem to stem.

The German doctor who attended the Sanitarium, and who often watched her, said it was the way Catarina Olgin handled her patients; gentleness first, he thought, and then skill and strength.

A door at the side of the house opened, and the Mother Superior came out in the warm sunshine and advanced toward

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the rose garden. The young nurse heard her coming and straightened up.

"You want me, Reverend Mother?" she said.

"Not to call you away, Catarina, but only to speak to you. The train from the city gets in about 6:30, and Doctor Amend is bringing a very sick patient, a young man in nearly the last stages of consumption. I have had the south-west corner room prepared for him, and have detailed you to be his day nurse. Miss Fitzgerald will take the night nursing. It is a peculiar case," she continued; "the young man has no near relations living. Dr. Amend says he has been a lawyer in a Northern city and very high in his profession; then he had an attack of pneumonia one winter two years ago, and has been going from bad to worse ever since."

"Poor soul!" said Catarina. "Is he a Catholic, mother?"

"No," answered the superior, "and that is the saddest part. Dr. Amend says he has absolutely no belief."

"The good God can find ways, mother, and it is not yet too late; the faith may come."

"Do all you can for his comfort, Catarina; and for the rest we must pray."

The mother returned to the house, while presently the young girl went toward the chapel, and disappearing within the door, gave her flowers to the sacristan, who was getting the chapel ready for the early Mass on the morrow, for it was April and the day before the glorious feast of Easter.

"Poor young man!" she thought, as she hurried back to the Sanitarium, "it is nearly time for him to get here. Ah!" and she paused, "there is the whistle of his train."

Passing upstairs, she glanced into the cool interior of the large bed-room prepared for the expectant guest. The white enamelled bed stood crossways between two of the windows, looking out on one side toward the distant range of hills, on the other taking in the spire and cross of the little chapel. The sound of carriage wheels on the hard clay drive reached Catarina's ear, and she descended the wide oak staircase to the hall below. The mother was there before her, standing near the open door.

"You had best get the wheeled chair," she said. "I doubt if the young man can walk."

The nurse opened a closet in the hall, and wheeled out the

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chair; together the two women passed out on the wide gallery just as the stage drove up.

The doctor was the first to alight. A man between forty and fifty, Dr. Amend had been visiting physician at the Sanitarium for many years. His patients knew him as a man of superior scientific and intellectual gifts. The broad, open forehead, firm mouth and chin, showed the man's power and strength of mind, while the blue eyes looking at you from behind gold-rimmed spectacles spoke at once of the noble and spiritual nature that was indeed the foundation and bulwark of all the doctor's gifts. In figure he was not above medium height, of strong and sturdy build, and this strength was now being used to half lift, half carry a tall, emaciated figure, closely muffled in wraps, which he placed tenderly in the wheeled chair which had been brought close to the steps that led up to the gallery.

"There you are," said the doctor cheerily. "I know you will take good care of him, Reverend Mother."

"You are welcome," said the mother in her sweet, low voice. "Perhaps you would like to go right to your room," she added.

"Yes," was the answer, in a weary tone of peculiar refinement. "I am very tired and would like to go to bed at once."

No one saw the start that Catarina Olgin gave as she heard the sound of his voice. For one moment she shrank back, then resolutely placed her hand on the bar of the chair, and commenced wheeling it into the house. Later, when her patient was in bed, and the night nurse had taken her place, Catarina sought the chapel, and knelt motionless before the red sanctuary light for nearly an hour. The radiance of the paschal moon made the Sanitarium nearly as bright as day, as she walked home about nine o'clock, and sought her room for much-needed repose and rest.

"Wheel me down near the grotto, if you please, nurse," he said, "and read to me."

The nurse obeyed, and after seeing that he was comfortably settled, she opened her book and began to read. The invalid lay back wearily with closed eyes, the while his white, almost bloodless hands hung listlessly over the arms of the chair. What a sweet voice she had, he thought, as the nurse read on; and how like her tones were to one who had passed out of his

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life ten years ago! He had noticed it the first evening he had come, and had given a sudden, startled glance at her face, only to find that at first sight it was an almost painful one to see. Smallpox had made ravages on Catarina Olgin's face. The lips had become thickened, the eyebrows were gone, and the skin was so deeply pitted and scarred that it was only when she smiled, and you saw white, even teeth, and the expression of her blue eyes, that her face was redeemed from ugliness.

After a few weeks the man forgot she was plain, and thought only of how good she was, and how comfortable she made him in his long, weary struggle with the dread disease that had laid him low. As he thus thought the nurse read on, until by and by she saw by his breathing that he was asleep; so she closed her book, and folding her hands, looked long and sadly at the sleeping man. It was a fine face on which her eyes rested. The temples and cheeks were wasted by illness; but it could not destroy the delicate chiselling of eyebrow and nose, the fine, sensitive mouth, and well-modelled chin; and the eyes —well Catarina Olgin knew how beautiful the large brown eyes were which now were hid behind the motionless lids.

A fierce pain, that had been growing stronger and stronger all these weeks, was tugging at her heart. Ten years ago they had been engaged to be married. How old was she then?—twenty years; and the man before her had been twenty-five. The mother had called him young, but he was now thirty-five and she was thirty. How long those ten years seemed!

She had met him on a steamer going to Europe, and he had joined them on the other side, and had travelled with them until they had finally become engaged. But in spite of going regularly with her to Mass in the glorious European cathedrals, he had openly professed no belief, and it was this which had finally parted them.

John Carter loved the beautiful Spanish girl with his whole soul, but pride made him unwilling to agree to the usual conditions of a marriage between a Catholic and a Protestant, and Catarina, profoundly religious even then, had finally decided she could not marry him. Had she done wrong? she thought; and remembering all the misery that usually results from such a union, her heart cried out No, a thousand times No!

She had remained two years in Europe after John returned to America. Then came the loss of her father's fortune, and

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his death, and Catarina had returned to her old home in San Antonio. Her guardian, an elderly man, a devout Catholic, and an old friend of her father's—of American birth, with a Spanish name and descent—had proposed to her, and Catarina had consented. But she had been a wife only six weeks when a fall from his horse so injured the Señor Olgin that he had died in a few hours, and Catarina, left a widow, and without near relations, longing for some active work and occupation, had entered a training school for nurses, and after her two years' course and graduation had been appointed one of the nurses at the sisters' Sanitarium in the beautiful hill country, some thirty miles north of San Antonio. It was while she was taking care of a poor colored woman on the outskirts of the city that she had contracted the smallpox which had so ravaged her beauty, and now the man who had loved her so passionately did not know her; the change in her name had completed the disguise. It was better so, she thought; better so; but oh! if she could win his soul before he died.

"Deart Heart of Christ, help me!" was her inward prayer. "I cannot let him die without Thee."

A fit of coughing racked the figure that had been lying so motionless, and the brown eyes opened; in their clear depths a look of dumb appeal. Catarina arose; there were times when she could scarcely trust herself, when she saw the look in the man's eyes, and contrasted his present state with the strong, vigorous manhood she had once known.

"I will wheel you to the top of the hill," she said; "you like that sunset view."

"Yes," he answered; "you are very good to me, Señora Olgin."

As they started along the path up the hill the doctor's gig drove in the gate, and, handing the reins to his colored boy, he sprang out and came toward them.

"Give him to me, nurse," he said in his cheery voice. "I will be his 'Withers the Wan.'"

"I think I am the wan one, doctor," said the young man with a smile that irradiated his whole face, as he looked at the sturdy, vigorous frame before him.

Catarina left them and went into the house, and Dr. Amend wheeled his patient to the top of the hill behind the chapel, where they were in full sight of the distant blue mountains shining hazy and misty in the late afternoon sun.

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The sick man raised himself to an erect position, and gazed long and silently at the exquisite scene. No sound broke the stillness save the tinkling of a bell that seemed to come from a herd of cattle that a swarthy Mexican was driving home.

"Doctor," said John, turning his head toward where the elder man stood, "how long a time have I got to live?"

Dr. Amend turned his face toward the speaker, and was silent for a moment before he answered. The blue eyes behind the spectacles were beautiful with the man's strong tenderness as he replied:

"I think three months."

Seldom had the doctor had to answer a harder question, but he had long ago made it a rule to tell his patients the truth when there was no longer a ray of hope, and he knew that to parry the question in the present case would do no good.

"Thank you, doctor," was the quiet answer, as he held out his long, thin hand, which was received in a firm, gentle clasp. The doctor drew a bench up to the other's chair and sat down.

"The time may be longer or shorter," he said, "and I trust in either case will be without great suffering; and," he added, with a smile that was illuminating, "after the pain will come the joy."

The sick man shook his head. "I hope I shall die like a man," he said, "though my life, with all its hopes and aims, will be broken and incomplete."

"My dear friend," the doctor said, "your life will not be incomplete. You have made a brave struggle to get well, and have failed; but it will not be a losing fight. You will have won the crown of a victorious manhood."

The large brown eyes, capable of expressing the man's inmost soul, looked his gratitude.

"How you can comfort us poor fellows, doctor," he said.

"I can only give you a lift," was the answer; "but the Great Physician alone can heal you in body and soul; and He will do so in the life beyond."

The strong faith and vitality of the elder man seemed to dominate the younger.

"The *Via Crucis* would be easier, doctor," he said, "if there were more men like you."

He lay back in his chair drinking in the warm sunshine and the sweet odor of the yucca plant that bloomed near them. A

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mocking-bird sang in the tree overhead, and he waited until the sound ceased ere he spoke again.

"Doctor," he said, "you know I am all alone; no relations, no near friends except those far away in the North, and whom I do not want now; but there is one I long to see before I die. I do not know where she is, but I can give you an address that may reach her. Catarina Zegris is her name. I am sure that wherever she is she would come to me if you will write and try to find her."

The soft rustle of a skirt was heard as Catarina drew near. Even the doctor's usually keen eyes failed to see how pale she was, and there was a note almost of pathos in her sweet voice as she addressed her patient and said:

"I fear it is getting late for you to stay out."

"To be sure," said the doctor briskly; and as the nurse began to wheel the chair down the hill, he added: "I will visit my other patients and then come to your room, and you can give me the address you spoke of."

"I'll have it ready, doctor," the sick man answered.

Three months passed. The dying man can no longer go out, or leave his bed. The warm sunlight streams in his room; and nurses and sisters, with tender, practised hands, do all they can to ease his suffering; but even human skill is powerless now to save him pain.

A month before this time the doctor had been obliged to tell his patient that the letter he had written to Catarina Zegris had been returned to him from the dead-letter office unopened. Reluctantly he decided there was nothing further to be done.

It was one afternoon early in October when Catarina, coming into his room after a short absence, for they rarely left him alone now, found him restless and his mind wandering.

"Catarina," he murmured; "Catarina, if I could only see you again once, and have you sing to me! You were noble and brave," he continued; "you loved me as I loved you, but above your love was one higher and holier that took you from me."

The young nurse bent over him, in her face unspeakable yearning and tenderness, as she laid a light, cool hand on his brow. He opened his eyes and smiled at her; then closed them once more, and presently his mind wandered again.

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"Is it you, Catarina?" he said. "All these months of pain I have tried so hard to believe in your God; and almost, I think, I believe in Him now." Again his eyes opened. The cloud seemed to lift, and he was himself again.

Gently she raised him in bed and commenced giving him some spoonfuls of broth. Not once did she falter, nor did her hand tremble, though she yearned to take him in her arms and speak to him of their love, and of God.

At seven the night nurse came to relieve her; and finding herself free, Catarina set off for an abandoned quarry not far from the Sanitarium, where there was a shrine to our Blessed Lady. Tradition had it that the figure above the shrine had been carved by one of the Franciscan fathers a hundred and fifty years ago. Be that as it may, it was well done, and the Catholics of that region, Americans, Mexicans, and Indian half-breeds, believed that no one who prayed devoutly at this mountain shrine would have their prayers left unanswered. Swiftly Catarina passed up the road and commenced climbing across the rocks of the quarry. A long, green lizard darted across her path, and a bird of brilliant scarlet plumage fluttered close to her head. The dry, delicious air revived her heart, heavy with its burden of love and pain.

Should she reveal herself to him? she thought. Then remembering the terrible change in her appearance, she decided no. It would be too great a shock to him in his present weakened state. The renunciation of ten years ago must be carried out to the very end.

She has reached the shrine now, and clasping her hands as she sank on her knees, she raised her eyes to the tender ones of the Mother of Sorrows.

"Dear Mother of Christ," she said, "think how thy sweet Son suffered. Ask Him to have compassion on my dearest one. Ask Him to ease his pain, and grant him the light of faith before he dies."

The sun went down, and the twilight deepened; but still the woman knelt and prayed.

It was a week later.

"Doctor," John said one morning, "I have been thinking of many things since I have been here, and my mind is made up. If you will find a priest, I would like to be baptized."

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The doctor's face glowed, and from the heart of Catarina, standing near, there came a fervent "Thank God!" The doctor left the room, and in the hall he met the mother and told her.

"Praise God and the blessed saints!" she said joyfully. "I will send at once for Father Lewis."

"Yes," the doctor answered, "there is no time to lose. I doubt if he will live two days longer."

Then he went back to the cool, airy room, which he had thought many times seemed like a sanctuary, as he watched the gradual purification of the noble soul whose struggle to reach out after faith he had fully comprehended.

"It will all be arranged in half an hour," he said in his kind, sonorous voice. "Have you any special wishes, my dear friend?"

"Yes," the other answered, "I would like you and the mother to be my godparents, and I want my two nurses to be present."

"It shall all be done as you want, my dear son," was the answer.

After the ceremony of baptism, on the following morning the blessed sacraments of Holy Communion and Extreme Unction were administered, and John lay calm and happy. His beautiful brown eyes, in their hollow depths, were full of a strange spiritual light.

The mother came through the hall, and meeting Catarina, stopped her.

"Do you feel able to sit up to-night, my child?" she said. "I shall have to send the night nurse to a very sick woman to-night, and if you will take the watch from twelve o'clock, Sister Rosalie can take your place from six o'clock until midnight, during which time you can sleep."

"Yes, Reverend Mother," said the young nurse.

At twelve o'clock that night she was back in the sick-room, and Sister Rosalie had departed. The man seemed asleep, and after moving lightly around the room to see that all was in order, Catarina seated herself near the bed. Sister Rosalie had whispered to her that he had asked to have the light put out and the venetian blind drawn up, so the moonbeams would come into the room; it was therefore dark save for this silvery light.

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For over an hour the patient slept; then his breathing began to grow rapid and labored. He had not coughed at all since she came on duty, Catarina remembered; nor for some hours previous, as Sister Rosalie had whispered ere she left the room. Softly Catarina arose and approached the bed and laid her strong, light fingers on his pulse, which she found feeble and intermittent.

Quickly she reached for her thermometer, and presently removing it, went into the hall where a night lamp was burning. Yes, his temperature had fallen very low, and there was no time to lose. She pressed two electric bells, one to summon the mother, the other for the doctor, who lived in a cottage near the Sanitarium.

Even as she did so she heard him call "Catarina," and in an instant she was back by his bedside.

There had come over him one of those hallucinations common to his disease, only in this case he had divined what really existed.

"Catarina," said the voice, so weak it was now,—"Catarina, am I dreaming, or is it you?"

Tenderly she gathered him in her arms and rested his head on her shoulder; there was no need for further self-denial or concealment now; for the dying eyes could not see.

"Yes, my beloved," she answered, "it is I, Catarina. I have loved you and prayed for you all these years."

There was no question in his mind as to how she came there; it was enough that his spiritual insight had reached out and divined it was she.

There was a sigh of utter content, then a gasping for breath.

"Sing . . . to . . . me, . . . Caterina," he said.

Although her heart was breaking, she began to sing, her voice softly rising and falling with the intensity of her own joy and pain:

"Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast,
But sweeter far Thy face to see,
And in Thy presence rest."

She sang to the end of the glorious hymn, and as the last sound died on the air the soul she had loved so purely and devotedly took flight.

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NOTES ON THE EDUCATIONAL OUESTION.
ENGLAND—AMERICA—IRELAND.

IN more countries than one the education of the children forms a prominent subject of discussion. England, indeed, is the scene of the most acute controversy, but in France it is by brute violence that the question is being settled. The opponents of religion in that country have all power, strange to say, in their hands. Those of our readers who wish for the best account of the origin, causes, and authors of this persecution—for it cannot be called by any other name—will find it in the London *Pilot*. The correspondence of this paper gives a better account of the French affairs which are of permanent interest and importance than is to be found elsewhere. Although the expulsion of the teaching orders is an event most deeply to be deplored, yet it is a testimony to their success. The history of the educational struggle is one of which all Catholics have the right to be proud; the zeal of the people in erecting and maintaining schools at their own expense and with great self-sacrifice, is one which may well serve for an example to Catholics in other parts of the world; and although the prospect there is for the time being dark, yet the faith of the French people, so often manifested in the past, will again conquer the world.

England, however, as we have said, is the chief scene of discussion. This discussion is worth more particular study because, both from the nature of the case and also on account of the recent *rapprochement* between the two countries, whatever goes on there affects this country; and *vice versa*, whatever goes on in this country is more and more affecting the minds of those on the other side. This is shown by the Moseley commission. The most striking feature is the so-called passive resistance which has been offered to the payment of the education rate. Passive resistance consists in refusing to pay the rate so far as such rate is applicable to the support of what are now called the non-provided schools, but which

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formerly were called voluntary schools. The non-payment involves the seizure of goods, and the sale of these goods by public auction in payment not merely of the rate but of the costs. These sometimes amount to five, six, or even ten times the amount of the rate. This mode of resistance to the law of the land is accompanied by the assembling of hooting crowds, and although no violence has taken place, yet in some cases the auctioneer has had to escape by back ways; in other cases the fear of violence and of loss of custom has rendered it impossible to obtain the services of an auctioneer. Tens of thousands of such refusals to pay the rate for the non-provided schools have occurred; members of Parliament, ministers of religion; magistrates even, have been numbered in the ranks of passive resisters.

And upon what plea has this breaking of law been justified? Upon that of the sanctity of conscience. The passive resisters declared it to be their duty to obey God and to disobey the law. Now, we are not lightly to scorn such an appeal. Would to God it were more often made, or at least that in voting the voice of conscience were more often listened to. But when made as it has been done in this case, it is more likely, we think, than not to bring all such appeals into derision. The disobedience has been defended on the ground that parents cannot rightly be called upon to contribute to the payment for teaching which declares that they themselves, and their children if they listen to their parents, are heretics, and consequently on the road to everlasting perdition. So far, however, is this from being the case, that by means of what is called a conscience clause every child whose parents so wish is released from attendance at school during the time devoted to religious instruction. Moreover, for thirty-four years the objectors to the payment of rates have, without resistance, been paying taxes for the support of the very same schools. By what system of casuistry payment of rates can be shown to be sinful and payment of taxes not a sin, would require the subtlety of a Duns Scotus to make clear. Moreover, those men of so tender a conscience—men who claim to be the authors and founders of the greatness of their country, to whom is to be attributed, they say, all in it that is good—after having lopped off as sectarian everything distinctive of their own respective denominations, and put in abeyance all

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those truths which constitute the reason for their own separate existence, do not hesitate to take by force of law the money of Catholics and of others who detest this monster—as Mr. Gladstone called this latest form of Protestantism. Such is their sense of justice. Well did Sir William Anson describe their conscience as pampered.

But of what interest is all this to people in this country? Of great interest, it seems to us. For the originators and maintainers of the American school system are of the same stock, and are actuated by the same principles. From the methods and proceedings of the passive resisters in England we learn the character of our opponents here. Purely secular education here has been the result, and if the same class triumphs, although it is not at present wished, secular education will be established there. The Catholics in England have found allies in the National Church in the struggle to prevent this step towards de-Christianizing the country. Is there any hope that the Catholics of this country will find help towards the reconstituting the schools on a Christian basis? Of this we have seen some signs which we have gladly welcomed. Bishop Doane, of Albany, has recently pointed out how the financial immorality so widely spread, so highly placed, so greatly honored, is due to an irreligious education. The Rev. M. Geer has still more powerfully and earnestly warned the country of the impending dangers; Dr. Seeley, of the New Jersey State Normal College of Trenton, has clearly shown how inadequate is the teaching of religion which it is possible to give in Sunday-schools. In England the Free Church Council testifies to the fact that ninety per cent. of the Sunday-school scholars are lost to the churches.

The growing indifference to religion, and consequently to morals, is being felt by many in this country. It has led to the formation of a Religious Education Association. This association held its second annual conference in Philadelphia at the beginning of March. It was presided over by the moderator of the Congregational National Council. A Methodist Episcopal bishop offered prayer; a Quaker college-president read the Scriptures; a Protestant Episcopal bishop made what was thought to be the most tender and human address of the evening. A Presbyterian theological professor shared the

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audience's favor with a Baptist pastor, while a Lutheran university professor made the address of welcome. The association has a platform so broad that the Jew and the Catholic, as well as the Universalist and the Unitarian, may stand upon it if they will. The only qualification for membership consists in being engaged in the work of moral and religious education. A rabbi took part in the proceedings by delivering an address. Its programme is declared to be constructive; but what sort of a building will result from the efforts of architects of such opposed ideas it is not hard to foretell. Indeed, it is almost pitiful to see men who are looked upon as leaders and teachers engaged in such a hopeless undertaking. It is worthy of note, however, as testifying to the dissatisfaction with the present state of disunion which exists, and with the ruin to souls which it is causing. It may perhaps lead to the recognition of the fact that the only way to union which is possible is through uncompromising maintenance of the faith once delivered to the saints under the guardianship and guidance of a teacher divinely preserved from error. Dr. Cuthbert Hall, president of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, deplored the apparent—we think he might have said the evident and manifest—tendency toward tolerant non-religion which is growing in American life, and hoped that the association, of which he has been made president, would devote its best endeavors to awaken and to educate a public sense of religion as a vital part of education for good citizenship.

The Catholics in England have been uncompromising in maintaining their schools, and because they have been uncompromising have rendered them secure. This is recognized by all parties, and whatever may happen to the Church of England schools there is every reason to hope that no attempt will be made to take away support from Catholic schools, even if the other schools should be secularized. But they have not tried to fight alone. They were too weak to do that. They sought for allies and they found them in the Established Church of England; side by side they have fought the battle. And although uncompromising, English Catholics have not been unreasonable. The present Act is recognized by Archbishop Bourne in his first Pastoral Letter as by no means ideally just. It gives undue advantages to the schools in which Undenominationalism is taught, giving them in every respect complete sup-

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port, while Catholics have still to build and to maintain school buildings and give them rent-free for the public use. The Act, therefore, is far from being equitable; yet for the sake of the absolute necessity of having Catholic schools the archbishop accepts it and urges his people to carry loyally into effect the agreement, and to do all in their power to continue to take that foremost place in all educational work which belongs of right to the Church of Jesus Christ. In a subsequent letter the archbishop has urged Catholics to take an active interest in the election for the London Council, both by voting and by putting test questions to the candidates. For so far has the lawless spirit of passive resistance prevailed that all the Welsh Councils, and at least one English County Council, have refused to levy rates for the support of the voluntary schools. That the London Council would act in much the same way if the opponents of the religious education should get the power has led the archbishop to advise active participation in the London County Council Election.

In this the archbishop is co-operating with the Protestant bishops of London and Rochester. The former affirmed that English Churchmen have for eighty years been spending fifty thousand dollars each week in the support of religious education, and have added 1,000,000 new school-places since the passing of the Education Act of 1870. He declares that when a great principle is in danger church people are faithless to their trust if they do not rouse themselves from apathy and act quickly and decisively in defence of the teaching of definite religious truth as an integral part of true education. It would be a thing to cause joy in the hearts of all who wish for the well-being of this country if the bishops of its Protestant Episcopal Church would make a similar appeal. The Archbishop of Canterbury too, although not making so practical an application of his teaching, is no less clear and definite in his teaching of the duty to defend religious schools. He looks upon it as a question which concerned the welfare of the country more than any other, because it concerned the welfare of every single family in the land far more than the question of the Boer war, of Mr. Chamberlain's fiscal proposals, or anything else that could occupy people at this period of national life.

The position of the enemies of definite religious education is seen from the following scheme, which has been published by its

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General Committee and unanimously accepted as an embodiment of their principles. The Free Church Council is an organization of the more orthodox Dissenting bodies, nominally formed for religious purposes but actually developing into a political power. The following is the authorized scheme. It will be seen how near this ideal approaches to the actual American Public School system: "1. That the system of national education shall recognize only one type of public elementary schools—viz., schools provided and controlled by a public education authority. 2. That denominational school-buildings, if required and suitable for use as provided schools, may be rented or purchased on equitable terms for the purpose of elementary education, due regard being had to the existing rights of the public in such buildings. 3. That all schools maintained by public funds, whether by rates or taxes, shall be under the sole management and control of representatives appointed by the method of popular election. 4. That there shall be adequate provision for the training of all teachers of public elementary schools, free from theological and ecclesiastical tests, and under the sole management and control of the popularly elected education authorities. 5. That no ecclesiastical or theological tests shall be applied in the appointments of teachers of publicly supported schools or training colleges. 6. That no distinctively denominational teaching or formulary shall be given or used in public schools in school hours, but simple Biblical instruction may be given according to a syllabus, as is general at present in provided schools. Attendance at such instruction shall be subject to a conscience clause. 7. That the foregoing provisions shall also have reference to secondary education as far as they may be applicable. 8. That women shall be eligible for election to any local education authority throughout England and Wales, and including London."

The position of the defenders of religious schools may be given in the words of the Protestant Bishop of London. He declares that the principle to be defended is a three-fold one: (1) that the teaching of definite religious truth is an integral part of true education; (2) that the religious truth taught the children should be the religion of their parents; and (3) that it should be taught them by those who believe it. Catholics, while giving to the second clause qualified adhesion, give to the first and third whole-hearted and active support.

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The attitude of English Nonconformists to the schools forms one of the most remarkable examples of contradiction between principles and practice. The common characteristic and essential feature of the various dissenting sects, the point upon which one and all agree, is the contention that the church should be free from state control; whatever they differ about, on this they are united. Yet it is to the placing of religion under the control of the state—of the voters, that is, for they are now the source of power in the state—that all the efforts which they are so strenuously putting forth are tending. There is to be one national school system, not without religion but with a religion from which everything that is disputed by any body of voters, however small—a religion that is manufactured to suit the voters. This religion the state supports, over it it is supreme; from every other it withholds all help. Others it tolerates, but does not refrain from exacting money for the support of its own. This is clearly a state religion, and to support it is in fact a contradiction to the principles which made the first Nonconformist.

The fact that purely secular and undenominational schools have had the financial support of the state, with all the advantages which that gives, while voluntary and religious schools have had up to the present to maintain themselves with inadequate resources, has led many to take it for granted that the education imparted in the schools wholly supported by public money must be unexceptional. This, however, is not the judgment of those who are well qualified to judge. Sir John Gorst, member of Parliament for the University of Cambridge and for many years Vice-President of the Board of Education, in his presidential address to the Association of Technical Institutions, has recently said that there were millions of children who from babyhood to the age of fourteen were drilled in reading, writing, and arithmetic upon a system the result of which was that when they attained that age, and were finally dismissed from school, they could neither read, nor write, nor cipher. There were millions of children and young persons now upon whom all the enormous sums annually spent out of the rates and taxes upon elementary education had been absolutely thrown away. The whole object of education had been mistaken; the natural propensities of the children were crushed, and they were made into a quiet, orderly, stupid class without individuality, without

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any desire for knowledge, without any power to do anything practical or to be of any use.

Nor is Sir John Gorst the only censurer of the state system of education. Dr. Armstrong, professor of Chemistry at the City and Guilds of London Central Institute, declares the results obtained by the much-belauded London School Board a grave peril to the city. He declares the elementary education as given in their schools to have been of no use; that all who have seriously considered the system condemn it as unpractical; that a race of desk-ridden emasculates is being formed. The belief in the dignity of manual labor among those who are destined to perform it is fast disappearing. The absolute failure to understand what is desirable in elementaty education he declares to be proved by the Report for 1903 in the examination held for scholarships at the disposal of the School Board of London. A more ghastly farce could not well be imagined. The report on the School Training and Early Employment of Lancashire Children, issued by the Board of Education, is full of deplorable revelations. To quote a few words from this: "It seems plain that whatever else the schools may do they cannot yet be said to quicken the intelligence of the children generally. . . . Though the boys and girls have learnt reading, writing, and arithmetic, and a crowd of other subjects, yet they do not read, still less do they write, and they are perplexed by any calculation which is not expressed in the forms to which they have grown familiar."

It would seem, therefore, that the schools, although organized by the best intelligence and supported by all the resources of the nation, have failed in securing efficiency even for the merely materialistic aims which as now constituted form their *raison d'être*, inasmuch as definite religious education has been excluded. When we bear in mind, too, the fact that the physique of large masses of the people has so deteriorated as to constitute a national danger and to demand the appointment of a royal commission to investigate into its causes, it cannot be said that progress is so evident under what are supposed to be up-to-date methods as to justify the contempt of our forefathers which is so prevalent. In Russia eighty per cent. of the people are absolutely illiterate, yet its peasantry are strong and vigorous, and the nation itself, as many think, only too powerful.

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In Ireland, too, the subject of education has been widely discussed. There, however, it is to the University question that attention has been called. Primary education, through the strong religious sense of the Irish people, may be looked upon as fairly well settled. After many long years, however, the higher education still remains unsettled. Captain Taylor, whose efforts for harmony between landlord and tenant were so successful, attempted to render a like service for bringing to an end this long contention. He tried to bring together Catholics and Churchmen and Presbyterians to a conference similar to the land conference. Promises of attendance were made, but for one reason or another not kept, and everything promised failure. Then Lord Dunraven made proposals, which were accepted by the Catholic bishops. Then Trinity College became alarmed, and offered special privileges to Catholic students. This offer was rejected by Cardinal Logue with but little ceremony. High hopes were entertained of the government being favorable. In fact, the proposals of Lord Dunraven were generally supposed to be the very same as the Chief Secretary for Ireland had suggested. But the hopes so far have come to nothing. A few days before Parliament opened Lord Londonderry declared that the government had no intention of establishing a university for Catholics, and the speech from the throne made no mention of the subject. The unyielding hostility of the Irish Conservatives is still too strong, although Mr. Balfour several years ago declared the claim of Catholics to be just. The fiscal controversy, too, precludes any attempt this session to enter upon so thorny a matter.

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A DAY'S HARVEST.

BY JOSEPH F. WYNNE.

"SO lovely of her," said the first beneficiary of good fortune.

"Yes, very kind indeed," said the second.

They were two young girls, clerks in the great dry-goods house of Bertram, Salter & Co., and they were discussing the invitation just given by one of its rich patrons for both of them to spend a week of their approaching fortnight's summer vacation at her splendid country house.

The rich woman was a member of one of those associations known as "Fresh Air Societies," charitable organizations whose special work is to give summer outings to the poor and sick. The dry-goods clerks belonged to neither class in strict sense, but they were certainly well tired out and with their slender earning not far above need; so since their assiduity and patience had pleased the lady, on an impulse of special generosity she had asked them to make the visit at her summer home.

Mabel Farley and Ella Caraher wondered if they had not been translated into dreamland—or story-book land, which is about the same—when they found themselves a few weeks later domiciled at "Woodmere" as guests. They were treated with all the kindness and burdened with none of the formalities of the ordinary aristocratic visitors at the place, so of course they could enjoy all thoroughly. The servants were inclined to be covertly "uppish" towards them at first, resenting service to those they thought their equals if not inferiors, but the simple, unpretentious girls soon won from them a better feeling and the happy week passed swiftly to closing.

The young visitors had come on Tuesday and were to leave the same day of the following week. Sunday coming in between brought a dilemma and their first embarrassment.

It happened that both the girls were Catholics; their entertainers were not, if we except those important functionaries the

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cook and stable-man. On Saturday evening the hostess announced:

"Mr. Emery has just telephoned that he will be detained over-night in the city. His sister, Miss Constance, is to come out with him and wishes to delay until to-morrow. They have arranged for a yacht ride on Long Lake, and, so as not to break in too far on the day, we are to take the carriage at eight and ride out to Riverpoint to meet them. How does a nine-mile drive and a day's cruise among the islands suit you, girls?"

Of course the two young visitors were delighted at the prospect. Just at the time they were the only guests; Mrs. Emery, knowing that her usual associates were not all so democratic as to be willing to accept shop-girls, or saleswomen, as intimates, had tactfully arranged to entertain them alone. But scarcely had they in chorus uttered exclamations of enthusiastic approval, when Ella Caraher's face clouded, and as Mrs. Emery left the room for a moment she said to her companion:

"Oh! but, Mabel, you know we can't go. It's Sunday and we are to go over to Croton with cook, you remember. How oddly it just happens to be the Sunday of the month they have Mass there—I declare I was going to say I was sorry too, for that yacht ride would be just glorious. I was never on any boat but the ferry in my life—five minutes crossing that muddy little creek they call a river, over in town. But there's no use crying over it, I suppose; Croton's only a mile and a half from here, so we can't count ourselves out of our duty there, of course. And oh! what a pity too, the Mass is at ten o'clock! If they only had it good and early!"

Miss Mabel surveyed the speaker with a quizzical expression—a look that was half amusement and half interrogation as to her earnestness—then she burst into a loud laugh.

"Well I really believe you mean it, you solemn-faced little preacher! My dear, devoted, walking catechism, I must just tell you at once that you speak for yourself here. I have n't the least notion in life of following your programme. I believe in going to Mass on Sunday and all that, of course, but I am not going to make any such sacrifice to do it. Miss that yacht ride to-morrow, and poke around all day, besides slighting Mrs.

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Emery's generosity, for the sake of an hour at that little barn of a church with the cook and the stable-man? Well, I guess not—not if I know myself!"

A look of pained surprise sprang into Ella Caraher's soft eyes. "I am sorry for you, Mabel," she said simply. "Here is Mrs. Emery. I will ask her to excuse me now."

Well-bred Mrs. Emery only elevated her eyebrows when Ella stated her case, and explained, as she did bravely, why she must deny herself the treat of the morrow. If a slightly contemptuous curve came to the lady's mouth, it was involuntary and unconscious. Keen-sighted Mabel noticed it, however, and congratulated herself that she would not be reckoned among the stupid following so bound by formularies.

Sunday passed for the girls as each had chosen. For Mabel it was truly a red-letter day in her life—as days of enjoyment go. The weather was perfect, the sapphire sky and bluer waters rippling about the innumerable verdant isles, and the gull-like progress of the trim little craft, whose snowy sails flapping in the fresh breeze reminded one of the handclapping of a glad child enjoying a lively gambol, all made a bright memory picture to carry through dull hours and tedious work. Then the dainty lunch, the chatter and laughter, the courtesy and attention of the refined company. Oh! it was all so delightful. No wonder the girl from the shop gave a sigh of satiety that night when her head touched the pillow.

For Ella, the stay-at-home, the martyr of duty, the interval had a very different filling. She went to Mass, and so far felt the satisfaction of duty-doing. But there her comfort and peace ended. The cook and the stable-man finding she was "one of them," as they put it, treated her as such in every sense for the rest of the day. They knew she was alone, and not to let her suffer from loneliness determined to keep her company. This they did so faithfully that she had not a moment to herself, or of freedom from talk she found neither congenial nor interesting in any way. So the day passed wearily amid the cook's jargon of neighborhood gossip and the stable-man's equally tiresome yarns and jokes. Ella was indeed glad when in early evening she was at last able to make her escape to her room and bed. She too sighed long as she sank upon her pillow, but from her the tribute was not to content.

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The next morning, at late breakfast, Ella was introduced to the master of the house and his sister; the first a jolly gentleman, bidding every one good morning and good-by, almost in the same breath, as he hurried to make the station in time to catch his train for the city.

Miss Emery was a marked contrast to her brother. She was stately and quiet, a woman of reserve and strong character. She was several years the elder of the two; also much given to study, and a littérateur of note. She regarded Ella Caraher through her glasses curiously for some moments, as though she were a new problem she had happened upon, then said in a voice in keeping with her scrutiny:

"So you are the young lady who, they tell me, gave up the sail yesterday to go to church."

Ella blushed and made some confused reply, while Mabel smiled and thanked fortune that she had not made herself the butt of this sharp lady's investigation and perhaps ridicule.

"I presume you are always as particular about such matters, Miss Caraher," the lady went on, still scanning the young face before her. "You are one of those rigid religionists, no doubt?"

Ella recovered herself now, and swiftly determined that, as she had asserted conviction and sense of duty by making the sacrifice of the day before, she would now take the further step of emphasizing her declaration of faith—as it suggested itself to her to designate it.

"I am a practical Catholic, certainly, madam," she answered steadily, "if that is what you mean. I always attend Mass on Sunday, as well as fulfil the other duties of my religion."

"Indeed!" said Miss Emery, nodding acknowledgment, and to the surprise of the two girls, who looked for a perhaps not altogether pleasant tournament of words, she said no more.

The next day the young visitors were to leave toward the close of the afternoon. The time for departure was now approaching, and having packed their valises and made a tour of the grounds, bidding adieu to choicest spots there, they were re-entering the house. Mrs. Emery and her sister-in-law, who were seated in conversation on the piazza, beckoned the girls toward them.

"Miss Caraher," said the latter lady when the two had

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taken the seats nearby to which they were invited, "I have just been consulting with Mrs. Emery and she thinks you would not be averse to a change of occupation, and might accept a position I would offer you. I understand that you are fairly educated already, and by a little additional course I would have you make, you would be amply fitted to assist me as I would wish. I am going abroad for a year's tour this coming autumn, and I would like to take you with me, as a sort of secretary and companion."

The notions clerk at Bertram & Salters sat dumbfounded. Her expression of blank bewilderment was so intense that the two ladies could not refrain from laughing outright.

"You seem amazed, Miss Caraher," Miss Emery went on, "but I take it you are willing to accept my offer. Mrs. Emery tells me that you are without near relatives and board in the city, therefore I assume that you are practically free in the matter. I will provide you with everything of course, and pay you at least double the salary you have been receiving."

By this time astonished Ella was able to speak, though with tremulous voice, on the verge of tears of joy.

"O Miss Emery!" she said, "I can scarcely realize it. To travel—to be given such a position! Oh, it is too splendid! I can hardly believe it possible that you should take *me* for such a place!"

"Well, my dear girl," said the lady who was henceforth to be her best and life-long friend, "I choose you for a very simple reason—none other than that you gave up yesterday's pleasure to fulfil the duty of going to Mass. You see it happens—or rather it is the kind dispensation of Providence—that I have but recently become a convert to the Catholic Church. It was because I too had to attend Mass yesterday that Mr. Emery stayed over for me. I went to an early Mass in the city and then came on to the lake. But I am only a child in the practice of my—of our religion, awkward and unaccustomed. I want a strong, true, devoted young Catholic beside me—one such as you have shown yourself to be. I intend when abroad to visit the Holy Father and famous shrines everywhere, and I know I shall both profit from and enjoy this in such company as yours. So then, my dear Ella, we'll call it settled, I suppose. When you go to the city now you resign at the store;

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then come back here, as soon as you can get your things together. I will myself instruct you how to take part with me in my work, and will arrange to have you taught such technical knowledge as you may require in connection. And now, my dear, we bid good-by,—I hope for a few days only."

Mabel Farley had been listening with strained ears during the conversation between Miss Emery and her fortunate companion. Mortification, jealousy, and anger so filled her heart that she could scarcely command herself to answer civilly Mrs. Emery's kind inquiries as to whether they could not postpone departure until a later train or after tea, and the cordial invitation to come out to Woodmere again as soon as she could get another week's freedom.

So the two went back from their week of eventful termination; Mabel Farley to resume her measuring off yards behind the busy counter of Bertram & Salter, while her friend, the "walking catechism," as she had dubbed Ella, went away on her foreign tour and her after-life of cultured surroundings. It is not often well-doing is so visibly blessed in this world, but it is always yet more abundantly rewarded otherwheres.

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The Latest Books.

ORIGIN OF CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.
By Mgr. Duchesne.

We trust that not one of our readers needs an introduction to the author of *Les Origines du Culte Chretien.** Mgr. Louis Duchesne would probably be named by the majority of impartial scholars as the greatest Catholic historian now living. He was formerly professor of history in the Catholic Institute of Paris, but was obliged to retire from that position as a result of one of the most disgraceful campaigns of intellectual despotism ever directed against any scholar. Under the patronage of the French government he was appointed head of the French school in Rome, where he still resides. The work which has been the chief reason of his scholarly reputation is his critical edition of the *Liber Pontificalis*, an achievement of such scientific erudition as to assure him for ever a place in the front rank of savants. More widely useful, however, and hardly inferior as an historical composition, is the work on Christian liturgy now brought out in English. The title of this volume, "The Origins of Christian Worship," is slightly misleading, as the author himself remarks in the introduction. For the treatment is almost exclusively devoted to the Latin liturgies, and only by way of reference, comparison, or summary sketch, is there anything of Greek or Oriental liturgiology. No one who knows aught of Mgr. Duchesne needs to be told of the vast amount of information, of the keen critical insight, the just and judicious mind, and of the fine Catholic spirit manifested in this work. In a peculiarly happy manner the theme discloses the best gifts of the author's genius—a devoted love for Catholic antiquity and the highest qualities of a modern scholar. The introductory section on "Ecclesiastical areas," a summary of early church history which serves as a basis for the author's researches, is a perfect model of an historical sketch. It is packed as full of matter as Lord

* *Christian Worship:* Its Origin and Evolution. A Study of the Latin Liturgy up to the Time of Charlemagne. By Mgr. Louis Duchesne. Translated by M. L. McClure. New York: E. & J. B. Young & Co.

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Acton's Cambridge inaugural on "Modern History," and is as brilliantly finished as Dr. Barry's "Papal Monarchy." Succeeding chapters deal with The Mass in the East, The Roman and the Gallican Liturgies, Early Liturgical Books and Formularies, Christian Festivals, The Roman and the Gallican Rites for Mass, Baptism, Dedication of Churches, and Veiling of Virgins, Ordination, Vestments, Marriage, and the Divine Office. An Appendix of six supplementary studies closes the volume.

It is a great temptation to cite a few specimens of Mgr. Duchesne's critical acuteness and splendid scholarship; as, for example, his contention, in opposition to many liturgiologists, that the Gallican rite was not introduced into the Church of Lyons from Asia Minor in the second century, but that it is substantially of Oriental origin and became established at Milan in the fourth century, whence, chiefly through the influence of the Milanese court and of the frequent gatherings there of Oriental bishops, it spread so rapidly and so widely that it became a formidable rival of the Roman usage, and was observed, indeed, in some of the dioceses contiguous to the Apostolic City itself. Or again, a reviewer would fain linger upon the chapter on early liturgical formularies, so full is it of glorious erudition. Or, finally, it seems like a moral delinquency to pass over without extensive mention the accounts of the Gallican and Roman Mass, for they are so well done that they stir the soul of any student who has ever known the least thrill of historical or antiquarian enthusiasm. But we are writing only a review, and not an article upon Mgr. Duchesne, and we can do no more than hint at the treasures of this work of his. We trust that every Catholic student of the higher departments of knowledge will procure this volume and become well acquainted with it. Not many books that appear in a generation are so thoroughly solid, permanently useful, and so deeply interesting. We cannot conclude this notice without the sorrowful reflection that this English edition appears under no Catholic auspices. The translation was made for an Anglican missionary body, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. Must we confine our translations to worthless sermon-books and to absurd hagiographies, and allow the finest fruits of European Catholic scholarship to be brought to us by the hands of strangers?

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THE STORY OF CREATION.
By Father Zapletal, O.P.

In the literature of higher criticism now appearing from Catholic pens a highly creditable, if not the very foremost, place must be assigned to the Dominicans. Their school at Jerusalem is a centre of splendid research; their *Revue Biblique* is the equal of any other Biblical periodical in the world; Père Lagrange must be numbered among the greatest living Scripturists; Père Scheil deserves to be named with Winckler, Jensen, and Zimmern as an Assyriologist; Père Rose occupies a position of honor among New Testament critics; and now Père Zapletal* shows himself to be a just and erudite Old-Testament scholar. His study of the creation-narrative of Genesis is very valuable as a piece of criticism, and eminently consoling for all of us who have been deploring the small number of Catholic names in the illustrious roster of modern Biblical investigators.

P. Zapletal in this small but precious volume discusses the double creation-account from both the literary and historical points of view; he puts before us the various interpretations of the narrative, and offers an explanation of his own; and finally he fills out the historical requirements of his task with a concise and illuminating review of the cosmogonies of the nations among whom ancient Israel was situated. Like P. Lagrange and the Abbé Loisy, P. Zapletal admits that the Jews were deeply influenced by surrounding civilizations, especially that of Babylonia. It is hardly possible to deny the traces of that influence in Genesis. Our author, however, seems to lean to the view that Babylonian ideas began to take root in Israel, not in the time of Abraham, nor yet in the period just before the exile, but under David and Solomon. This problem has an extremely important bearing on the general question of Babylonian influence, and we wish our author had gone into it a little more fully and critically.

But while P. Zapletal would acknowledge Babylonian vestiges in the Old Testament, he rightly insists upon the transformation undergone by these ideas at the hands of the Hebrew writers. Babylon, Phœnicia, and Egypt have their creation-accounts, it is true, and to a large extent the author or authors of Genesis were familiar with them; but when a comparison is made

* *Le Récit de la Création dans la Genèse expliqué d'après les Découvertes les plus récentes.* Par V. Zapletal, O.P. Traduit de l'allemand par P. Meyer-Boggio de Stadelhofen. Paris: Félix Alcan.

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between the feeble polytheism of the non-Israelitish mythology and the sublime religious content of Genesis, every theory that would make the latter essentially dependent upon the former falls to pieces. A sufficient natural explanation has yet to be devised for the fact that a small tribe of Hebrews existing amid polytheistic peoples far older, richer, and more cultured than themselves could yet retain a pure belief in the one true God; could even adopt the general scheme of a polytheistic cosmogony, cleanse it of all futility and error, and make it the vehicle of the sublime truth that the Eternal Spirit is one, and that all things that are have come from his creative will. Precisely to convey this truth is the object of Genesis, our author says. And he is right. It is time to put an end to "interpretations," literal, epochal, idealistic, liturgical, and all the rest. Genesis, in its story of creation, means only one thing, and that is that God, the one Lord of heaven and earth, created the world. The pictorial division into six days, each with its proper "work," is nothing but a convenient framework, useful for but not essential to the main purpose. A secondary intent, our author says, is to insist upon the observance of the Sabbath.

We congratulate P. Zapletal upon this just, sensible, cautious, critical essay. We trust that he will continue to labor long in the fruitful field he has chosen.

THE MYSTICS OF INDIA.
By J. C. Oman.

In a most interesting volume,* of almost three hundred pages, Professor Oman makes us acquainted with the ascetics who have formed so prominent a feature of the religious history of India. As in his previous publications, the author writes engagingly on topics with which he is thoroughly familiar; his pages are enlivened with numerous sketches and photographs, and his critical comment is mingled with popular description in what we should call a very happy and judicious proportion.

The reader is introduced to the more salient characteristics of Indian asceticism, or *sadhuism*, as presented in history; and also some of the *Sadhus* as they appear to-day. The underlying principles of Hindu asceticism, and the main characteristics of the more prominent religious sects are outlined; and a

* *The Mystics, Ascetics, and Saints of India:* A Study of Sadhuism; with an Account of the Yogis, Sanyasis, Bairagis, and other strange Hindu Sectarians. By John Campbell Oman. With Illustrations by William Campbell Oman. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1903.

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summary sketch of the modifications and developments of creed and worship during many centuries helps to show how firm a grip the practice of bodily austerity has kept upon this people. Occasional parallelisms between Hindus and Christians are partly illuminating and partly irritating, our author's view of the relation of Manicheism to Catholicity being at best obscurely manifested, and his notion of the Christian doctrine about the necessity of the Passion "for the attainment of a great object otherwise unattainable even by the Deity Himself" being not at all correct. Professor Oman writes in such a calm, good-natured, eclectic style, however, that nothing in the way of misrepresentation can be voluntary; and it must be confessed that most of the innuendoes and quiet thrusts in which he indulges lack neither pointedness nor justification. These favors are distributed very impartially, moreover, hitting sometimes Eastern and sometimes Western *faquirs*.

The book does bring before us very vividly the extraordinary penances self-inflicted by the Yogis and other mendicant orders. That for general nobility and high-mindedness they are not to be compared with our own ascetics will be clear to any one familiar with both types; but if ingenuity and ferocity of penitential exercises were to be employed as the ultimate canon of sanctity, the most extraordinary of Christian saints, helped out by all the resources of popular fable and superstitious imaginations, could never rank with these naked wretches who hang head-down over smoky fires, sleep and walk on sharp spikes, wear a quarter-ton of iron chains, stand on one leg with the other curled about the waist, tie their bodies and limbs into "something resembling a reef-knot and clove-hitch combined," hang themselves up by iron hooks run through their muscles, throw themselves from precipices, stand on one leg until the other becomes paralyzed and shrunken, hold their arms stretched out or interlocked overhead until they grow permanently into that posture, pluck out the roots of every single hair in the head, burn and cut their flesh, feed upon human bodies and filth, go naked both summer and winter, bury themselves in graves for weeks, and perform various other edifying and interesting feats, too numerous if not too horrid to mention. Of course no one "saint" does all these things; the honors are distributed throughout the various "religious orders" and among many thousands of individuals. But

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the degree to which such penances have been developed, and the undoubted respect and reverence for these heroes aroused and maintained in the popular mind, impresses two things very forcibly on our consciousness: that the Catholic Church's work in restraining penitential excesses is one of her divinely guided activities; and that to have satisfied the insatiable wonder-lust of the multitude must always remain but a poor gauge of a man's surpassing holiness. So, taken all in all, Mr. Oman's book may teach us not a little.

BROWNING IN MATTERS OF FAITH.
By J. A. Hutton.

Among recent "Browning Books" comes a group of four lectures* originally delivered at the sessions of a winter Sunday evening class. The writer aims not at the presentation of a new, or even of a deep, estimate of the poet, but at the simple urging of various aspects of his religious message. So clear and simple is the style, so impressive is the earnestness, so timely are the lessons of this volume that room for it must be found among the straightforward and practical inducements to the patient study of Browning.

"The Case for Belief" puts the poet forward as the real friend of those whose minds refuse to surrender to *arguments* for faith in God. His "bracing treatment of the human soul in all its nineteenth century moods," his "interpretation of those facts in the human situation which seem inconsistent with the sovereignty of a just and loving God," his "strenuous search for and discovery of God in all and through all and over all," these are the points represented as making him the great apologist of these days, "the man of God to our peculiar age." The lecture is built around a somewhat unusual interpretation of Bishop Blongram's speech as a serious defence of faith; and whether or not we agree as to the likelihood of this theory, at any rate we are interested in the consideration of it.

The second lecture cites *Cristina* and Caponsacchi's story as illustrative of Browning's teaching on conversion—that, though we live under the constant tyranny of our past, yet as a tide overcomes the wind and compels the waters its way, so does

* *Guidance from Robert Browning in Matters of Faith.* By John A. Hutton, M.A. Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1903.

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the pressure of the living God interrupt and turn the drift of heredity and of misdeeds, and give us moments

> "When the spirit's true endowments
> Stand out plainly from its false ones,
> And apprise it, if pursuing
> Or the right way or the wrong way,
> To its triumph or undoing."

The third lecture indicates passages—*Rabbi Ben Ezra*, *Ferishtah's Fancies*, the lines of the old Pope in *The Ring and the Book*, and others—voicing the doctrine that "Life is the pressure which brings the wine from grape, the soul from the flesh," and so helping us to face less hopelessly the mystery of evil. The last lecture pictures Browning clinging to the Incarnation of God in Christ as a drowning man clings to a life-belt. To evidence the truth of the portrait *Christmas Eve* and *Saul* are skilfully drawn upon:

> "For the loving worm within its clod
> Were diviner than a loveless God
> Amid His worlds, I will dare to say."

> "O Saul, it shall be
> A Face like my face that receives thee; a man like to me
> Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever; a Hand like this hand
> Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee! See the Christ stand."

WOMAN.
By Father Walsh, S.J.

The Rev. Father Walsh's little book, *Woman*,* is a volume of prudent counsel addressed chiefly to wives and mothers. Though, in deference to Scriptural precedent, he abstains from the use of the term *lady*, he speaks to what, in the author's atmosphere, are designated as the better classes. His instructions on religious duties and practices, joy, gladness, and cheerfulness, frugality and industry, almsdeeds, marriage, and supervision of a household, are, as might be expected, applications of moral principles and religious teaching, rather than detailed advice for specific occasions. Like his distinguished Irish confrère, Father Finlay, who recently visited us, he looks with disap-

* *Woman.* By the Rev. Nicholas J. Walsh, S.J. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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proval on the movement for a higher education of women. He supports his opinion with citations from Fénelon. Mrs. Margaret Fletcher, an English Catholic lady who has published two notable books for the instruction of girls of to-day, would find in this book indications of "a fondness for the point of view that has regarded ignorance as the handmaid of innocence—a point of view which is a legacy from the eighteenth century, and which had no place in the thought of earlier days." He charitably suppresses the name, though he brings forward the testimony, of a maligner of her sex who wrote: "Women never know anything thoroughly; so the little they do know makes them proud, disdainful, talkative, and adverse to everything serious."

THE NATURE OF GOODNESS. By Prof. Palmer.

Philosophy has given as many answers to the question, What is goodness? as to What is truth? Professor Palmer's reply is, in the main, framed on Spencerian lines.* He distinguishes between extrinsic goodness, "found when an object employs an already constituted wholeness to further the wholeness of another," and intrinsic goodness, "the fulfilment of function in the construction of an organism." The elements of personality, self-consciousness, self-direction, self-development, are successively treated in their bearing upon personal goodness. Proceeding to an examination of the tendeney to self-sacrifice, Professor Palmer offers a tentative analysis of it and of its relation to self-develdpment. He finds an inkling of the solution to the problem in the fact that man is not only an individual, but also a component of the social organism. The highest form of goodness in conduct is to be found when the goodness is unconsciously done. "Before goodness can reach excellence, it must be rendered habitual." Among the references suggested by Professor Palmer on the various topics of the book we do not see Aquinas' *Ethicus*. Yet there Professor Palmer would have found many of his views anticipated, and light that would have helped him to classify some of the knotty points which he has left unravelled. On the other hand, the student brought up on St. Thomas will be helped by the ideas he finds here relating to man as a unit in the social organism.

* *The Nature of Goodness.* By George Herbert Palmer, Alford Professor of Philosophy in Harvard University. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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LIFE OF CANON CARTER. Edited by W. H. Hutchings.

The late Canon Carter was an Anglican dignitary whose long and very noble life was spent in endeavoring to arouse a deeper devotional spirit in the Church of England, in promoting Ritualistic sisterhoods and the various works of charity connected with them, and incidentally, we may add, in trying to prevent his disturbed co-religionists from advancing toward Rome, on the one hand, and from falling into Broad-Churchism and infidelity, on the other. Mr. Hutchings' biography* of a man thus occupied is naturally an interesting volume. It is interesting chiefly as the record of a devout soul which clung fast to the memories of Catholic sanctity when much of their substance was but dimly apprehended. It is touching to be told that Canon Carter had a special love for the Blessed Sacrament, that he strove for a ritual of becoming dignity, that he felt the power of Mary's heavenly purity, and that he appreciated the value and divine institution of confession. This is touching, we say, for such a man must feel a stranger in a church where all these divine Catholicities are either ridiculed by the rank and file of his fellow-believers, or regarded with sullen suspicion by his ecclesiastical superiors. Touching, too, because in such a position one must strike a compromise. Catholic affirmations he wishes to accept, yet Anglican denials he cannot wholly reject. Hence such declarations as that drawn up by Liddon, Bright, and Carter on the subject of confession. It is, they say, a divinely appointed means for forgiving sin. It is, secondly, a means never abandoned by the Church of England. Yet, they conclude, it is a thing not to be insisted upon, although a clergyman may on occasion "move" a penitent's mind towards the subject. Suppose this anaemic method of preaching Christ's sacramental institutions were applied to baptism? Canons Liddon, Bright, and Carter would shudder at the thought. No, they would protest, there can be no entering into the kingdom of God without this one means thereunto ordained by Christ. Why then any forgiveness of sins without the one means similarly instituted? Again, as to invocation of saints. Invocation, say Pusey and Carter, is wrong. Comprecation is the

* *The Life and Letters of Thomas Thellusson Carter, Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, and for Thirty-six Years Rector of Clewer.* Edited by the Rev. W. H. Hutchings, A.M. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903.

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proper thing. That is, we may not ask the saints to pray for us, but we may ask God to allow the saints to pray for us. Dread of Rome as a church to submit to, but a love of Rome as a church to imitate, lead fine souls and good minds into curious perplexities.

Canon Carter was exceedingly disturbed by the ravages of higher criticism in the Anglican Church. He had a part in drawing up a declaration against it which is of the rigidest conservatism. Indeed, some of the theses formulated there should be seriously modified, if we are to give any place to conclusions of modern learning which seem well established. In all things Canon Carter looked to antiquity, and endeavored, according to his light, to base his life upon the ancient church. It is pitiable to a Catholic reader of his life that he did not see the Church which is the sole legatee of antiquity, the heir of all the ancient beliefs, and the still fruitful mother of primitive sanctity.

ARISTOTLE.
By M. Piat.

This volume on Aristotle,* the latest issue in Alcan's *Les Grands Philosophes*, is recommended both by the series of which it is a part and by the author's name upon its title-page. M. Claudius Piat needs no introduction to students of philosophy. His studies of free-will and personality, and his work as editor of the series just mentioned, to which he has contributed an earlier volume on Socrates, have raised him to high rank among living philosophers, and guarantee thoroughness and sincerity in every production of his pen. It is understood that these studies upon the great philosophers are not biographical but rather are critical expositions of systems of thought. Accordingly, the present volume is a full exposé of Aristotelianism, its general headings being Nature, Being, the Soul, and Human Acts. Under these main divisions are chapters upon the well-known features of the peripatetic philosophy; for example, on the categories; on movement and the *Primus motor;* on sensation, thought, and will; on the individual, the family, and the state. Scattered through these extensive details of expository study are many keen criticisms and hints upon wider philosophical interests than those immediately connected with the author's subject. Thus, for example, M. Piat tells us that with all Aris-

* *Les Grands Philosophes.* Aristotle. Par M. Claudius Piat. Paris: Félix Alcan. 1903.

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totle's insistence upon the sovereignty of will, the great possibilities of educating it, and the extensive province of moral responsibility, strict Aristotelianism involves a doctrine of necessity by reason of its postulate of a rational good which the will is bound to seek. This fault of the master, Thomas of Aquin avoids by deploying the volitional activity into a region of dim vision where we cannot perceive the relation of our free acts to their ultimate end, and consequently cannot be necessitated by that end. There is a concluding chapter of great value, though it is all too short, on the progressive development of Aristotelian naturalism and its growing divergence from the idealistic schools proceeding from Plato.

LENTEN SERMONS.
By Father Graham.

We are not easily pleased in the matter of sermons, and on occasion we have expressed in these review-pages some sharp criticisms of sermon-literature. But we read with pleasure Father Graham's seven sermons* for Lent, and we pronounce them commendable and good. Their tone is dignified, their style excellent, the motives they insist upon are sensible, the appeals they present are straightforward and sincere. They contain not a fantastic line, not one exaggerated sentiment, and they are absolutely free from secondary, tertiary, or any other degree of subsidiary religiosity. God, Christ, and the immortal soul of man are their theme, and simple, strong, and direct is the presentation of it. One correction alone we would suggest—namely, that there should be more attention given to the dignity of the human soul. To make men know the supreme beauty and nobility of the God-image within them is to make them hate sin, to love virtue and to be devoted to their Creator and Redeemer. Men love religion when religion is made manly, and they respond with alacrity to such inspiring motives as duty to God, loyalty to Christ, and sovereign respect for themselves. Americans especially love such preaching. As freemen the very air they breathe is charged with the sense of honor, dignity, responsibility; and when these are woven into their religion, they instinctively lay hold upon religion as something noble, virile, and fit for sturdy characters. Father Graham could have made

* *Non Serviam:* A Lenten Course of Seven Sermons on the Subject of Mortal Sin. By Rev. W. Graham. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

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more use of such appeals, especially in the sermons on Mortal Sin and on Drunkenness. With the deficiency thus indicated made good, this little volume of sermons would be near perfection.

ELEMENTS OF RELIGIOUS LIFE.
By Father Humphrey, S.J.

Regarding the "state" of religious there is a great deal in theology that is speculatively interesting, and a great deal in canon law that is practically useful for those concerned. Both the theological speculation and the canonical legislation on the subject will be found in convenient form in Father Humphrey's "Elements." *

Possibly it is beyond human capacity to make such a book interesting, but at least a step towards it would be taken by more care for English idiom. Sentences like: "It does not follow that the state is ordained in order to external actions only," and "The state of perfection is ordained in order to perfection," may be excellent Latin, but they are deplorable English.

Any mere priest who reads this book will wonder if he is admitted among the elect at all. For Father Humphrey says of such: "Inferior pastors and priests in cure of souls, although by force of law their position may seem to possess stability, yet looking to the fact of the absence of any bond or even purpose of perpetual permanence in their benefices, they cannot be said to enter on a state. They rather hold for a time being a ministry, an office, or an ecclesiastical dignity." Nothing, mind you, of the priesthood of Jesus Christ; nothing of the august association with the Deity permitted to the priest, and to the priest alone; nothing of the sacred state of the apostolic ministry; no, but the mere priest being only an ecclesiastical functionary, cannot be allowed the dignity of any sort of "state." We can imagine the indignation with which Cardinal Manning would read such words, he who held so firmly that the priesthood of the Son of God was exalted above all other states, and that it laid upon those called to it a supreme obligation to be holy, and a grievous responsibility to practise every religious virtue and to follow every evangelical counsel.

* *Elements of Religious Life.* By William Humphrey, S.J. New York: Benziger Others. 1903.

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CLERICAL EDUCATION.
By Father Zocchi.

There are many grave, respectable, conservative men who think that any attempt to introduce new methods into our seminaries is semi-heretical; that to study theology historically is dangerous; that to depart in the least from scholastic philosophy is to be infiltrated with Kantism; that to cultivate the critical spirit in exegesis is un-Catholic; and that to develop in future priests personal initiative and the desire to mingle intimately with the people, is a horrid innovation. Such as are of these opinions will read with pleasure a book* on clerical education, by the editor of the *Civiltà Cattolica*. It deserves to be placed by the side of that other classic of conservatism, Père Fontaine's *Infiltrations Protestantes et le Clergé Français*.

A MISSIONARY IN THE FAMILY.
By Rev. J. F. Noll.

We have here a little booklet† of vigorous counsel, given by a pastor to his people, which we doubt not will do a great deal of good. The chapter headings indicate pretty nearly the entire field of pastoral care: What it is to be a Catholic; Fallen-Away Catholics; Church Support; Unity in the Parish; Mixed Marriages; the Parochial School, etc. These topics are treated in the manner of familiar talks in a sturdy, straightforward style and with a vast amount of good sense. Earnest zeal is back of every word, and love for souls gives power to every page. The English is uniformly good; such a slip as this in the very first sentence of the book being so rare as to be readily pardoned: "Every pastor realizes how difficult it is to make his people real spiritual." We would suggest, too, that the author in estimating the number of Christian martyrs in the first three centuries at ten million is misled into an egregious exaggeration.

POETS OF THE SOUTH.
By F. V. N. Painter.

The South has produced some noble poets and a considerable part of the best American verse. A volume, therefore, of selections from the singers of Dixie is sure to be good;‡ and for such a vol-

* *De l'Éducation du Jeune Clergé.* Traduit de l'Italien du P. Zocchi par Elie Philippe. Paris: H. Oudin. 1903.

† *A Missionary in the Family.* By Rev. J. F. Noll. Published by the Author, New Haven, Indiana.

‡ *Poets of the South:* A series of Biographical and Critical Studies, with Typical Poems. By F. V. N. Painter. New York: American Book Company.

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ume Mr. Painter has our thanks. He has given us specimens of the finest work of Poe, Hayne, Timrod, Lanier, and Father Ryan; true Southern spirits all of them, chivalrous, high-souled, and sentimental, whose very existence in this land of strenuous trade is a tribute to the American character, and whose work is creditable to the literature of English speech. Except for a few words in the sketch of Father Ryan, wherein Mr. Painter shows himself hardly capable of understanding the poet-priest's religion, this little book of selections is highly commendable and will serve a useful purpose. We should say as a tribute to the good taste of the compiler that he includes in his collection Sidney Lanier's lovely offering to our Lord, "The Crystal," and the same writer's marvellous poem, "Sunrise," one of the greatest compositions in the language.

HENNEPIN'S NEW DISCOVERY.
Edited by Thwaites.

We have on previous occasions called the attention of our readers to the remarkable work being done in American historical investigation, and now the republication of *A New Discovery of a Large Country in America*,* by A. C. McClurg & Co. of Chicago, more than forms additional evidence of this energetic and commendable labor. When we say that the editor of the present work is Reuben Gold Thwaites, we have said that it is done with the most exacting care and the highest grade of erudition.

This "New Discovery" of Father Louis Hennepin, the Récollet, is a most valuable work concerning many of the geographical features of the northern and central United States, of the enterprises of La Salle, and of the life and manners of the North American savages when they first came into contact with the white man.

But in many of its personal details and in the statement of Father Hennepin that he made the journey down the Mississippi to the Gulf it is untrustworthy, and has been the cause of much controversy and discussion among historians. Charlevoix, Kalm, Bancroft, and Parkman all maintained that the account was false; so also in the beginning did the historian Shea. The last named afterwards sought to exculpate Father Hennepin and throw the blame on some unscrupulous editors and pub-

* *A New Discovery of a Large Country in America.* By Father Louis Hennepin. Edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites. 2 vols. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

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lishers. But the present editor, Mr. Thwaites, says "a careful comparison between *Louisiane*" (Father Hennepin's first publication) "and its successors leads us irresistibly to the conclusion that, as Shea originally held, the blame must rest upon the shoulders of Hennepin quite as much as upon those of his publishers."

In 1698 an English version of Father Hennepin's travels was published in London. A reissue of the same appeared within a year, and from this second edition the present work is taken. The work, moreover, contains a thorough bibliography of Father Hennepin, compiled by Mr. Paltsits, of the Lenox Library, New York; and facsimiles of original title-pages, maps, and illustrations, together with a critical introduction, notes, and index by Mr. Thwaites.

The typographical work in the volumes is of an exceptionally high order.

The reprint is a most valuable contribution to the bibliography of American history and an invaluable addition to every library.

LETTERS OF A CONVERT. To S. B.

Letters from the Beloved City[*] is a little collection of controversial letters written in Rome by an English convert and addressed to an Anglican friend. What is most attractive in them is a deep and tender piety. There is a certain persuasiveness in the exalted spirituality which the writer has found in Catholicity, and probably if his friend was induced by this correspondence to enter the church, it was due to the fervor of the author's piety rather than to the strength of his arguments. For only the most elementary difficulties are dealt with, and these in the most elementary way. In fact the book can scarcely be called controversial. It more properly belongs to ascetic or homiletic literature, in our judgment. This passage struck us as about the best in the volume: the author refers to the priesthood as "a power which we confess and acknowledge surpasses every earthly power, which, to my mind, is even more miraculous than that Papal Infallibility at which the enemies of Christ murmur, and, like the Jews of old, call a claim equivalent to blasphemy. Inconsistent as ever, they will hold their peace if they see a pope baptize and absolve and consecrate, yet not if he defines doctrine and confirms the brethren!"

[*] *Letters from the Beloved City.* To S. B. from Philip. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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MY FRIEND PROSPERO.
By Henry Harland.

Mr. Henry Harland has been using his magic wand again. This time it is to conjure up a delicious bit of fiction from a charming valley of the Rampio in the mountains of northern Italy. *My Friend Prospero* * is the name he gives it. In the garden of an old Italian castle, with its terraced lawns, metrical parterres, dark avenues of ilex, its sun-dial, fountains, statues, and balustrades, the scene is laid.

A handsome young Englishman, John Blanchemain, with a decidedly interesting personality and no special purpose in life, finds himself sojourning indefinitely here under kind April skies, and chance brings a beautiful young woman to the same place at the same time under similar conditions. A romance is inevitable, and Mr. Harland weaves it with an artist's sure and conscientious hand. One knows the theme and sees the outcome from the beginning, but he falls at once under the spell of clever invention, ingenious situations, sparkling dialogue, and delightful comedy.

There are several excellent characterizations, besides the principal figures. Every one must love Annunziata, a bewitching little Italian maiden who lives with her uncle, the parish priest, and who has imbibed perhaps too freely for her years of his learning and piety. Then there is a fine old fairy godmother in the person of Lady Blanchemain, John's aunt, who made his future all too easy for young Prospero; but we must not question the wisdom of fairy godmothers.

The story ripples along as blithely as the Rampio itself. It is full of sunshine and flowers and gentle-heartedness. John is a gay, droll fellow, and the mock seriousness of his bearing toward little Annunziata, who adores him, is one of the charms of the book. If Annunziata had been ten years older there might have been a different story to tell.

Don Ambrogio, the parish priest, is not the least interesting character in the book. He appears only twice in person, but his character is nicely defined through his opinions and beliefs as expressed by Annunziata. "On week days," we are told, "he maintained a prodigious silence," and the reason was that "a going clock may be always wrong, but a stopped clock is right twice a day."

There is a healthful atmosphere of reverence and discerning

* *My Friend Prospero.* By Henry Harland. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

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piety about this story which Catholic readers will not fail to observe. Mr. Harland writes as one who knows, and it is pleasing to meet among modern writers of fiction one who can touch upon matters pertaining to Catholic customs and belief without blundering. Some of Mr. Harland's many admirers may be pleased to learn that he is a convert to the Catholic Church.

JOAN OF THE ALLEY. By F. O. Bartlett.

Mr. Bartlett's story* is an interesting narrative based upon the lot of a great city's poor. He describes thoroughly well how readily and how dangerously socialistic fevers burn within the hearts of the toilers; he draws with commendable skill a type or two of submerged humanity; he shows that he is capable of pathos—highly capable, in fact; and as for the slang of the street, he has caught it with ludicrous exactness. We venture to think that Mr. Bartlett has a brilliant future as a writer of fiction. He is very true to life, and he is gifted with a rare sensitiveness both to life's humorous and life's sorrowful impressions which ought to give him a place among the very foremost in his craft. He must be somewhat more painstaking, though, in the mechanics of his art. The incident of little Maggie in the present story is completely independent of the main action, and might as well be in any other book as in this. And then the happy dénouement is altogether too sudden. The instantaneous change of the heroine from a fiery Jeanne d'Arc of the factory to a comely helpmeet for Denny Ryan is violently improbable and inartistic. Defects like these are conspicuous, but after all easily overcome, and we would fain forget them, so good is the general workmanship of Mr. Bartlett's story.

ARISTOCRACY OF HEALTH. By M. F. Henderson.

The Aristocracy of Health† by Mary Foote Henderson, the wife of ex-Secretary John B. Henderson, is an exhaustive study on physical culture and the poisons which operate against physical and moral strength. A glance at the table of contents shows the versatility of the writer: "Longevity," "Mrs. Grundy," "Tobacco," "The Cocaine Habit," "The Favorite

* *Joan of the Alley.* By Frederick Orin Bartlett, Boston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

† *The Aristocracy of Health.* By Mary Foote Henderson. Washington, D. C.: The Colton Publishing Company.

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Poisons and Heredity," are a few among the many subjects discussed. The book covers a vast amount of material, and the author is evidently familiar with the best authorities on her subject. Every report, pamphlet, or book of any value in connection with her subject has been quoted from by Mrs. Henderson. From one point of view this is a decided merit; for there is no opinion so convincing as that of a specialist, and no argument stronger than statistics. But numerous quotations have made a very lengthy book of Mrs. Henderson's treatise, and it is doubtful if many readers will persevere to the end of its 772 pages of reiterated denunciation of tobacco and alcohol. The chapters have been so arranged, however, that they can be read independently, and this fact, together with the attractive form in which the book has been published, will insure its reaching a fair percentage of the public to whom it has a message.

Mrs. Henderson's book closes with a suggestion for a "national and international league for the advancement of physical culture." A proposed constitution for the organization of such an association supplements the suggestion.

LOUISIANA PURCHASE. By Hitchcock.

*The Louisiana Purchase and the Exploration, Early History, and Building of the West** is the title in full of a simple, scholarly narrative by Ripley Hitchcock. The subject has been discussed under four sub-divisions. The first part treats of the early Spanish and French discoverers, of the pioneer American settlers, and the final transfer of the territory to the United States government. A well-condensed summary of the famous Lewis and Clark expedition from the city of St. Louis to the Pacific Ocean is given in Part II. In the third part Pike's explorations and the experiences of some of the great path-finders, such as Ashley, Wyeth, Bonneville, and Fremont, are briefly touched upon. "The Building of the West" is the title of Part IV. In this the growth of industries, the distribution of public lands, and the social and economic consequences of the purchase are discussed. A carefully compiled appendix gives statistics of the population, wealth, and history of the various States formed out of the Louisiana territory.

* *The Louisiana Purchase and the Exploration, Early History, and Building of the West.* By Ripley Hitchcock. Boston: Ginn & Co.

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Mr. Hitchcock states that the purpose of his book is "to afford a continuous and very simple narrative" of the purchase of Louisiana. With that object in view he has not "deemed it necessary or wise to enter at length into the diplomatic or political history of the purchase." This is an omission which impairs the value of the book for the historical student. Nor has the author cited the texts of his authorities as frequently and explicitly as a special student would ask. However, a book must be judged with reference to the readers for whom it has been written. Mr. Hitchcock has written for the general reader, not for the historian, and his book is simple, direct, and accurate.

The Century for March has as its frontispiece an interesting portrait of His Holiness Pius X. The portrait is the work of George T. Tobin, done from a photograph of the Pope when as Patriarch of Venice he walked in the Corpus Christi procession. The portrait, together with another of His Holiness standing in front of the papal throne, accompanies a timely article by the well-known correspondent, William Cooke, on "Anecdotes of the New Pope."

To *The Catholic Review of Reviews*, the successor of *The Review of Catholic Pedagogy*, we extend a most hearty welcome and sincerest wishes for its success. The Review, as its name implies, will contain, besides original articles, a summary of the leading articles in all the principal magazines of this country and of the foreign periodicals, with a special view to those of Catholic interest and import. It includes, moreover, a Catholic literary index. In the three numbers published up to date the Review has made a very creditable showing, and covered the field which it marked out for itself with thoroughness and intelligence. The editors are Rev. Thomas E. Judge and William Stetson Merrill. The publication office is 637 Harding Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

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Library Table.

The Tablet (6 Feb.): A leader on "The Bishop of Bristol and the Athanasian Creed" discusses Bishop Browne's new method of getting rid of the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed.——The Oxford Correspondent, in the University Notes, reports nearly sixty Catholic lay-students at Oxford this term.——Correspondence continued on the propriety of bowing the head at the Elevation.

(13 Feb.): Dom Maternas Spitz, O.S B., contributes an article on "Catholic Progress in Equatorial Africa."——The Roman Correspondence notes further measures of the Holy Father in the reform of the Roman Congregations, and intimates that important pronouncements, which will affect the clergy of the world, will soon be made.——A summary of the bill for the suppression of the authorized teaching congregations in France is given.

(20 Feb.): A translation of the Pope's Encyclical on the Jubilee of the Immaculate Conception is printed in full.——More correspondence from Fr. Thurston, S.J., and others, on bowing the head at the Elevation.——A description of the marriage ceremony of the Duke of Norfolk and Miss Constable Maxwell is given, together with a list of the bridal presents.

(27 Feb.): Under title "More Victims for M. Combes" the bill for the suppression of authorized teaching congregations in France is discussed.——Rev. Herbert Lucas, S.J., contributes the first number of some papers on the Westminster Cathedral, in reference to the necessity of certain architectural changes in the edifice.——The Roman Correspondent reports that the progress of reform in church music in Rome is slow, but that the Holy Father has declared that he is absolutely determined to attain the results specified in the Motu Proprio. The correspondent also reports a change in the mode of making cardinals; hereafter the cardinals are to be chosen on their merits, and not because they happen to occupy a certain office.

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(5 March): The Roman Correspondent gives programme for the celebration of the centenary of St. Gregory the Great at Rome, which will begin on April 6.——A leading article on "Socialism in Italy" discusses some articles on this subject by Signor Yamchelli, printed in the *Rassegna Nazionale*.——The conclusion to be drawn from the correspondence on the question of bowing the head at the Elevation seems to be that the individual may suit his own devotion as to whether he shall look upon the Host or keep his head bowed.

The Month (March): Rev. Sydney F. Smith contributes an interesting account of the peculiar and much-abused Spanish custom connected with the granting of Indulgences, dispensations from fasting, etc., for the gaining of which the faithful are required, besides the ordinary conditions of prayer and contrition, to procure a "Bula," or certificate, on the payment of a nominal sum as an alms. After outlining the history of the practice from its origin in the time of the Crusades till the present day, the writer undertakes a defence of the system from the charges of simony and laxity so frequently brought against it, and shows that though in practice it may be attended by abuses and misconceptions, the principles which underlie it are spiritually and morally sound, being those which underlie the granting and gaining of indulgences throughout the Universal Church.

International Quarterly (Dec.–March): In a paper on Satire Rollo Ogden, editor of the New York *Evening Post*, treats of the influence for good or for evil that may be wielded by the political satirist.——Hon. C. H. C. Wright, of Harvard, contributes an article on the Paris Commune of 1871; it contains a review of the political conditions of France at the time of the insurrection, together with a brief account of the working of the Commune.——The social conditions of the early Teutonic peoples is discussed by W. J. Ashley, of Birmingham University, England.——In an article entitled "The American Scholar of the Twentieth Century," a brief but very interesting estimate of Emerson's spirit, work, and influence is given by William Morton Payne, of Chicago. ——The subject of animal consciousness is discussed by

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Edouard Claparède, editor of the *Archives de Psychologie.* He undertakes to answer the following questions: How has the discussion been revived? What interest can it have for science? Of what nature are the arguments employed by both sides?——A very interesting article from the pen of Hon. Carroll D. Wright on Trade Agreements appears in this number. Mr. Wright shows that trade agreement is one of the best offsets to socialism, and consequently deserves careful and considerate attention.——Kentaro Kaneko, writing on our diplomatic relations with Japan, contends that the people of both countries "might work, hand-in-hand, on the Asiatic continent, and reap all the harvests of Chinese trade by their mutual support and reciprocal assistance."

The Commonwealth (Feb.): A. L. Lilley, vicar of St. Mary Magdalene's, Paddington, notices at length a book on Americanism which has just been published by a French priest, M. Houtin. The author is said to feel that his narrative is but "the historical prologue to a great drama which is already beginning to unfold itself upon the stage of religious history." This conception redeems the movement from being contemned for that uninteresting flaccidity proper to all things as seen by contemporaries. "If the critical and philosophic movements connected with the names of Loisy, Blondel, and Laberthonnière, had not come to foreshadow a theological revolution, Americanism would be unable as yet to justify its claim to the serious attention of the historian." Owing to the apparent accident of a religious movement growing naturally out of a new soil, alive with the instinctive appreciation of a new atmosphere, results have taken place which will either give the Roman Church the practical hegemony of the Christianity of the future, or leave her an abandoned hulk in the wake of human progress. The spirit of the movement expresses itself in the lack of a regret that America cannot attain to the uniformity which was the ideal of the old national European groups. That spirit springs from the recognition by Catholicism of the psychological climate to which it has to accommodate itself in America. The extent of accommodation is not perhaps yet quite realized.

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This and not insincerity explains the momentary confusion of some of the leading representatives. In America Catholicism shares the national confidence in the democratic system, state education, and social activity of the church. If a movement is to be judged by the tendencies of its greatest minds, then Bishop Spalding's writings justify M. Houtin's estimate of Catholicism as something which Europeans took to be identical with Liberal Protestantism.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Feb.): The editor, in a letter addressed to his Eminence Cardinal Steinhuber, prefect of the Holy Congregation of the Index, dutifully accepts the condemnation of his two little books. He expresses regret that, while the Congregation, in compliance with the counsel of the late Pontiff, allowed to three religious, whose books had been delated, an opportunity of satisfactorily explaining their views, the same paternal consideration was not extended to him. M. l'Abbé Denis pledges himself to continue, with the utmost loyalty and submission to authority, his efforts towards the liberation of Catholic doctrine from the false position in which he sees it placed with regard to science and history by some theologians "who do not sufficiently distinguish between authoritative teaching and those logical explications of it which enjoy their preference."——There is a third instalment of the "Lettres Romaines." As the correspondent wrote before the recent condemnation of Abbé Loisy's works, he considered himself at liberty to show that M. Loisy's exegesis "relieves the theologians from the necessity of maintaining" that several statements of the Gospels, including some of our Lord's own sayings, must be interpreted in a sense contradictory to their obvious meaning.

Le Correspondant (25 Jan.): The article of M. René Lavollée on the new projects concerning the separation of the church and state gives a clear account of the Concordat, the opportune hour at which it was signed, and the benefits which it brought to France at the time of her return to union and peace with Pius VII. From those well-remembered scenes, when heaven and earth seemed to smile on France and the First Consul, the author

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leads us to the troubled times through which France is passing now. He paints in sad colors the dangers that would result from the abolition of the Concordat, and from the execution of such measures as have been proposed in the Chamber of Deputies during the last six months. A few examples will illustrate sufficiently the character of these new projects: the suppression of the appropriations for Public Worship; the confiscation of buildings used for religious purposes or for the dwellings of ministers; the prohibition of church bells; the restriction of processions and the religious habit to the precincts set apart for religious exercises; the penalty of fine and imprisonment for all priests who censure in any way a government official. Such is the liberty left to the clergy who under the Concordat were guaranteed their full legal rights! After reading this article we say, with the author: "If there is an inauspicious moment for experimenting with a system which entails the separation of church from state, it is, without doubt, the present."

(1 Feb.): In one of the most interesting articles of this number M. Félix Klein gives us his views of persons and things, and the condition of religion in "the land of the strenuous life." The aspect of American life which, more than any other, seems to attract his attention, is the harmonious blending into one people of so many different nationalities. The author traces the peculiar assimilative power of America to three causes. The first of these is Religion, which binding men to God, binds them also to one another. The second cause he finds in the schools. In these the child of foreign parentage comes during his earliest years into close contact with American teachers and American school-fellows; and as all the knowledge he receives comes to him from American sources through the medium of the English language, his ideas take forms quite different from those that prevail in the land of his forefathers. The third cause of this assimilative power is, according to M. Klein, the amelioration in the conditions of life. By far the greater number of emigrants, owing to the superior resources of the country, and the wider opportunities

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for improvement, are in much better circumstances here than they ever could have hoped for in the old world. To these three causes, then, he attributes the fact that many different nationalities not only live amicably side by side but, after a short time, forget all racial prejudice, and become enthusiastic and loyal Americans.

Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuses (Jan.–Feb.): M. P. Richard gives us a hitherto unknown page of the diplomatic history of Leo X. This consists of a series of letters sent from the Papal court to various nunciatures in France, Spain, and Lombardy for the purpose of arousing a league of states strong enough to check the ambitious designs of Francis I. upon the Italian peninsula. These letters are some of the earliest work of the Papal Secretaryship of State. They disclose a curiously sincere, human, and undiplomatic tone, indicative of the beginnings of international policy.——P. Turmel gives in detail the post-Augustinian theology of the consequences of original sin. Augustine's view of the deep corruption brought into human nature by the fall continued in the main victorious, but eminent theologians refused to accept so extreme a view, and divided the schools hopelessly upon such questions as: How far is death an effect of original sin? and Is not Augustine unjustifiable in his theory of the innate corruption of human nature? The debate was carried on between Thomist and Scotist, and was by no means terminated by the condemned propositions proscribed by Pius V.

Revue Apologétique (16 Jan.): In view of the condemnation of Abbé Loisy, two of his contemporaries take occasion in this number to criticise both the writer and his methods. R. P. Fontaine attempts to establish a contradiction between the interpretation Loisy gives to the Synoptistic Gospels and the interpretation given to the Pauline Epistles. In the second article, M. Gollier states Loisy's position in regard to the New Testament, Revelation, founding of the church, and the institution of the sacramental system for the purpose of showing the justice of the action of the Holy Office.

(16 Feb.): Apropos of the Encyclical, Motu Proprio, M. Verhelst contributes an article on church music. He

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appeals strongly for a return to the plain chant of Palestrina.

Democratie Chrétienne (Feb.): This number contains a summary of two lectures on the relations of church and state delivered by M. Leroy-Beaulieu at the University of Lille. The lecturer considers three different phases of these relations as they appear in history. First, there is a union of church and state, which may be called the condition of the past; second, there is a partial separation where the spiritual and political systems enter into concordats—this is the condition of the present; and, finally, there is the system of complete separation which, according to every indication, is to be the system of the future. France is not ready for it yet, but is rapidly tending toward it.——M. L. Marnay writes an interesting article on the work of a temperance society in the town of Lassalle, and describes the influence that this work has had on the whole social question in the vicinity.——The Italian correspondent gives reasons for believing that the Supreme Pontiff will offer such encouragement to the social movement as will enable it to make great progress in the near future.——An article on the "Social question" reviews the support given to the reform movement by some of the leading men of France, such as MM. de Mun and Brunetière.

Études (5 Mar.): In a long but temperate article M. Paul Dìdon maintains the rights of the French Cardinals, the Archbishops of Paris and Rheims, to protest against the legislation forbidding religious congregations to teach. The project of M. Combes is shown to violate several articles of the Concordat, five of the Declaration of Rights, as well as the laws of 1850 and of 1875.—— M. Ferdinand Tournier continues his account of Mgr. de Prat, Archbishop of Clermont, and his patronage of the Jesuit fathers at the time of the Council of Trent. M. Paul Bernard discusses the value of mountain air as a cure for tuberculosis, and the treatment to be pursued with patients.——M. Joseph Burkes contributes a commendatory notice of M. Cordier's recent work on the relations of China with the Western powers.

Science Catholique (Feb.): Contains the first instalment of an

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article by Dr. Laucher on "St. Jerome and the Inspiration of the Deutero-Canonical Books," in which the writer discusses at length the views of that learned doctor and Scripture scholar in reference to the Deutero-Canonical books and parts of the New Testament. After an examination of the evidence the writer arrives at the conclusion that, though from a theoretical and critical point of view St. Jerome gave expression to the doubts and difficulties existing in his time as to the canonicity and inspiration of these books, yet in practice he always made use of these books as the inspired word of God, thus bearing testimony to the apostolic tradition as preserved from the beginning in the belief and practice of the Church of God.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (Feb.): Rev. J. Bloetzer begins a series of articles entitled "Anglicanism on the Way to Rome?" in which he undertakes to point out the causes which have led so many English Protestants to embrace the Catholic religion since the beginning of the Oxford Movement. The data are drawn almost exclusively from the writings of prominent converts which have been embodied in two works, namely, *Roads to Rome* and Spencer Jones's *England and the Holy See*.——Fr. Wassman, S.J., contributes a brief criticism of Dr. Kass's *The Faculty of Orientating in Birds and Insects*—a work which professes to answer the question: By what sense or faculty are birds and insects guided in finding their way? The reviewer declares it to be a truly scientific treatment of that interesting but extremely difficult problem. He praises the author, especially for the pains taken to acquaint himself with the vast literature on the subject.——Among other articles of interest may be mentioned: The Gospel Criticism of Abbé Loisy, by Fr. Knabenbauer, S.J.; Progress and Development in the Labor Question, by H. Pesch, S.J.; and The French Bishops as "*Aufrührer!*" by Fr. Gruber.

Studi Religiosi (Jan.–Feb.): In a continuation of his brilliant examination of Harnack's *Essence of Christianity*, G. Bonaccarsi calls attention to some of Harnack's invaluable admissions regarding the state of mind of the earliest Christian believers. Harnack admits: 1. that in assign-

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ing an expiatory value to the death of Christ, St. Paul did not invent an atonement doctrine, but that this was the belief of all the first followers of Christ; 2. after the Master had suffered death as the voluntary victim for our sins, He had arisen from the dead and had become the source and foundation of a new creation. Now, if all this is true, and unless the historical proof of it were overwhelming Harnack never would concede it, it absolutely destroys Harnack's main contention that our Lord never uttered any statement as to His own Person, but preached only the Father's love. For it would be an impossibility for our Lord's very acquaintances to develop immediately their elaborate doctrine about His nature and His mission unless illuminated by Himself. Equally unfortunate is Harnack in discussing the Resurrection. He sharply distinguishes between the Easter *message* and the Easter *faith*. The Easter message was the announcement of an incredible miracle. The Easter faith was simply belief in the moral victory of Christ over death, and in the spiritual permanence of His Gospel. But clear as day in the records left us of Christian origins is the fact that the Apostles based the Easter faith upon the Easter message, and that they won believers to Christ's Gospel by their "We have seen Him risen!"——P. Minocchi concludes a series of studies on the psalms which promises to take front rank in the Biblical literature of recent times.——N. Terzaghi continues his profound study of the myth of Prometheus.

Rassegna Nazionale (1 Feb.): G. Patroni writes on the practical mission of archæology in Italy.——In Cardinal Capecelatro's discourse at the opening of the scholastic year of his seminary in Capua is quoted with approval, and for the inspiration of his audience, a religious expression of Roosevelt, "un grande Protestante e uomo di Stato Americano."——Prof. Oberlè advocates greater attention in Italian schools to foreign languages.

(16 Feb.): Translates from the London *Pilot* (of 9 Jan.) an article of Baron Friedrich Von Hügel, the famous Catholic Biblical scholar, praising the learning, critical sense, historical outlook, and inspiring courage of M. Loisy, predicting on his part a respectful submission to

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the decrees of the Index and the Holy Office, and foretelling that he will one day be reckoned alongside of Pascal, Fénelon, and Newman.——E. de Gaetani gathers together some results of Assyriological researches to show that the monuments of Nineveh and Babylon do not threaten religious and moral foundations.

Civiltà Cattolica (6 Feb): Answers a critic who complained that a recent article in the *Civiltà Cattolica* had praised Spencer too highly; and declares that with Spencer's many errors were mingled such forcible and convincing expositions of truths, practical as well as theoretical, that they certainly justified a few words of praise accompanied by unfavorable comments. "Some would like us to say only evil of him. Let them then indicate a book of Spencer's containing nothing but error, and we shall forthwith comply."——Praises highly Wilpert's monumental "Pictures of the Roman Catacombs," and declares these two volumes must henceforth be absent from no important historical or theological library.——Says of Loisy: "Hence the oft-repeated assertion of the French exegete, *I am concerned only with history*, is possibly only a sort of wretched jest. It was a real jest, or rather an insult, when by way of complete submission to the condemnation of his first book by the Cardinal of Paris he wrote: 'That which is true in my book I cannot retract. But I willingly condemn all the errors which others have drawn from my book by interpreting it from a point of view different to that which I occupied in composing it.'"

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

EDUCATIONAL unification, established by a majority vote in the legislature, will have the force of law on the first of April under the State Commissioner, Dr. Andrew S. Draper, who deserves good wishes and loyal cooperation until he can be judged by the results of his administration. It is hoped that he will show appreciation of those who have rendered conspicuous professional services to the cause of education in New York State, especially during the past ten years. Among those having a claim that demands just recognition there is no one more entitled to honor than James Russell Parsons, Jr., the recent secretary of the Board of Regents. Few can be found in official life at Albany whose qualifications are more noteworthy. He deserves high honor from the educators of New York State.

* * *

The report of James Russell Parsons, Jr., covering the work of the University of the State of New York for 1903, has just been issued from the press. It comprises a review of the powers and duties of the Regents and a historical sketch of the developments of the interests in their charge. It says that the total expenditures of the university in 1903, including grants to schools and libraries, the statutory allowances to professional examiners, and returns to State treasurer, salaries, services, and all other expenses of maintenance, show a decrease over 1902 of $11,173.48. The transportation account, including both mail and express, shows in 1901, 1902, and 1903, as compared with 1900, an average decrease in cost of $933.58.

Since 1900 there has been an annual reduction in the cost of legislative printing, and in 1903 the amount paid was less by $39,393.37 than in 1902. In 1903 bulletins for all departments of the university, except the State Museum, cost $3,452.12, while receipts from sales of the same bulletins were $3,854.02. Though only $620.64 was realized from the sale of the State Museum bulletins, yet these publications perform an invaluable service to education, agriculture, and the commercial development of the natural resources of the State; and they have a good financial value, in that they enable the State Library to procure by exchange valuable works which must otherwise be purchased. Since 1900 the additions from this source, excluding duplicates (36,556 volumes and 122,482 pamphlets and periodicals), have greatly exceeded the additions paid for (19,225 volumes and 139 pamphlets) from the direct appropriations of $92,500 for new books, serials, and binding.

The report declares that the New York State Library can fairly be compared only with the Library of Congress, since both have responsibilities that do not fall on the ordinary public library. The Library of Congress, with only two and a half times as many books, has three times the staff of the New York State Library and Home Education departments combined, and nearly five times as large a salary appropriation.

The State Museum reports activity in scientific field work, classifying and labelling specimens, and publishing. Forthcoming publications include, among others, a report on the salt industry, a "Catalogue of the Crustacea of New York," a report on the birds of New York, a memoir on insects in-

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jurious to forest and shade-trees, and a bulletin on the use of wood by the aborigines of New York.

* * *

The North Buffalo Catholic Association and Library has the reputation of having the finest collection of books for an organization of its size in the country. The library committee are pleased to present a list of the new publications which have recently been added, among which are: Echoes from Bethlehem, by F. J. Finn, S.J.; Encyclical Letters of Pope Leo XIII., Rev. J. J. Wynne, S.J.; Christian Apologetics, 2 vols., by Rev. W. Devivier, S.J.; The Beginning of Christianity, Very Rev. T. J. Shahan; History of the Christian Era, by Rev. A. Guggenberger, S.J.; Ruskin's works; Hawthorne's works; Ireland and Her Story, Justin McCarthy; Carrol Dare, by Mary T. Waggaman; Poems of Pope Leo XIII., Latin and English; The Red Poacher, Seumas McManus; The Crossing, Winston Churchill; The Adventures of Gerrard, Conan Doyle; Col. Carter's Christmas, T. Hopkinson Smith; The Heart of Rome, Marion Crawford; Long Night, Stanley Weyman; The Whole Difference, Lady Amabel Kerr; The Sheriff of Beach Fork, H. S. Spalding, S.J.; Man Overboard, F. M. Crawford.

The Columbian Reading Union was organized to assist in the work of libraries as well as Reading Circles. We would be pleased to notice any report from Public or Parish libraries, and to get the list of books added for the year 1904. Communications may be sent to the Manager of Columbian Reading Union, 415 West Fifty-Ninth Street, New York City.

* * *

Thus far in the United States the Jewish people have not followed any uniform standard of religious belief. Some are patrons of papers published in Yiddish, which advocate theories akin to anarchy; while others, like Felix Adler, are properly classified as rationalists, who wish no religious teaching for children. It seems very opportune, therefore, to know that there is a movement to strengthen the claims of the orthodox defenders of Judaism, and that the Jewish Theological Seminary of America has arranged a course of free public lectures by members of the faculty and other prominent Jews of the United States. The lectures, which are held on Thursday evenings at 8: 30, in the auditorium of the seminary building, at Twenty-third Street and Broadway, are partly as follows: Mayer Sulzberger, of Philadelphia, Books and Bookmen; Dr. Cyrus Adler, of Smithsonian Institute, Jewish Educational Problems; the Rev. Dr. Schulman, Moses Mendelssohn and his Religious Philosophy.

The seminary has decided to establish a special teachers' course, to be conducted by members of the faculty. It is proposed that the course shall occupy three years, at the end of which a certificate will be awarded to persons who successfully pass the prescribed examinations. Those who signified their intention to follow the course met at the seminary building on Monday evening, January 11, at 8: 30 o'clock, when brief addresses were delivered by Professor Schechter, Dr. Cyrus Adler, and Louis Marshall, and the hours for instruction definitely fixed. Women as well as men are welcome in the course, which is free.

A special Jewish students' service was also arranged for Sunday evening, at eight o'clock, at the Temple Beth Israel Bikur Cholim, Seventy-second Street and Lexington Avenue. The speakers were Professor Solomon

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Schechter, Professor Richard Gottheil, of Columbia University, Professor Morris Loeb, of New York University, Cyrus L. Sulzberger, the Rev. Dr. H. P. Mendes, the Rev. Dr. M. H. Harris, Dr. Cyrus Adler, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and Rabbi Aaron Eiseman, of the Temple.

* * *

Paul Otlet, the secretary of the Brussels International Bibliographic Institute, estimates the number of printed books since the invention of printing to Jannary, 1900, at 12,163,000 works, and the number of periodicals between 15,000,000 and 18,000,000. The same authority adopts 200,000 as the yearly average of books published during the past few years. But, as is pointed out by Mr. A. Growoll, the editor of the *Publishers' Weekly* (New York), such vast computations must necessarily be based very largely on guesswork. A study of this and similar authorities, he declares, leaves the conviction that for the average reader much very interesting information may be gleaned from the material which as yet does not satisfy enthusiastic experts.

In point of number of output, Germany and German Austria collectively yearly lead the world. Then follow France, Italy, England, the United States, and the Netherlands. In speaking of classification and comparative mental value of publications, Russia and the Oriental countries are not taken into present consideration.

In creative works England leads the world, having by far the largest output of novels, romances, and works of pure imagination. In Germany educational works, theological works, and books for the young predominate. The largest number of historical works appear in France, and Italy leads in religious publications. The largest number of books published in the United States fall in the department of fiction; but works of fiction are generally duplicated in the English and American statistics, as novels of merit written in the English language almost invariably appear on both sides of the Atlantic.

While it appears that Germany leads the world in book-production, it is also evident that the greatest number of periodicals are printed in this country. Germany is the land of thinkers, the United States is the land of readers. Mr. Growoll says in conclusion:

The vast distances of our country and the constant travel that has built up the far-reaching interests of our commerce have led to the American habit of newspaper and magazine reading. Everybody reads every minute, and everybody reads his own paper that embodies his special views of politics or religion, or deals with the subject from which he procures his means of support. Everything is wanted as soon as it is known, and the most valuable contributions to knowledge on all subjects generally appear first in the periodical literature, that has been conceded by many publishers to be far more profitable than books.

The vast literary production of the world has naturally led to the growth of various manufactures that have made important changes in the economic conditions of many countries. The manufacture of paper has become an industry of enormous importance, as has also the manufacture of type and the various inventions that have taken the place of type. The manufacture of books and periodicals, their sale and circulation, employ great armies of men and women, and certainly in material ways the world is benefited by its fabulous book production.

All the world takes pride in increase; but in the matter of mental production quantity does not necessarily make for the highest results. The great increase in useful, technical, and educational literature serves an important temporary purpose; but it would be well for the civilized world to call a halt on the phenomenal output of mediocre books that can have no lasting influence on the true culture of the world, from which must come at last the true freedom and universal peace.

M. C. M.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE REFORMATION.—THE CAMBRIDGE MODERN HISTORY.*

BY REVEREND JAMES J. FOX, D.D.

I.

THE second volume of *The Cambridge Modern History* covers the period of the Reformation. The scheme adopted by the editors considers the opening of the movement to be indicated by the assembly of the Fifth Lateran Council, which was followed closely by Luther's theses. The treaty of Cateau Cambresis, the completion of Elizabeth's measures for the establishment of Protestantism, the death of Calvin, the peace of Augsburg, and the dissolution of the Council of Trent, mark the close.

The volume consists of nineteen chapters. The first, from the late Professor Kraus of Munich, the only Catholic contributor, deals with Rome during the pontificates of Julius II., Leo X., Adrian VI., Clement VII., Paul III., Paul IV., and Pius V. The next two chapters cover the struggle as it was fought out in the wide domains of the Houses of Hapsburg and Valois. Events in Germany occupy five chapters. But little space is given to France; for the great conflict began there only at a

* *The Cambridge Modern History.* Planned by the late Lord Acton, LL.D., Regius Professor of Modern History. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D.; G. W. Prothero, Litt.D.; Stanley Leathes, M.A. Vol. ii.: The Reformation. New York: The Macmillan Company. Pp. xxiv.–857.

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1904.

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later period. The course of affairs in Switzerland, Scandinavia, and Poland is traced with less preoccupation about detail than is shown in the case of the other countries. The editors, however, can justly claim that the proportions of the volume correspond with the relative importance of the several themes. It is not unreasonable that in a work intended for English readers they should adopt a liberal scale in the assignment of space to England and Scotland. One of the most weighty chapters is that on the Catholic Reform and the Council of Trent.

When the late Lord Acton planned this great history of modern Europe, and distributed the various parts of the work to the collaborators whom he had chosen, he reserved the Council of Trent for himself. It is a subject of universal regret that the scholar, whose immense learning and unrivalled knowledge of every subject bearing upon the history of modern Europe qualified him above any other man of the age for directing the execution of the work which he projected, did not live to see his plan realized. His thorough acquaintance with Catholic theology, canon law, and the ecclesiastical constitution, as well as with secular history, fitted "the most erudite man in Europe" to give an account of the Council of Trent, and all the deep currents that ran through its life, with a thoroughness that can be expected from no other man of the present age. Whether the spirit he would have brought to the task would have been as far above challenge as his intellectual equipment, is open to question. He always showed himself a severe critic of the Papacy, especially on its secular side, and in his court a pontiff seldom got the benefit of any doubt that might arise. In his writings, especially during the fierce controversies that sprung up around the Vatican Council, as well as in his recently published Letters, are passages that read very strange from a Catholic pen—for a Catholic, that is, a Roman Catholic, Lord Acton always claimed to be; and the organ of his most uncompromising opponents, on the occasion of his death, stated that he was not obliged to protest that he was a Catholic, for no act of his had ever denied it. Perhaps the serener atmosphere of the later time, and the mellowing influence of advancing years, would have tempered his intransigeance. But it is idle to speculate on what might have been.

A perusal, however cursory, of this fine work recalls the

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weighty words of Bacon: "Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider"; for this is eminently a volume worthy to be read wholly, with diligence and attention. To say that its text occupies over seven hundred closely printed folio pages, conveys only an inadequate idea of how comprehensively it covers the story of the Reformation in every country of Europe. Every chapter, almost every page, is a model of condensation. The first aim of each contributor seems to have been to lay before the reader every fact, however trivial, provided it has any pertinence at all. Anything approaching to picturesque writing or rhetoric is so steadily shunned that the style is as coldly scientific as that employed in works of mathematics or astronomy.

There is, of course, an endeavor to trace motive and purpose beneath the surface of action related, otherwise we should not have history at all. But, generally speaking, the authors have recognized the limitations which beset the historian in this respect. There is little of that kind of slenderly warranted conjecture masquerading as solid induction, which fills so many pages of so-called history with oracular demonstrations and exhaustive analyses of the inner thoughts and complicated motives of men long dead and gone, who, in many instances, very probably, would have been unable themselves to analyze so thoroughly their secret springs of action. Nor have these authors fallen into the other pitfall, which has captured so many of their predecessors of every theological shade. They have abstained from drawing morals, and constructing cryptic apologetics. The frontispiece might bear the motto: *Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.* The most finely attuned ear will be at a loss to detect any jarring note of partisanship.

The last remark is not to be construed as meaning that Catholics can accept, everywhere, the point of view presented here; or subscribe to all the appreciations and interpretations of men, events, and movements offered by the scholars who have done the work. Perfect neutrality of attitude and absolute inerrancy of judgment, such as we conceive to be the prerogative of the Recording Angel, are not enjoyed by the human historian. When Buffon said *Le style c'est l'homme* he but touched the outside of a truth which is more adequately embodied in the words of Montaigne: *Je suis moy mesme la matière*

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de mon livre. For reasons too obvious to be mentioned, this truth is emphasized by every history that has yet been produced of the mighty conflict whose results are still to be traced, in crossing lines and conflicting currents, amid every community to be found within the domain of Western civilization. The time is yet far distant, it may never come, when either Protestant or Catholic or Agnostic will be able to consider the Reformation with the same serene indifference and absence of bias as a modern mind can bring to the struggle of the Gracchi or the war against Thebes. On their respective sides Von Ranke and, as far as he has had to consider it, Lingard are the authors who come nearest the ideal of judicial impartiality. Yet who will say that either one or the other has been able always to make allowance for the influence of character, national feelings, and, above all, religious convictions?

In saying that the present work is impartial, we mean that there is no trace, to borrow a happy phrase, of "the man who writes history with a purpose," who "starts with the object of whitewashing somebody or proving some theory of his own." It is a great deal to have a non-Catholic history of the Reformation in which nothing is intentionally extenuated nor aught set down in malice. Allowance can easily be made for the personal equation. The treatment of the English Reformation under Henry VIII. by Dr. Gardiner is conspicuously fair. In the affair of the divorce the Pope fares much better at his hands than he does in Father Taunton's *Life of Wolsey.* Little fault is to be found with the manner in which the gentlemen to whom fell the reigns of Elizabeth and Edward VI., and the course of events in Scotland, have fulfilled their task. The picture of the English Reformation on this canvas differs in no essential feature from that which Lingard has left us. Anybody who can contemplate it steadily and yet continue to hold the Anglican theory that the English Church was, from the beginning, a national church independent of Rome, may congratulate himself upon having ascended from this material world into the Hegelian universe in which the principle of contradiction is unknown.

Those who never weary of recounting the immediate benefits conferred upon morality and intellectual progress in England by the establishment of Protestantism will find food for reflection in the pages of Dr. Gardiner, Mr. Pollard, and Mr. Bass

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Mullinger. We can permit ourselves but one quotation, in which is summed up the moral results of Henry's achievements: "The king's high-handed proceedings, alike as regards the church, the monasteries, and the coinage, lowered the moral tone of the whole community. Men lost faith in their religion. Greedy courtiers sprang up eager for grants of abbey lands. A new nobility was raised out of the money-getting middle-classes, and a host of placemen enriched themselves by continual peculation. Covetousness and fraud reigned in the highest places."

Similar testimony is borne to the evil effects of Henry's policy on education. With regard to the respective merits of Catholic and Protestant services to the cause of learning and education there is one passage in the chapter on the Catholic Reform which is to be commended to the notice of some distinguished American educators and pedagogical specialists. The author, after referring to a letter of the saintly Canisius, of the Jesuit order, says: "A revival of Catholic scholarship, such as Canisius advocated, marked the close of the sixteenth century, a revival in which his own order played a prominent part. Rome became again a centre of Christian learning; and the *Annals* of Baronius were worthy to stand by the *Centuries of Magdeburg*. New editions of the Fathers were prepared. In 1587 appeared the Roman edition of the Septuagint, and both Sixtus V. and Clement VIII. endeavored to improve the text of the Vulgate. Historical scholarship ceased to be the monopoly of one party. *The Jesuits were the equal in learning of their adversaries, and their educational system was immeasurably superior.*" We have taken the liberty of italicising the last sentence. The preceding lines sufficiently attest, in opposition to prevalent assertions, that if Rome to-day does not so strenuously maintain her pride of place in the front rank of intellectual activity, the reason is to be sought for elsewhere than in some essential antagonism between Catholicism and culture.

II.

The historian of the Reformation encounters one problem a proper treatment of which demands, besides an intimate acquaintance with events, an intimate knowledge of Catholic theology. Owing to a lack of technical information, or through a misplaced confidence in unreliable authorities, he may do less

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than justice to Catholic doctrine in the matter of indulgences. It is with no intention of casting any imputation on Principal Lindsay's impartiality and evident solicitude for accuracy that we take exception to some of his statements on this topic in his chapter on Luther. Here one regrets that in this History the new fashion of dispensing with references has been adopted. There are some statements here, concerning Catholic theology, which ought not to be made unless supported by precise citation, or by referring the reader to sources; and if this condition had been imposed upon Principal Lindsay some of his lines would not have been written. There is every reason to believe that Father Thurston, S.J., who has published in the London *Tablet* a very pertinent criticism on this point, is right in his opinion that Principal Lindsay here stands on the shoulders of Mr. Henry Lea, who slips and stumbles at almost every step when treading his way through the theology of indulgences. His capacity for misunderstanding documents and misrepresenting their gist is on a par with the air of finality in which he delivers his judgments.

Among popular books, both Catholic and anti-Catholic, there is a great deal of apprehension as to what is really the crucial question in this controversy. The issue upon which depends the justice or injustice of the charges made against Catholic doctrine and practice is not whether Tetzel or any other preacher of indulgences did, or did not, sell them. If they did, they committed the crime of simony; and they were not the first ecclesiastics who did so; nor have we any grounds for trusting that they will prove to have been the last. Some Catholic authors, Janssen for example, do not hesitate to admit that "grievous abuses there certainly were in the proceedings and behavior of the preachers, and the manner of offering the indulgence bills, and touting for customers, caused all sorts of scandal." Did the church grant indulgences professing to remit the guilt of sin, as well as penalties attached to sinful deeds? This is the paramount question. And it is in the solution of it that Principal Lindsay lays himself open to severe animadversion. He admits that all theologians who have written since the Council of Trent teach that indulgences have to do with temporal punishment only. He acknowledges, furthermore, that this modern opinion "is confirmed by the most eminent mediæval theologians who have written before the Council of Trent." But he implies that there

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were other theologians who taught that indulgences remit guilt. He explicitly states that some Papal documents assert that indulgences remit guilt, as well as penalty, and that evidence exists to show that intelligent laymen, Dante for example, had been inevitably led to believe this to be ecclesiastical doctrine. Here the hand is the hand of Principal Lindsay, but the voice is the voice of Dr. Lea.

For a complete refutation of this charge, as far as the Papal documents are concerned, we may refer our readers to an article by Father Thurston in the *Dublin Review*, January, 1900. In the *Tablet* he takes up the passages of Dante that are supposed to bear on the case, and shows that there is nothing to be extracted from them in favor of the above view. And he draws attention to the fact that the well-informed work of Dr. N. Paulus, who has examined the whole question thoroughly, has not been included in the extensive and carefully classified bibliography contained in the *Cambridge History*.

Before passing from this subject it is worth while to touch upon two other points of the indulgence controversy. With regard to the necessity of sacramental absolution before the obtaining of the granting of indulgences, it must be remembered that in the case of indulgences granted exclusively for the benefit of the dead, those who sought them did not need to be in the state of grace. In the Mayence "Instructions" for the preachers, quoted by Janssens, it is stated that the only condition insisted on in applicants for indulgences for the dead was the gift of a sum of money towards the building of St. Peter's. Another charge is that, in order to increase their harvest, the preachers assured the people that the plenitude of the indulgence was infallibly applied to the soul for whose benefit it was obtained. The Mayence "Instructions" did, it appears, on insufficient authority, affirm such to be the case. But Cardinal Cajetan, representing Roman views, repudiates as unfounded this opinion, and declares that no credence is to be given to the theologians or the preachers who publish it. "The preachers," he said, "come forward in the name of the church in so far as they proclaim the teaching of Christ and of the church; but if they teach out of their own heads, and for their own profit, things about which they have no knowledge, they cannot pass as representatives of the church, and one cannot wonder if, in such cases, they fall into error."

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III.

There is little doubt but that this present work will become, and long remain, for the English-speaking world, the popular standard authority. An eminent English Protestant has recommended it as a work which supersedes all else on the subject with which it deals. A competent Catholic scholar has declared that, from the circumstances of its production, it offers on the great religious crisis "the nearest approach to a final verdict which is possible in this world of progress." Hence Catholics, both clergy and laity, who make any pretence to a liberal education, or who are called upon to do any educational, controversial, or apologetic work, ought to be familiar with it, or at least sufficiently acquainted with it to be able to consult it on occasion. Many of those who may do so will find that, on some very important matters, they will have to modify considerably the views which they have acquired from such histories as Darras, Brueck, and even the comparatively impartial Alzog. It is a misfortune that, for a long time past, Catholics have, on the whole, written the history of the Reformation and the following epochs from an apologetic and an *à priori* stand-point. This method, however laudable the sentiment which prompts its adoption, is absolutely fatal to historical honesty, and in the long run does more harm than good to the cause which it is meant to serve. Such history does nothing to confute opponents. It merely strengthens their contention that Catholics are kept in ignorance, because the light is fatal to their blind faith. What is more common and what more humiliating than to find in some popular book defending the church or attacking Protestantism, written by some perfectly honest and well-meaning man, allegations that are without foundation, and denials of the undeniable? Everything reflecting unfavorably on a Catholic champion, an ecclesiastic, a religious corporation, everything speaking of abuses or corruption, is suppressed, or disguised in euphemisms. Disingenuous argument to make the worse appear the better reason is not disdained; while against the adversaries of the church the method is just reversed. Charges made against this or that individual are answered by the argument that Christ founded the Church; therefore there can be no stain upon her

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story. Does somebody say that a pope obtained the Papacy by bribery? An all-sufficient answer consists in proving from texts of Scripture that the pope is the divinely appointed head of Christ's church, in whom the Spirit of Truth and Holiness abides. Somebody asserts that some German monk sold indulgences. An invention of the enemy: for the church teaches that indulgences are gratuitous mercies dispensed from the treasure-house of the church to those who are worthy of receiving them. At most it will be admitted that here and there along the way some solitary individual has strayed from the narrow path, or has failed to display the wisdom and offer the good example expected in his position; but endless pains are taken to show that every such case must have been grossly exaggerated.

The chief reason offered for this system by those who are aware of the truth is, that the faith of the people ought not to be exposed to injury by the proclamation of scandals which have occurred in the past. But what is the value of such an argument in this country to-day? If the dead past could be left to bury its dead, perhaps we should be able to apply in history the same rule of reticence which, in the case of living persons, charity, prudence, and the common good dictate. If the legislation of Leo X., which decreed that no book whatsoever should be published in any diocese in the world without episcopal authorization, could be enforced, then, perhaps, it would be possible to control the dissemination of historical knowledge. But we must deal with conditions as they are. Even as early as 1581 the learned Jesuit Canisius, writing to the Duke of Bavaria, declared his conviction that such measures were futile. A steadily increasing number of Catholics are seeking information elsewhere than from Catholic sources. There they learn what their own books and teachers have not imparted to them. And, as a consequence, their trust in their former instructors is shaken. Along with the truth, they are exposed to swallow much error; so that they sometimes fall victims to a poison against which they might have been made immune by judicious inoculation.

To hold that the honor of the church calls upon us to suppress all historical scandal, is to admit the false principle of our opponents that the existence of such scandals is fatal to the church's claims. This has been the position assumed by

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anti-Catholic writers all the time; and it must be met as Cardinal Newman meets it. The passage is long, but it ought not to be mutilated. "We do not," he writes, "feel as a difficulty, on the contrary we teach as a doctrine, that there are scandals in the church. 'It must needs be that scandals come. Nevertheless, woe to that man by whom the scandal cometh.' There are, to all appearance, multitudes of Catholics who have passed out of the world unrepentant and are lost; there are multitudes living in sin, and out of grace; priests may and do fall in this or that country, at this or that time, though they are exceptions to the rule; or there may be parties or knots of ecclesiastics who take a low view of their duty, or adopt dangerous doctrines; or they may be covetous. or unfeeling, as other men, and use their power tyrannically, or for selfish secular ends. There may be a declension and a deterioration of the priesthood of a whole country. There may be secret unbelievers among clergy and laity; or individuals who are tending in their imaginations and reasonings to grievous error or heresy. There may be great disorders in some particular monastery or nunnery; or a love of ease and slothful habits, and a mere formality of devotion, in particular orders of Religious, at particular seasons. There may be self-indulgence, pride, ambition, political profligacy in certain bishops, in certain states of society; as, for instance, when the church has been long established or abounds in wealth. And there may have been popes before now who, to the letter, have fulfilled the awful description of the unfaithful servant and steward, who 'began to strike the men-servants and maid-servants, and to eat and drink and be drunk.'" This catalogue covers, generically, the whole historical indictment. Yet what does it avail as an argument against the Catholic Church? Nothing, as Cardinal Newman concludes, until it can be proved that the scandals within her pale have been caused by her principles, her teachings, and her injunctions.

On this issue she can confidently repeat to the historian her Master's challenge to his enemies: Which of you can convict me of sin? There is a dose of truth, though it be clothed in a wrapping of fiction, in an anecdote recounted by Dumas. During the reign of Alexander VI. a worthy French priest had a Jewish friend whom he labored long to convert. Finally the Jew said he was ready to embrace the Catholic faith; but

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before doing so he must go to Rome to observe the stream at the fountain head. Naturally the abbé endeavored to dissuade him from the unpromising purpose, but in vain. The Jew went, and saw, and, after a protracted stay, returned. "What have you seen?" asked his apprehensive friend. "Everything that ought not to be. Down to the vergers of St. Peter's, everybody there is living in a way that sets at defiance all the law of Christ and his Church!" and he proceeded to details. "Well," said the dejected abbé, at the end, "you have followed all the lights that God has given you. He evidently means that you save your soul in the religion of your fathers; instead of calling you to the Catholic Church." "But," returned the other, "I am coming to enter the Church; I am here to ask you for baptism. An institution that can survive the human corruption that I have seen must be divine."

With his usual penetrating judgment the late Pope perceived the injury wrought by the *à priori* methods; and exhorted scholars to abandon them for a more excellent way. He reminded them that, as Cicero said, the first law of history is to say nothing false, and to tell the truth impartially. God, he continued, hath no need of our lies. Neither has his church. If, as Cardinal Manning said, the evangelists did not conceal the sin of Judas, or of Peter, why should the Catholic historian hide sins of churchmen? Let non-Catholics but find that the truth is known to us and yet does not touch our faith, and they will cease to iterate that the allegiance of the laity is founded on ignorance. One may recall the reluctant confession of Lord Macaulay that when he perceived a man of Sir Thomas More's character and intelligence ready to die for the doctrine of transubstantiation, he could not but doubt whether the doctrine of transubstantiation may not triumph in the end. Another prominent Protestant has recorded the profound impression made upon him when he heard Lord Acton say: "I am not conscious that I ever in my life had the slightest shadow of a doubt concerning any dogma of the Catholic Church." "That statement," said Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, "coming as it did from a man who had read everything worth reading in the remotest way bearing on the controversies between his own and other forms of faith, who was a profound theologian as well as a profound philosopher and historian, was the most

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remarkable ever made to me by a human being. Of its absolute sincerity, however, I am as certain as I could be of anything." It will be a good day for us, and a day of grace for many earnest souls outside the fold, when it will be commonly understood that a Catholic layman, without ceasing to be staunch in his faith, may know all that is authentic in the annals of the Houses of Theophylact and Borgia; may know that the Papacy was more than once obtained by wholesale bribery; that the constant cry for money, money, and yet more money, was a potent factor in the rise of the Reformation; that there were abuses in a thousand ways, on a wide scale, at different periods of the church's history. Then the occupation of the petty scandal-mongers in popular literature, educational text-books, and the daily newspapers will be well-nigh gone; and serious men will ask themselves, with earnest heart-searchings, whether, after all, the grand historic arraignment of the Catholic Church does not fall short of the mark.

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A TRAPPIST MONASTERY IN JAPAN.

BY FRANCIS McCULLAGH.

JAPAN is hardly the sort of country in which one expects to find a Trappist monastery, yet there *is* such a monastery near Hakodate, the principal port of Hokkaido, the most northerly of the five large islands which go to form the main part of the Japanese empire. Hokkaido is bleak, cold, covered with primeval forest (at least for the most part), and inhabited not only by Japanese settlers but by the aboriginal inhabitants, the hairy Arno, a most singular people. The Japanese government consequently looks upon it in much the same light (to compare great things with small) as the Russian government looks upon Siberia, or the British government upon Canada; that is, regards it as a country which, when developed and colonized, may prove to be a very valuable possession.

On the occasion of a recent visit to this outlying port of the Mikado's empire, I went from Hakodate to the Trappist monastery above mentioned. It is reached in a few hours by steam launch, being situated at a little distance from the little fishing village of Tobetsu and at the foot of a forbidding-looking mountain called Maruyama (Round Mountain). The monastery is a white, barn-like, one-storied structure about two hundred feet in length and facing the sea. This main building is flanked by two other structures which are somewhat higher and whose gables are turned towards the approaching visitor.

In the centre rises a church steeple sixty or eighty feet in height, bearing on the summit a cross, and in a niche near the summit a large terra-cotta image of the Madonna and Child.

It is almost unnecessary to say that the appearance of this severely plain edifice with its bleak background is not exhilarating; and, to heighten the dismal effect, there was on the occasion of my visit an entire absence of life and movement in the surrounding landscape—not a living thing being in sight except a large raven perched motionless on one arm of the cross on the steeple.

It is generally known that all over the world the Trappists make a special point of receiving visitors and entertaining them

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gratis as long as they wish to stay. This hospitality I and a friend who accompanied me (a gentleman friend, for no lady, unless she be a sovereign or a princess, is ever admitted into a Trappist monastery) experienced to the full; in fact the Hokkaido monks seem, perhaps on account of their isolation, to be unusually hospitable.

Into a detailed description of this monastery I need not enter, as all the internal arrangements are the same as in Trappist monasteries in England and elsewhere. The monks tell me that in winter-time the cold is excessive, so that it is almost impossible to prevent the water which is used in the ceremonies of the Mass from being frozen. Moreover, in order to withstand the winter hurricanes the windows in the *hôtellerie*, or guests' quarters, are double.

The lay brother who had charge of myself and my friend was, strange to say, a Dutchman, and he told me that there are two other Dutchmen in the community. He seemed to know all about the Transvaal war; but tactfully avoided any discussion of it, saying (in French, the language in which he ordinarily converses to guests) that there was no use in talking of it now it was all over, and that the Boers and British were fast friends. Besides these three Dutchmen there is one Italian and eight Frenchmen in the community. The Japanese monks outnumber the foreigners, there being no less than thirteen of them, eight of those thirteen being novices, and all very recollected, devout, and almost angelic-looking.

The Trappists had no difficulty in obtaining thirty-seven hectaires of virgin soil from the Japanese government, and they have now brought most of it under the plough, their principal crop being corn. In their byres they keep about thirteen Japanese cows, two fine Holstein cows, several calves, and one fine Holstein bull. There are also seven or eight horses, all of them Japanese; that is to say, by no means famous, and mostly used for ploughing. I have, however, seen Japanese boys employed by the monks ride about on them while driving home the cattle; and this fact is sufficiently striking, for in Japan proper a farmer's boy has very seldom a horse to ride on and does most of the horse's work himself. There is nothing remarkable about the collection of domestic fowl kept by the monks save that, perhaps, the only other collection of the same kind is at the Sapporo Agricultural College, a government institution. Besides their agricultural pursuits, the Trappists have a school and an orphanage.

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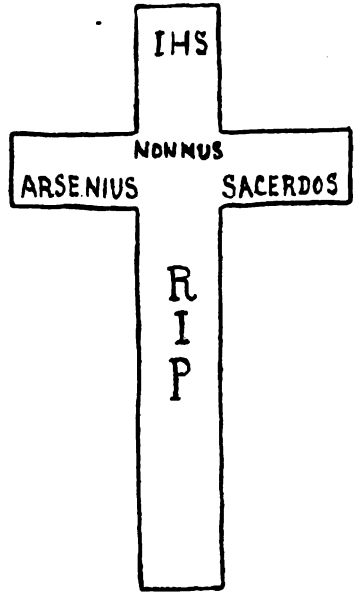
Here in Hokkaido the Trappists lead the same severe life as they lead in Europe, living only on vegetables, fruit, and bread; working six hours a day with their hands, and getting up at two in the morning to pray.

Their winter is, as I have already remarked, extremely severe, as may be judged from the fact that near Aomori, which is further to the south, two hundred soldiers were lost in the snow exactly a year ago, and all of them frozen to death. The monks manage, however, to survive their six-months' winter; and perhaps the excitement of sallying forth occasionally on snow-shoes in order to collect fuel on the mountain is a wholesome break in the monotony of their lives. The monastic museum, which also contains a few snakes, preserved in spirits, and a number of severely religious books, among the latter all the ponderous tomes of Cornelius à Lapide.

A final touch and I am done. While walking with the guest-master on the day of my departure among the waving cornfields I came suddenly on the cemetery. It is as yet only twelve feet square, for it contains only one grave, at the head of which is planted a wooden cross painted white and with a low fence running around it. The cross bears the following inscription, the Christian name, surname, nationality, and age of the deceased being omitted:



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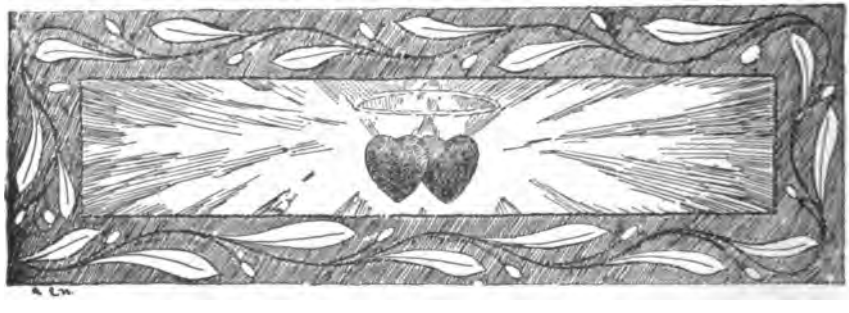
MAGNIFICAT.

BY M. G. J. KINLOCH.

AND art thou faint and wearied with thy way,
Mother expectant of the Holy One?
Now Juda's vine-clad mountain heights are won,
And the last glories of the orient day
Kiss thy pale face with reverent, soothing ray;
O moon, whose light is borrow'd from the sun!
Fear not, the journey long well-nigh is won,
And thou shalt rest, while lips beloved shall say
The second Ave; then, dear arms, enfold
The living shrine of God—on bended knee
The minstrel angels hush their harps of gold—
That they may learn Magnificat of thee;
And soon the first notes of thy song have rolled,
Whose echoes ripple o'er the Crystal Sea.



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A GLIMPSE OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY DUDLEY BAXTER.

IN the greatest of modern countries some account of a recent tour in our common and historic home-land may be of interest to Catholic kinsmen over the water. Almost every inch of our seagirt isle has its storied memories across the centuries—memories of special interest to us Catholics, for the story of England is inseparably bound up with that of Holy Church, and scattered broadcast are the traces—magnificent even in their fall—of that devout, and once most devoted union.

Starting from my brother's secluded home in Essex, I travelled via Cambridge to Peterborough. The scenery was typically English and very picturesque before reaching the flat and dreary "fen" land; en route the train passed quite close to the curious conical "Bartlow Hills," hundreds of years old and probably dating from the days of our British ancestors. Each *tumulus* is surmounted by a single tree, and doubtless contains hidden mines of buried treasures. Cambridge, which I had visited a few months before, is now quite dominated by its superb new Catholic church. The magnificent spire and lantern tower form a charming group, while the interior is a vision of beauty, "*Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem*," with its elaborate carvings, groined vaulting, and beautiful glass.

As its name denotes, Peterborough affords a notable instance of our forefathers' intense devotion to St. Peter and the Sacrosanct Roman Church. As far back as the middle of the seventh century a Benedictine monastery was founded here by royal Saxon converts; the foundation-stone of the existing minster was laid on March 8, 1118. The work continued under successive abbots, and finally received its consecration at the hands of the famous Robert Grosseteste, Bishop of Lincoln, on October 4, 1237.

Vast sums have recently been spent upon restoration, and to-day Peterborough Cathedral is the most perfect Norman church in all England. Its chief and unique glory, however, is

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that world renowned western façade, with its three mighty recessed portals of Early English date, still surmounted by an ancient figure of Blessed Peter the Key-bearer.

In contrast to the grim severity of the nave's stone arcades, its wooden roof is gaily painted with curious representations of saints, kings, etc., in "diamond" panels. Few cathedrals display the wondrous advance towards Rome made by the modern Anglican Church more than this; the desolated choir has been elaborately restored, with an exquisite series of carved stalls, superb marble pavement, pulpit, throne, organ, etc., and a very fine *baldachino* over the principal communion table. Amid all this new furniture still stands the old brazen lectern, in the form of an eagle, given to their beloved monastery by its black-robed abbot and prior late in the fifteenth century. The work is about to be completed by the erection of a massive stone rood-screen, while the great west window in the nave has just been filled with stained glass in memory of gallant soldiers killed in South Africa.

So are the descendants of iconoclasts happily endeavoring to repair the dreadful damage perpetrated in past days; here, in reality, more havoc was wrought under the Puritan Commonwealth than at the Reformation—for example, alas! the vanished glass. Here, too, lies poor Queen Catharine of Aragon, of holy and sad memory, whose life-story is so closely intermingled with the schism under Henry VIII.; an engraved marble slab has recently been placed above her grave.

Another famous queen—hapless Marie Stuart—was temporarily buried at Peterborough; there is an unrivalled series of abbatial effigies, representing the Benedictine abbots of Peterborough vested *in pontificalibus*, as well as several Saxon incised slabs (including the remarkable "Monk's Stone").

Beyond the Norman apse stands, in charming contrast, "the New Building"—not *new* according to the New World!—but built in A. D. 1438–1528, in the Perpendicular style. Its fan tracery vaulting is very fine, and all around are exquisite carved devices, such as crowns, Tudor roses and portcullis, fleur-de-lys, grotesque animals, etc. In the moulding over the entrance to the south choir aisle are four sets of letters, denoting the *Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum* from the Psalter; there were once three altars here, the central one being our Blessed Lady's.

In Catholic days this was, of course, a great place of

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pilgrimage, in honor of St. Peter; similar indulgences were to be obtained, through Papal indult, as at Rome itself. The chief relic here was the arm of St. Oswald, Saxon King of Northumbria, and his chapel in the north transept is being restored; an alabaster reredos has been presented, and above the altar has actually been placed the ancient stone *mensa*, which sacrilegious "reformers" purposely utilized as pavement. Terrible to relate, its surface has been worn away by constant *treadings*, but the five crosses of its consecration can still be traced—all carved together in the centre, an unusual circumstance.

Clustered around, in the cathedral close, are various picturesque remnants of the Benedictine monastery; several fine gateways still remain, including the beautiful "Prior's Door," erected in A. D. 1520—carved with the triangular symbol of the Holy Trinity, the arms of Kings St. Edward and St. Edmund, and the Prince of Wales' feathers. The abbot's house and the refectory are now merged into the Anglican bishop's palace; the ruins of the monastic infirmary looked singularly charming wreathed with crimson "Virginia" creeper (an American settler!)

From Peterborough I travelled to Lincoln, but broke my journey thither in order to see the ruins of Crowland Abbey, near the former place. This meant a sharp walk of over eleven miles from and back to the nearest railway station, along the raised "Welland Bank" and through the fens. Here the old toll-houses still remain.

Crowland Abbey was also Benedictine and also founded in Saxon days, by the glorious martyr-king, St. Edmund. Enough is left of the great church to show how splendid it once was; the elaborate west front is of various dates, and several statues still remain in their mutilated tiers—indeed, this fragment is remarkably fine. The north aisle of the nave has been roofed in and is used as a parish church; here on an ancient parclose screen are the symbols of St. Guthlac, the famous hermit of Crowland. Now "high and dry," in the village street, stands the curious Abbot's Bridge, with triple archway and long vanished stream; but,—pardon, I had to "rush" Crowland in American style, as my time was so limited.

Lincoln—the city set upon a hill and crowned by one of the most majestic temples in the world—is a wonderful place; who, privileged to have seen it, could ever forget that glorious

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vision with its three mighty towers? No cathedral in Europe, save, perhaps, that of Laon in France, has such a site, and surely none equals its exterior in sublime majesty.

The city itself dates from British days, and one of its Roman gateways still exists; the cathedral was founded by its first bishop, Remigius the Norman. Of this church, however, only fragments remain, as it was destroyed by an appalling earthquake in 1185.

Then appears upon the scene one of England's greatest saints, the Carthusian monk, Hugh of Avalon in Burgundy; forced, on account of his sanctity, to exchange the cloister for this important bishopric of Lincoln, St. Hugh thereupon at once commenced to build anew. Moreover, he was the first to fully utilize the pointed arch, and thus his original work here marks an epoch in the history of Gothic architecture. Lincoln's matchless "Angel Choir" was built by him, with its strong lines and delicate wealth of detail—indeed, the saint himself is said to have been among the workmen. But only a portion of the transepts was finished when St. Hugh passed to his eternal reward on November 16, 1200, lying on a cross of ashes. Afterwards the remainder was gradually built, especially under the illustrious Bishop Grosseteste and that holy prelate, John de Dalderby.

Now St. Hugh's angelic choir became the scene of his own shrine; on October 6, 1280, the venerated body was translated thither in the presence of our first King Edward (who himself assisted in carrying the feretory) and his beloved Queen Eleanor (afterwards temporarily buried here), the Primate of All England, many bishops and nobility, and a vast concourse of the faithful. Ah! what a gorgeous scene it must have been—worthy of Our Lady's Dowry. Future generations added to the magnificent decorations of the shrine, until alas! everything was transferred to the abominable melting-pot of King Henry VIII. As to its still more precious contents, nothing definite is now known. When the tomb, in which St. Hugh's relics were traditionally supposed to have been interred, was opened in A. D. 1886, only fragments of vestments were found.

Despite the awful havoc wrought by sixteenth century Reformation and seventeenth century Republicanism, Lincoln Cathedral's interior is one of striking richness. Nearly all the tombs have perished, but some of the painted glass remains,

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while the purity of architectural detail, the exquisite loveliness of the truly angelic retro-choir, the splendid series of ancient canopied stalls, the double arcading of St. Hugh, the interesting "Easter Sepulchre," the graceful chapter-house with its single central column, form a delightful *ensemble*. But the exterior, with that unrivalled group of towers and perfection of detail, is Lincoln's chief glory; a very imposing view may be obtained from beyond the ancient close gateway or from near the historic castle. No visitor to this city should miss seeing the famous "Jew's house"—one of the oldest even in England, and of Norman date.

From Lincoln I journeyed via Donoaster to Selby, and thence to York. Selby Abbey was yet another Benedictine house, and its church is the only one in Yorkshire not a ruin. The nave is grand Norman work, with a curious triforium, while the choir is Gothic. After enduring centuries of utter neglect and appalling vandalism, the old fane has been at length restored to something of its former beauty; but never again can its past appearance be reproduced. Here at Selby. as at Benedictine Peterborough, the abbey tithe-barn has "disappeared" in the last few years—actually pulled down for building purposes.

The northern metropolis is well known, especially to American tourists, and there are few more stately piles than York Minster. St. Paulinus was its first archbishop, and after having baptized King Edwin on Easter Day, A. D. 627, he built a church upon this identical spot in honor of St. Peter; wholesale conversions followed, and the good missionary received his pallium from Pope Honorius I. Then followed the desolation of pagan victories, eventually repaired by another of England's many saints, that "Ultramontane" St. Wilfrid.

The mighty minster of to-day dates chiefly from the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Here too there are triple towers and, in addition, double transepts, while the sacred fabric is one of the largest in Christendom. Fortunately the greater portion of its ancient stained glass still illumines the interior; that of the "Five Sisters" transept window is at least six centuries old. An elaborate stone rood-screen separates the choir from the nave and was erected in 1475–1505; its niches contain their original statues of our English kings, from William the Conqueror to the Venerable Henry VI. I noticed that in one or

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two cases the sovereign is represented holding two sceptres—usually the orb and the sceptre—exactly as I had seen their Majesties King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, after their coronation in Westminster Abbey—a sight magnificent beyond description.

The choir is Perpendicular work, and very fine; its great east window is one of the largest in existence, and still retains its original glass. Happily, too, a splendid series of archiepiscopal tombs also remain almost intact. How imposing the effigies look, vested in their Gothic pontificals and the historic pallium!

In the nave, exactly under a boss of the vaulting representing the Madonna, now rest the holy relics of York's own St. William (Prince and Archbishop, 1143–1154); they were translated to a gorgeous shrine in the choir during the visit of King Edward I. and his consort, in A. D. 1284. Hither to-day come, now and then, many a Catholic pilgrim, to kneel in silent prayer, while once a year there is a public pilgrimage of several hundreds.

The chapter-house is a superb octagonal structure, without any column, also adorned with old glass and magnificent arcading; the carving of foliage and heads is quite wonderful, especially in the canopies over the range of seats. Well does this gem merit its proud inscription—"Ut Rosa flos florum, sic est Domus ista Domorum"; it is reached by an exquisite vestibule.

Underneath the choir is a large Norman crypt, and, still more interesting, a portion of St. Wilfrid's Saxon church. The ancient choir-stalls were alas! destroyed in the fire lighted by a maniac in 1829, and their present reproductions are a sorry substitute. The vestry contains the famous ivory horn—made out of an elephant's tusk by Byzantine artists—given just before the Norman Conquest to the minster; also the wooden Mazer-bowl, or Indulgence cup, of the ill-fated Archbishop Scrope (1398–1405), together with chalices, rings, etc., taken from archiepiscopal tombs. Here, too, is an object of intense interest to Catholics, viz., the splendid silver pastoral staff, plundered from the Vicar-Apostolic, Dr. James Smyth, during the reign of James II., and given to him by Charles the Second's Queen. Apparently, if deprivation had not ended his plans, this Catholic sovereign had intended to create Smyth Archbishop of York and restore the old religion there.

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An infant son of Edward III. is here interred; this monarch was married in the minster, which often saw a royal worshipper; thus, poor Charles I. was very fond of York.

The old city is full of interest: the famous walls, the picturesque ruins of St. Mary's Benedictine Abbey, the unique series of "Bars," or gateways, the multi-gabled "Shambles"—all contribute to the tourist's enjoyment. Moreover, to Catholic visitors there is another object of unique interest: this is the historic "Bar Convent," the oldest convent in Great Britain. It was founded during the penal days, as far back as A. D. 1686, and despite various persecutions, here the sanctuary lamp has glimmered ever since. This is the mother-house of the Institute of St. Mary, now flourishing in many lands, of which a saintly Englishwoman—Dame Mary Ward—was the founder; under the iniquitous penal code, the good sisters were obliged to adopt ordinary attire and the establishment was known only as a school.

The chapel is hidden away in the midst of the building and contains a priest's hiding-place under the floor. Here is preserved the hand of Venerable Margaret Clitheroe, "the Pearl of York," who suffered martyrdom by the frightful agony of being slowly "pressed" to death in A. D. 1586. Close by is the Micklegate Bar, several centuries old, and we may note that the Archangel St. Michael has more than once miraculously preserved this community in times of persecution.

Not far away, too, is the site of the York Tyburn, where so many a glorious English martyr was barbarously butchered alive for the ancient Faith during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In York Castle numerous Catholic confessors spent years of miserable imprisonment, and here, under Elizabeth, the Blessed Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, passed to his eternal reward.

I stayed at the quaint old "Windmill Hotel," almost opposite the Bar Convent, of which intending tourists may be glad to know; also I should like to recommend the excellent little "Caledonian Hotel" at Lincoln.

From York I travelled via Durham to the magnificent Catholic Seminary and College at Ushaw, founded over a hundred years ago and, through Douai, an heir of Catholic Oxford. This stately pile now shelters about three hundred persons; mostly boys, of course. There is a large staff of professors,

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all clerics, and more than half the students are future priests.

Here resides the aged Bishop of Hexham and Newcastle, Mgr. Wilkinson—truly the "grand old man" of our English Hierarchy. His lordship is over eighty years old, and was ordained more than half a century ago. He is a convert himself, and was once a member of Dr. Pusey's staff at Leeds.

The good bishop enjoyed the friendship of Cardinals Newman, Wiseman, and many other famous men; very interesting was it to hear his reminiscences of the past and of the changes witnessed in his lifetime. It would be difficult to imagine a more dear and charming old gentleman; despite a recent, serious illness, his lordship came down to breakfast each morning with the professors, and, despite medical orders to the contrary, insists upon pontificating on great festivals. Every evening after dinner he would take me to Rosary and Benediction in the Junior boys' chapel, and there humbly knelt among them all. His kind courtesy and ready wit render this venerable prelate the most delightful of hosts.

Ushaw is a bewildering mass of quadrangles, corridors, halls, etc.; the collegiate chapel itself is a splendid structure in the ancient style. First of all there is the ante-chapel, with its massive stone rood-screen, all painted and gilded, but without any rood at present! On either side are altars, and there is also an exquisite Lady chapel adjacent. Beyond the screen stretches the great church, with its ranges of carved oak choir-stalls, elaborate reredos, and stained glass.

Ushaw is dedicated to Durham's St. Cuthbert, and here is preserved the ring which was found inside his shrine at the wretched Reformation; it is always worn by the bishop at ordinations, as the heir of this renowned Benedictine prelate. Although there are no other notable relics, the plate and vestments are very fine; especially interesting is the magnificent old chasuble which once belonged to the Royal Abbey of Westminster. The latest addition is a massive chalice and paten of solid gold, which Bishop Wilkinson himself presented as some reparation for the blasphemous "Accession Declaration" perforce uttered—to his Majesty's known and natural dislike—by our new King Edward VII.

Then there are to be seen an interesting museum, a valuable library, a very large college hall adorned with valuable

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portraits; moreover, a visit to the wondrous *kitchens* should not be omitted—the enormous ovens and so forth are like a comfortable outside glimpse of Dante's *Inferno!*

Historic Ushaw is the *alma mater* of an ever-increasing array; numerous bishops, for instance, have been among its *alumni*, and many hundred sons to-day turn with grateful memories to their northern home. It stands magnificently, with far-reaching views all round; here and there fumes a coal-mine, for this is the land of nascent fire. A short distance from the college the towers of Durham Cathedral become visible—another glorious but alas! now desolated fane.

This was a cathedral priory belonging to our ancient and unbroken English Congregation of the Benedictine Order, and is one of the grandest examples of Norman work extant; the view from the railway station is singularly imposing. Here again are triple towers crowning a hill, together with a castle; underneath runs the river with its wooded banks and its cluster of roofs, encircled with smoke. At the time of my visit the trees were all painted in Nature's autumn colors, and the falling leaves seemed to harmonize sadly well with the fallen glory once so illuminant here—the departed ethereal beauty not of this world.

Our great cathedral rose over the holy body of St. Cuthbert, which nearly three centuries after his death was brought for safety to Durham in A. D. 997. The foundation-stone of the present building was laid on August 11, 1093, and the work continued for two hundred years; its central tower was rebuilt in the fifteenth century, and from time to time both additions and alterations were made, of course.

Entering through the fine north door, we here notice the famous "sanctuary" knocker, representing a bronze grotesque head, with a ring in its grinning mouth: every criminal was safe for the time as soon as he had touched this. Inside, the visitor is at once impressed by the massive grandeur and devout simplicity of this Benedictine work in long past ages; each alternate column of the nave is curiously incised with a different spiral pattern.

To the west lies the renowned "Galilee" Lady chapel—an almost unique building, constructed by Bishop Hugh Pudsey about the year 1175, and once among the most beautiful of fanes. According to ancient tradition, St. Cuthbert was very

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averse to the fair sex even entering any church of his—what would "la belle Americaine" have said?—so the poor creatures were not allowed beyond the Galilee Chapel's precincts. Here rest under a simple stone slab the holy relics of St. Bede the Venerable; St. Cuthbert's contemporary and our most illustrious Saxon writer, like him a Benedictine monk. St. Bede was lately declared a Doctor of the Universal Church by the lamented Pope Leo XIII., and well has he deserved this signal honor.

The vandalism of "reformers" and Puritans at Durham was truly frightful. Shrines and tombs, glass and imagery, have all been ruthlessly hacked away. Here, however, still reposes the dust of many a bishop, of countless monks and clerics, or members of the old north-country families, such as the Nevilles. Here was the pathetic scene of short-lived restoration, when the Holy Sacrifice was again offered at its high altar during the northern rising against the Elizabethan religion in A. D. 1569.

But the chief centre of attraction is still the hallowed site of St. Cuthbert's Shrine, once beyond the elaborate altar screen. Oh! what a vision must have been displayed here when this superb work of art stood intact. The exquisite "Nine Altars" Chapel, belonging to the Early English period, forms the eastern extremity of the cathedral; and in its centre an immense raised platform is surmounted by the stone base of the shrine. Certain smooth grooves here are said to have been worn in the pavement by generations of pilgrims, who included Kings William I., Henry III., Edward II., and Henry VI., among other famous personages.

The painful description of its sacrilegious destruction under Henry VIII. is well known; even the "reforming" crew were frightened when, on hacking open the coffin itself, they found St. Cuthbert's holy body actually *incorrupt* after nine centuries. Its subsequent fate is a mystery. When the tomb underneath was opened in 1827 a skeleton was found, which is supposed by most Anglicans to have been the saint's; but an ancient Catholic tradition maintains that the body was reinterred elsewhere in Mary's reign by our forefathers. The exact spot is still a secret, handed down among three members of this identical Anglo-Benedictine Congregation which built Durham's Minster, and whose corporate continuity has happily never been broken.

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The shrine must have been one glittering mass of gold and jewels, set in so perfect an architectural frame, and now—*eheu!* desolation reigns supreme—its very form unknown. The beautiful stone altar-screen was set up by a Lord Neville in 1380, and once its numerous niches were all filled with statuettes, over a hundred in number.

Just in front of the high altar's site is the enormous matrix of an episcopal brass, probably one of the finest in the world, but of course long since dissolved in the Tudor crucible. The tomb of Bishop Hatfield (1345–1381) is very remarkable; the monument with its recumbent effigy is surmounted, through a staircase, by the episcopal throne, which thus dominates the entire choir. Opposite is the graceful marble tomb of Dr. Lightfoot, the eminent Anglican Bishop of Durham, in whose memory the destroyed chapter-house was rebuilt.

The monks' dormitory is now the chapter library, and here one sees the wonderful wooden coffin of Saxon workmanship which for centuries contained St. Cuthbert's body. It is now in fragments and roughly carved with representations of our Lord, the Madonna, etc.

In the adjacent rooms are many interesting treasures, especially the vestments found inside this coffin in 1827, including girdle, pectoral cross studded with garnets, and very remarkable stole and maniple, the gift of a queen. Although made in the tenth century, the gold and colors still glitter in faded magnificence. The saints represented include Sts. Peter and Sixtus, popes, and Sts. Peter and Lawrence, deacons of Rome.

Durham's Castle was formerly the episcopal palace, for the old bishops were counts-palatine, and possessed immense territorial power. Here one sees the splendid hall, adorned with pictures, built by the Patriarch Bek and Bishop Hatfield; a superb oaken staircase, black with age, the work of Dr. Cosin (1660–1672); the confessor Bishop Tunstall's Renaissance chapel (1530-1558), charming galleries and interesting rooms; above all, the perfect Norman chapel down in the crypt, literally mellowed with age. Close adjacent is the modern university, and a glimpse of several lady undergraduates rushing across the green in their mortarboards reminded me that St. Cuthbert's Durham is decidedly a thing of *the past!*

Travelling via Darlington, with its ancient parish church,

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and past the battlefield of Northallerton, my next halting-place was the Benedictine Abbey of Ampleforth, in Yorkshire. What a joy to find a "living" monastery instead of the usual ruined "corpse"! Moreover, this house by an unbroken chain is the heir of Westminster Abbey itself, and has recently been given a mitred abbot by Rome in the prepossessing person of Dom Oswald Smith, O.S.B. The abbey is very picturesquely situated, overlooking a charming and typical English vale; its "Decorated" minster, though incomplete, is of striking beauty. The unique stone rood-screen with parclose screens surrounding the various chapels form a notable feature of its interior; the plate includes probably the most splendid monstrance in England. This monastery has just celebrated the centenary of its foundation, on its return from exile abroad, and the quaint original fabric is still standing amid subsequent fine additions. Recently another new wing has been added, with a lofty calefactory, library, etc. There is a large college, where about one hundred boys are being educated. Instead of forming a quadrangle the cloisters here consist of one very long gallery.

On All Saints' Day the abbot pontificated in gorgeous Gothic vestments at the High Mass, which was celebrated with all the liturgical splendor traditionally cultivated by the Order of St. Benedict. There was a solemn dirge and abbatial High Mass of Requiem on All Souls' Day. The chanting of the *Dies Iræ* was very impressive, and these hooded and cowled "black monks" in their *miserere* stalls quite recalled bygone Ages of Faith.

Not far off stands all that is left of Byland Abbey—once a great Cistercian house, with a church of cathedral proportions. Happily the large stone *mensa*, which probably formed its high altar, is now in Ampleforth Minster—having been discovered years ago, dreadful to relate, in a pigsty near the ruins of Byland. Five miles away is the far more beautiful ruin of Rievaulx—another Cistercian abbey—one of the most lovely scenes in all England.

Thence the train transports one through a charming country to Malton, a curious, rambling sort of place. The parish church was once the nave of a Gilbertine Priory, and still boasts two western towers; but the central tower, together with the choir itself, has perished. This was the only religious

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order founded by an Englishman before the Reformation, and, after an attempted revival, is now unhappily extinct.

After spending a few hours at Malton, I travelled on to Beverley—an old city of surpassing interest and consecrated to the memory of its own St. John. He was at first Bishop of Hexham and founded a monastery here about the year 700. Soon afterwards our Benedictine saint became Bishop of York, but in A. D. 718 resigned this office; thereupon he withdrew into retirement to his foundation at Beverley, where the venerable prelate died on May 7, 721.

St. John was canonized by Pope Benedict XI. in A. D. 1037, and his holy relics were then translated to a magnificent shrine in the minster here. He soon became one of England's most popular saints—hence the old rhythm:

"Come ye from the east, or come ye from the west,
Or bring relics from over the sea?
Or come ye from the shrine of St. James the Divine,
Or St. John of Beverley?"

Beverley afterwards was converted into a collegiate church of secular canons. The existing fabric, with its rare symmetry of style, dates from the thirteenth century, but was not completed until Perpendicular days. It seems to have fared much better than most of our great churches, and is quite a vision of beauty, although in reality only "a beautiful skeleton" to-day; nowhere can be seen more exquisite carving—positively marvellous and perhaps matchless. The capitals, the arcading, the canopies are all varied designs in stone, with a wondrous series of "grotesques," representing verily "all sorts and conditions of men," animals, etc.

In the choir rises the famous "Percy Shrine," or tomb of Lady Percy of Alnwick, who died in A. D. 1328. Its marvellously carved stone canopy is probably the finest thing of its kind in Europe. Even the tiny statuettes are perfect in every detail. I may add that one of the angels' heads was broken off by some unpleasant tourist and translated to America! After remaining there for twenty-eight years, *mirabile dictu*, it was happily returned and restored!

Then there is an unrivalled series of ancient wooden choir-stalls—sixty-eight in number, ranged in two rows on either

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side of the choir; forty-two are canopied, and every "miserere" seat is carved with a different design, usually grotesque. How our mediæval ancestors rejoiced in these quaint pictures, such as a fox in a friar's habit with a rosary between his paws preaching to a congregation of geese! or a *very* early representation of "Hey! diddle diddle! the cat and the fiddle"! for it was truly a "merrie Ynglonde" in those days—merry because Catholic to the core.

Near the north-east transept stands the ancient "frith-stool," or sanctuary chair, hundreds of years old—seated in which malefactors were safe for a time. Close by an exquisite staircase with marble shafts led to the destroyed chapter-house. The great east window is filled with old glass, like a casket of jewels, but alas! the remainder has all been smashed.

Outside there are two graceful towers, with famous bells, a charming west front, and lovely porches; but the central tower, as at Westminster, has never been built. Nearly all the niches have lately been refilled with statues; some of these are fearful examples of modern "art"—*e. g.*, the ridiculous dumpy statue of King Edward VII., which would assuredly cause that jovial monarch a hearty laugh if his majesty were to see it!

Above all, Beverley Minster still contains the precious treasure over which it rose, viz., the holy relics of its own St. John himself, patron of the deaf and dumb. In the year 1664, upon opening a grave near the site of his destroyed shrine, a square stone vault was discovered, upon which there was a leaden plate engraved with a Latin inscription proving the fact beyond doubt. Fragments of bone, sweet-scented dust, and rosary beads were found inside, together with a knife—probably the identical one left as a pledge by the great Saxon King Athelstan, the minster's founder. Everything, save a seal, was reinterred almost in the middle of the nave, and in 1736 these relics were once more identified. So here, Sunday by Sunday, the Protestant congregation unwittingly profane the sacred treasure, once so gloriously enshrined, by treading upon it; but as at York, ever and anon there can be seen a Catholic pilgrim as of old. May the happy day eventually dawn when St. John's relics—so providentially preserved—may yet again be translated to a fitting shrine; when Beverley will profess the dear old faith of its forbears once more!

In bygone times many illustrious ecclesiastics held the

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office of provost here, including the glorious martyr, St. Thomas à Becket, and hither amid the crowds of pilgrims came several of our sovereigns. Edward I. visited Beverley twice—the second time being accompanied by his queen and the first Prince of Wales. The latter, when King Edward II., came again soon after his coronation. Henry IV. was here twice, and our great warrior, King Henry V.—a truly royal "jingo"!—was a most devoted client of St. John. The victory of Agincourt occurred on the feast of his translation and was consequently attributed to the saint's intercession, especially as oil miraculously flowed from his tomb meanwhile. Thereupon Henry V. came on a pilgrimage to the shrine in 1420; the holy King Henry VI. was also here in 1448, while other royal visitors have since appeared, including Charles I.

Close by the minster are the remains of a Dominican priory—now cottages—and the house in which probably the blessed martyr, John Cardinal Fisher of Rochester, was born. There are many ancient buildings, a quaint Georgian market-cross, an old gateway, and similar interesting fragments.

Beverley's other great attraction, almost the minster's rival, is the magnificent church of St. Mary; few towns—none of its size in England—possess two such splendid edifices. Its west front dates from the reign of Edward III., but the building is mainly Perpendicular, with a fine central tower. The carving throughout is here again quite wonderful, especially the intricate bosses of the roofs and the diversified capitals or corbels.

It is touching to note how the nave was built by individual families and parochial guilds: thus, a Mr. and Mrs. Croslay erected certain pillars, and an inscription to that effect runs on either side in Latin as well as English: "Orate pro animabus . . . Xlay and hys wyfe . . ." The celebrated Minstrel's pillar has a curious capital, carved with unique figures of its donors—the guild of minstrels—including a piper, lute-player, drummers, violinist, and harpist! The font, set up as late as 1530, bears the following inscription: "Pray for the soules of Wyllm Ferefaxe, Draper, and his wyve's, which made thys font of his pper costes. . . ." It must have been superb once, with its great marble bowl, but has been shockingly mutilated by "reformers."

The wooden choir ceiling is very interesting, being painted with about forty portraits of English kings, down to Edward IV.,

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in whose reign it was executed; there are fine remains of the rood-screen and the misericorde stalls. The stone groining of the north choir aisle is remarkable; up above are priests' chambers, where may be seen many a curiosity—such as the ducking-stool, in which refractory ladies were ruthlessly "ducked" in cold water during the *good* days of old!

A few miles from Beverley lies the great seaport of Hull. Its parish church of the Holy Trinity is the largest in England and a very fine edifice indeed, with superb proportions and some remarkable modern glass. The Catholic church of St. Charles Borromeo is a striking edifice in rich Renaissance style.

From here I crossed the Humber by a ferry steamer, and thence travelled to Louth in Lincolnshire, via "fishy" "Grimsby-the-Great"! The tapering spire of St. James' Church at Louth is one of the most beautiful that rise heavenwards and well repays a halt here; the steeple is 294 feet high and unsurpassed for beauty of outline. The fabric dates chiefly from the fifteenth century and took quite a hundred years to build; the spire itself was finished in A. D. 1515. It is interesting to note that the famous "Pilgrimage of Grace" commenced here; but alas! the result was dire failure. The good vicar of Louth was among those subsequently executed—in reality martyred for the ancient Faith.

Thence I journeyed to Boston—a place of great interest to Americans, as your mighty city in the States is its namesake. The fame of "Boston Stump," viz., the slender lantern tower of its parish church dedicated to St. Botulph, is widespread. It was commenced in A. D. 1309, and is nearly three hundred feet in height. Exactly three hundred and sixty-five steps are said to lead to its summit, whence a weird panorama of fenland and gleaming dikes can be obtained, with the Wash —in which King John lost his clothes!—to the east. This superb tower forms a landmark for miles to the mariner; it is four stories high and surmounted by a stone lantern with flying buttresses. The church itself is of the same length as the tower is high, and is one of the largest in this island; while the steps up this tower correspond in number with the days of each year, the fifty-two weeks are each represented by a window—now alas! despoiled of their painted glass, with fatal result. The span of Boston's nave is very large, with its fourteen bays, and when the interior gleamed with its original enrich-

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ments the scene must have been indeed grand on chief festivals.

Countless brasses once adorned the pavement, but only a few remain; notably the "Peascod" brass—set up to a merchant of that name and ornamented with punning pods of peas! In the choir a magnificent series of "miserere" stalls may be seen—among the finest in England—and there is an old Elizabethan pulpit.

Now, a Boston man was one of the founders of your great American city, and a former vicar of Boston, who often occupied this very pulplt—the Rev. John Cotton—afterwards emigrated to America in A. D. 1633, thereby materially assisting the new English settlement. So, when this famous church was restored, not long ago, many good citizens of American Boston contributed liberally to the fund. The stone vaulting of the tower (inside) was then and thereby completed according to the original design. Ay, despite past misunderstandings, is not blood thicker than water? How invigorating to think of this racial union of our two great nations, especially concerning their future destiny in the Church Militant!

On my way to Ely, being a quite indefatigable sightseer, I again halted—this time for an hour at Spalding, where an interesting old parish church exhibits various styles of architecture. It is in "High-Church" hands now, and in the Lady chapel an Anglican altar has been placed, of most ridiculous dimensions—about a yard in length!

The historic Isle of Ely owes its fame to that holy virgin, St. Ethelreda, daughter of the Saxon King Anna and afterwards queen of Northumbria; she eventually became a Benedictine nun and abbess, as well as foundress of this illustrious convent. Ely Isle was also the scene of the last great Saxon stand against the Norman Conqueror, led by Hereward the Wake. The nave and transepts of its glorious cathedral date from Norman days, while the choir is mainly thirteenth-century work.

On September 17, 1252, the whole building was solemnly consecrated in the presence of King Henry III., with whom was Prince Edward of Wales; the holy body of St. Ethelreda was then also translated to a resplendent shrine in the new choir. Barely a hundred years afterwards the great central tower fell, and afforded a golden opportunity to Dom Alan de Walsing-

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ham, the talented sacrist, afterwards Prior of Ely. He now conceived the idea of rebuilding this portion of the fabric in the august form of that matchless octagon which still stands without a rival in the architectural world. Moreover, Dom Alan also built the exquisite Lady chapel, which was finished in A. D. 1349.

Of late years over £70,000 has been spent in restoring the devastations of iconoclast and "Father Time," with the result that Ely's interior is perhaps the most beautiful in all England. The nave is unusually lofty, being more like a French cathedral, and the view through the superb "Galilee" porch at the west end once seen could never be forgotten.

Externally the building, with its massive western tower and immense stretch of roof, situated as it is on a hill, dominates everything around with majestic splendor. Inside it is a vista of varied loveliness throughout, and even now—though despoiled and desecrated—a dream of beauty.

This Norman nave, with its painted ceiling and severe symmetry, leads through the wondrous octagon to an elaborate Gothic choir, with its delicate carving and other enrichments—partly Early English and partly Decorated. The Lady chapel, instead of being at the east end, stands detached to the north, and was once one of this world's wonders. All round runs a unique series of canopied tabernacle work, with the legendary life of our Blessed Lady carved in each spandrel. Almost every piece of foliage is different, and numerous brackets formerly held statues, while the whole then glowed with color; the enormcus span of its stone vaulting is very remarkable, and we may note how the bosses all refer to the Madonna—displaying the Annunciation, the Assumption, and the Coronation, etc.

But here the destructive fury of Protestantism has been awful; every single figure is headless and otherwise mutilated—quite heartbreaking and quite irreparable. Gone is the painted glass from those great glaring windows, gone the wondrous details of Catholic imagery, and—far worse—gone is "the Lady-Mass" itself!

There is a splendid series of episcopal effigies, while the chantry chapels are of unique magnificence—alas! rather should one say, they *were* so. For the same cruel hands have wrought terrible havoc here as well. The chantry of Bishop Alcock, erected in 1488, and before his death, is one mass of empty

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niches and mutilated enrichments, with fan-tracery roof. This prelate's *rebus*, a cock on a globe, is quaintly carved in stone throughout; his recumbent effigy and fragments of the altar remain.

The corresponding mortuary chapel of Bishop West, who died on the very eve of the Reformation, is even more wonderful with countless exquisite niches and elaborate Renaissance panelling, but equally mutilated beyond repair. Traces of the gilding and color can be discerned, and show what a gorgeous scene it must have presented—for just a few years only.

The conventual buildings have here almost disappeared; the ruins of the infirmary are now picturesquely incorporated with modern houses. The great gatehouse of our old abbey remains intact, though built over five hundred years ago; but the refectory, etc., have all perished. That delightful gem, the Prior's Chapel—now belonging to the King's School—was also the work of Walsingham, and should by no means be missed.

A new Catholic church in honor of St. Ethelreda, whose relics, no doubt, repose somewhere under the cathedral pavement, has just been erected in her own city. Tourists had better note that the "hotels" of Ely are wretched; the writer stayed at the Angel Inn near the station, and found it far from angelic!

Hence I travelled to Bury St. Edmund's in Suffolk, once the glorious scene of a Royal Martyr's shrine, embowered in the stateliest of Benedictine abbeys. Nowhere has the "reforming" devastation been more completely awful than here; for a splendid basilica, with even three *attendant* fanes, once soared amid a bevy of quadrangles, cloisters, halls, and gateways. This church was of cathedral size, with actually five towers and the largest western front north of the Alps.

And now—alas! all that remains are a few crumbling walls. Terrible to relate, the august building was used as a *quarry*. Grass covers the site of St. Edmund's magnificent shrine, and an ugly tablet recalls the fact that here, through Cardinal Langton of Canterbury, arose the *Magna Charta*, the origin of our proud, our common, Anglo-Saxon freedom; here therefore sprang forth the germs of your great Republic.

St. Edmund himself was one of England's principal and most popular saints. This glorious young king suffered for Christ at Danish hands in A. D. 870—*pro Deo et patria*—being cruelly scourged and then slowly transfixed with arrows. His

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emblem is very appropriately three crowns—the triple tiara of martyrdom, virginity, and sovereignty.

To Bury his holy body was finally brought in A. D. 1013, and we have indisputable evidence that it was there still incorrupt in the year 1198. After this date there is a significant silence, and it is supposed that the greater part of St. Edmund's sacred relics were conveyed by stealth to Toulouse, in France, early in the thirteenth century. Here they remained until three years ago, when the late Cardinal Vaughan obtained them (at the writer's humble suggestion) for Catholic England once more, through Pope Leo XIII. himself.

However, unfortunately grave criticisms have since been raised against their authenticity, though no proof positive has been produced and the cumulative evidence in favor of the Toulouse tradition is exceedingly strong. Many leading Catholics still believe these relics—at present reposing in the private chapel of Arundel Castle—are in reality none other than St. Edmund's priceless bones, and trust that they will eventually be placed in the splendid new cathedral of royal Westminster.

Here, to his own St. Edmundsbury, came countless thousands as pilgrims—rich and poor, king and peasant; here many a wondrous scene was presented, especially on the martyr's anniversary each year, within those hallowed walls. From the days of the abbey's royal founder, King Canute—himself a Danish convert and the first-fruits of the saint's martyrdom—nearly each successive English sovereign came to Bury. St. Edward the Confessor and King Henry VI. were specially devoted clients of St. Edmund; the latter spent Christmastide here in A. D. 1433.

The massive abbey gatehouse alone remains intact, while most of the site is now a public garden; the recent excavations had just been commenced, and it was most fascinating to watch the work in progress. The foundations of the chapter-house were being laid bare; every now and then the workmen would unearth some fragment of glazed tile or stained glass, etc. Everything was carefully sifted first, and then these fragments were all conveyed to an adjacent "strong room." The glaze on the encaustic tiles was remarkably brilliant, and underneath this mutilated pavement were afterwards discovered the tombs of several abbots, including that of the minster's builder, the famous Dom Sampson. The crypt is supposed to rest

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intact under a private lawn, and great anticipations were raised of possible discoveries there; unfortunately, the project of excavating this has had to be abandoned. Oh! how unutterably sad to *realize* all this hideous havoc—truly the very "abomination of desolation."

The adjacent parish churches of St. Mary and St. James still remain, and have been well restored; the former possesses the most superb of timber roofs. Angels, as it were, support the corbels, and above are rows of saints, including the Blessed Edmund himself; in this church lies the last abbot, who died of a broken heart upon the dissolution of his wondrous abbey, —poor man! think what he must have suffered and what he must have seen.

Bury St. Edmund's stands in a charming part of old England, and many a stately mansion is situated around. On my final journey home I halted twice—first at the village of Taverham. This boasts a magnificent church, enormous in comparison with the village, with one of the grandest towers even in England. The exterior is, as usual in Suffolk churches, elaborately faced with patterns in flint, including Latin inscriptions, sacred monograms, and armorial bearings of benefactors. Inside, the ornamentation must have been very fine: minute fragments of stained glass and some miserere stalls, old brasses, and another carved roof remain, while the fabric itself is exquisitely proportioned. These mediæval brasses are very noticeable, especially one of an infant (an only son, with pathetic inscription), quaintly set crooked, in its grave-clothes, and another of an entire family arising naked from their shrouds. There is also a curious seventeenth century monument to a Protestant rector "by ye space of 45 years," who is denoted "painefulle and vigillant."

In the old market-place stand the stone base and pedestal of the village cross; close by is a fine old timbered "guild" house, with picturesque gables, but rather in a state of collapse. At the inn where I lunched, a crown and other royal emblems are still visible under the plaster, and from their Tudor form I think it very possible that Henry VI. stayed here en route to Bury. In a cottage I saw a woman making horsehair seats at an old-fashioned loom. The process reminded one somewhat of an organist!

Then I journeyed on to Long Melford, another village with

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a huge church, thus called from its one long and straggling street. This edifice is of extraordinary interest and great beauty; its windows, once blazing with color, are purposely so closely framed that the church almost resembles a lantern. Several of them actually still contain their original glass of surpassing beauty. The east window displays the Madonna and various saints, including St. Edmund, as well as representations of the donors—"Mr. Justices"—in their mazarine gowns. The two others which remain intact are those of St. Michael and St. Gabriel—full of angelic figures, and underneath, again, the donors (then alive, as proved by the inscription, *Orate pro bono statu*). The ladies wear those long "candle-extinguisher" headdresses, once the very latest fashion in female attire. Though a kaleidoscopic mass of every color, the effect of these windows is at once refined and gorgeous; imagine, then, this church when *every* window was alike!

There are some elaborate tombs and more brasses, but Melford's most precious gem is its unique Lady chapel. This stands semi-detached beyond the sanctuary and is not visible from the church. It is an exquisite stone structure, with an inner shell forming a veritable shrine, or *capella*, surrounded by an ambulatory. There is said to be only one other building like it in Europe. Outside, touching invocations for the founders' and benefactors' souls are carved all along the battlements in flint—"pray for ye soule of . . . pray for ye soule of . . ."—an eloquent testimony to the faith of our fathers who built this famous church.

Here one has a typical glimpse of our dear old England: the village green surrounded by its towering trees, all aglow with autumn tints; this grand parish church; the gabled Jacobean Hall (ancestral seat of the Parkers), and the Elizabethan almshouses—a scene calculated to inspire any painter or poet.

Passing through Sudbury, with its three fine churches and splendid "timbered" houses, and along the delightful banks of the river Stour, I at length alighted at our station once more and thence drove "home, sweet home"—after an enchanting fortnight of pilgrimage, a ramble through this historic Isle of Saints.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE WHITE THORN.

BY SHIELA MAHON.

THE Hill of the Caves looked lonely in the sunshine; the gray, rugged rocks that crowned its summit seemed more melancholy by contrast. By an odd freak of nature these rocks bore a striking resemblance to the face of the great Corsican general who once held Europe in his grasp. This grim profile lying on Irish soil, with shamrocks growing round it, and Irish breezes whispering a requiem, looked like a wraith of the mighty dead. In winter this effect was heightened when the rain and mist enveloped it with ghostly shadows, and the wind howled in anguish, as if keening for the souls of the soldiers lost in battle.

The view from this lonely hill was very beautiful; a blue lough divided it from a sister hill, a veritable Land of Promise with its golden cornfields and rivulets shimmering in the sunlight. The only blot on the horizon was the smoke of a great city, with its countless chimneys belching up volumes of blackness that writhed and twisted like serpents in their upward ascent.

Halfway up the hill was a plantation of young firs, where the birds nestled contentedly, and the hum of winged things filled the air like the fairy strains of an æolian harp. In the cool shadow of the wood, midst the soft heather, lay two children. They were city children, gutter-sparrows who had walked a long way from their home to enjoy the happiness of breathing God's pure air and radiant sunshine on the Hill of the Caves. Both were wretchedly clad; the girl's dress was of the poorest description, viz., a winsey skirt too short by far for the childish limbs, which showed painfully thin; a black jacket evidently made for some one very much older; the sleeves baggy and half covering the hands; a pair of boots laboring under the same defect, and a battered hat completed her outfit. But her face, as seen through the grime that overshadowed it like a veil, was pretty and shining with happiness.

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The boy might have been described as a bundle of rags, with a white, pinched-looking little face, and sharp gray eyes, and an old-man air about him sadly at variance with his years, which could not have numbered more than twelve; he too looked happy.

The girl carried a basket at which she often glanced with a proud air of proprietorship, peeping into to it now and again to satisfy herself as to the safety of its contents. Both children lay stretched upon the grass in the silence of absolute contentment—a silence more expressive than speech. Overhead a lark sang wildly; the girl listened, ecstasy written on her face.

"I wish, Ann Jane, wot I could catch it," said the boy, his eyes following the little quivering thing soaring in the clouds.

A look of absolute horror crossed the girl's face, "I'm glad you can't, Jim," she said briefly, with a sudden snap of her lips. "Wot you want to kill things for, beats me."

"I don't want to kill it," said the boy in an aggrieved tone. "I would make a wooden cage for it, the same as Jack Ryan's, and it would sing all day in the lane; and he could n't crow over us any longer with his yellow canary."

"I say, Jim, is n't this heavenly?" said the girl, her sparkling eyes raised towards the sky, where great fleecy clouds chased each other across the horizon.

"Purty jolly," said the boy absently; "but I wish, I wish I could catch a rabbit. It would make a tasty supper for mother with biled onions. Do you remember last year, Ann Jane, when the nob gave us one for our Christmas dinner? I smell the onions yet." He sniffed the air appreciatively.

"Yes," answered the girl thoughtfully; "but I don't like the killing business; it's a pity we can't live without eating."

Jim, without a word, suddenly shifted his position. "Hist!" he cried in a warning whisper; and his hand grasped for a stone.

"Don't, Jim, don't!" cried the girl imploringly; she laid a restraining hand on his arm as a pretty white rabbit scudded noiselessly across the heather, its ears cocked with fright as it perceived the two figures sitting so quietly in the cool green shadow.

"You 're a fool, Ann Jane; only for you cotching me it was a deader, and mother would have had a nice supper."

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A shadow passed over the girl's face. "I don't think mother would like you to kill it," she said earnestly; "she's like me, she hates to look at dead things. Besides, if you were caught, you would be ridin' in Black Maria to-night, and that would break her heart."

"Well," said the boy flippantly, "I would n't be the first gent wot rode in his carriage and pair."

A tear trickled down the girl's face. "Jim, yer a brute," she said; "an' I thought we was goin' to have a lovely time."

A dull red mantled the pinched-looking, old-mannish face. "Chuck yer crying," he said hoarsely; "you was allus as soft as butter. Do you mind the day I brought the kitten home to you," he added, adroitly changing the conversation.

"Who was the softy then?" she inquired, her eyes brightening. "I allus knew you was n't as rough as you purtends. What a whacking you gave that coward, Tim Murphy, for stoning it."

"Yes," said Jim modestly, "I did give him a lickin'; man, how he squirmed!" Both children laughed at the recollection and peace was restored.

"Jim," said the girl in a mincing voice, "do you think it is time for lunch?" She slowly lifted the lid of the basket, disclosing two oranges peeping from a torn newspaper.

The boy looked at her in astonishment. "Stop yer gammon," he said; then the humor of the situation seemed to strike him, and he rolled over on the heather in an ecstasy of mirth. "Ann Jane," he said, "you 'll be the death of me yet with yer quality ways. Chuck out the things, an' I 'll polish 'em off; but perhaps," he added, falling in with her humor, "it's better to wait until ye spread the table-cloth."

The girl nodded gravely, and proceeded to smooth out the crumpled newspaper and place it on the heather. Then she took out the oranges and set them in company with two large, albeit stale-looking buns; three sticks of candy, the third of which she broke evenly in two; this, along with some black dillisk and whelks, and pink lozenges of the kind known as conversational, she spread carefully on her make-believe cloth. With an air of mystery she undid the cord of a brown paper parcel and disclosed a penny bottle of lemonade. "Chimpagne," she whispered ecstatically; "where is the ice, Jim?"

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"In the cellar," answered Jim promptly. "Shall I send the footman for it?"

"No, we'll 'ave to make it do. I'm afraid I shall 'ave to dismiss John, he's getting so careless. It's hard to get good servants nowadays." She affected an air of languor ludicrously life-like.

"Ann Jane, you would make a good play-actor," said the boy admiringly.

"That's wot I intend to be," said the girl calmly. "Susan Cassidy is going to get me into the Pantomime next year."

"Gammon," said the boy scornfully, as he sucked his orange. "I heard mother say that she was going to put you in as a half-timer in the mill."

"I'll never be a mill hand," said Ann Jane loftily; "wot I wants is to be a lady. An' that reminds me, Jim, we must look for the fairy thorn; if we find it, our fortunes is made. I dreamed last night wot it grew just above the first cave, though mother told me she allus heard that it was in the third." She looked thoughtfully up the hill, where, perched dizzily amid the rocks, was an aperture that looked like the mouth of a pit, so black and sombre was it in the morning sunshine.

"I'm afraid that want will be your master," said the boy callously. "It's only old women's tales. Why," he added, with the complete assurance of a man about town, "it's only kids wot believe such rubbish. Do you think it would n't have been picked up long ago?"

The girl sighed. "It was mother told me the story. She said wot the hill was full of treasures that the fairies have buried. If it would be your luck to come across a fairy thorn, all you would have to do was to commence an' dig under it, and you would find dimmons an' jewels an' goold guineas. An' you know yerself, Jim, you told me that the jography said wot there was goold an' silver on the Hill of the Caves."

For a second Jim looked nonplussed. "Jography is all lies," he answered boldly; "they put things in them books just for filling-up stuff; the man wot wrote them was at a loss for something to say. I tell ye wot it is, Ann Jane," he added with boyish brutality, "if ye don't get them notions out of yer head in double quick time, people will say wot yer cracked."

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Ann Jane's lip quivered. Her poor half-starved soul could not relinquish lightly her belief in the wonderful story about the treasure. It was the one ray of sunlight in the short history of her sordid life. Brought up in the squalor of a lane, with everything unlovely about her, except the one glimpse of green hill that towered above the wretched dwellings, and the gray, still face on its summit that seemed to keep guard over the city, she had little or nothing to feed her too vivid imagination. Her mother's story about the treasure was as fuel to the fire; the child never tired listening to it, and if her mother wanted anything specially done, she had only to promise to repeat the story to get it accomplished. As she grew older it seemed to have more and more fascination for her. When the other children were playing hop-scotch and other childish games, Ann Jane would quietly seat herself outside the door and gaze on that wonderful glimpse of hill with its background of blue sky, and God knows what thoughts passed through the childish brain as she gazed at her little glimpse of Paradise. Her one ambition was to climb the hill and find the fairy thorn,—seemingly not an impossible achievement; but in the lives of the hard-worked poor there is little time for even simple pleasures. Ann Jane's mother had none to spare for such vagaries. When she came home in the evenings she was more in the notion of a rest, and, must I say it, her little draw of a pipe, than climbing a hill. Even on Sundays—the poor people's holiday—she would prefer shanaching outside the evil-smelling lane with some of the neighbors, than all the delights of a day in the country. So poor Ann Jane's desires seemed little likely to be gratified. Later on she went to the board school, and it was there, all unexpectedly, that she acquired the means to accomplish her end. It was at the school she also imbibed the fine-lady notions alluded to by Jim. The teacher, a handsome lass, promoted from a country district and fond of the chiffons of the town, used to array herself in dazzling raiment, to the delight of the children, particularly of Ann Jane, who worshipped her with adoring eyes and obeyed her slightest wish. The teacher, not displeased with this open preferment, attached the girl more or less to herself, and Ann Jane's glory was to run her messages, a smile being sufficient reward. One day her mistress, delighted with her aptitude in answering the inspector during the annual

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examinations, presented her with a sixpence as a mark of her pleasure. When the girl found herself the happy possessor of this lordly sum her first thought was the realization of her ambition. "I 'll get Jim to take me to the Hill of the Caves," and straightway asked him. And Jim, when he saw her the heiress of such wealth, willingly agreed.

So Ann Jane, her eyes blazing with excitement, a red spot burning on either cheek, followed by Jim, who, subdued by the magnitude of the sum, had scarcely a word to say, went into several little shops in the neighborhood to make her purchases. It took them quite a time at the fruiterer's to decide between the merits of oranges versus apples; but at last they agreed on the former as being more juicy and taking longer to suck.

Outside the store window quite a crowd of the children of the lane had assembled, the news of Ann Jane's good fortune having spread like wildfire; and, green with jealousy, they pressed their noses against the shop window watching wistfully the movements of Ann Jane, who, perceiving this, assumed an air of haughty indifference while waiting on the change. Jim was fit to bust, as he afterwards graphically observed. "My, Ann Jane, you would have thought that you was a lady with yer pocket full of money." Ann Jane tilted her grimy nose a trifle higher, and told him that he would never learn "perliteness."

Thus it came to pass that Ann Jane attained her ambition. As she lay on the soft grass, her mind throbbing with the one idea—how to reach the cave without Jim knowing it, she saw plainly that he would never countenance a proceeding which he thought foolish—a bright idea struck her. "Jim!" she cried suddenly, "let's have a game of Hide and Seek." Jim, no way loath, complied; soon the air rang with their merry laughter. When it came Ann Jane's turn to hide she ran with the speed of a hare towards a side of the mountain covered with tall bracken; diving down, she covered herself with the big green fronds and waited with palpitating heart the denouement. In the distance she could hear the merry halloo of Jim gradually growing fainter and fainter, until finally it ceased.

After what seemed ages she ventured from her covert. Not a sign of Jim. She gazed with her young, keen vision down the zigzag path by which they had climbed up, and saw at the extreme end of it a small blot on the horizon which she rightly

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judged to be Jim going homewards. "He thinks wot I have played a trick on him!" she cried gleefully; "he'll be mad when he finds out. Now for the Fairy Thorn."

She turned her eager gaze towards the third cave; there it stood watching her like an eye black and threatening. The ascent to it was perilous, the ground being sandy, with but scant vegetation. She shut her teeth firmly and commenced to climb.

It was a long way upwards; for a time she almost despaired of reaching it; the air was so rare and clear that the cave seemed much nearer than it was in reality. After walking more than an hour it appeared as far off as ever. A solitary tear trickled down her face. Would she have to give up her quest and go home with the ignominious sense of failure? How Jim would laugh at her, and be confirmed in the opinion that she was cracked; the word rankled like a wound. Her tears suddenly ceased; she would show him of what stuff she was made!

The path in the near precinct of the cave was like a straight wall of crumbly sand. She had to hold tightly to stray shrubs to maintain her footing; for almost every step forward, she made one backward. Slowly and laboriously she neared her destination; at last, with panting breath, she drew herself up to a ledge of rock within a few feet of the cave. The day was hot and the sun glaring, and overcome by her exertions she fell fast asleep.

When she awoke it was midnight; she heard the big town clock striking the hour. To her surprise she found herself in the cave. She knew it was the cave, for the walls were gleaming with diamonds, and there were thousands of little folk dancing to the sound of soft music; and, wonder of wonders, in the centre of it, growing, was a great white Thorn-bush covered with snowy blossoms! Guarding it were countless fairies, armed with tiny swords and uniformed in bright green, with little caps of four-leaved shamrocks. Ann Jane rubbed her eyes to assure herself that she was not dreaming; but no, she was quite awake, and her heart sank as she looked at the Thorn. How could she ever venture near it? At the further end of the cave, seated on a throne of crystal, was the queen. Ann Jane knew her at once by the crown of diamonds she wore, that shone like dewdrops in the sun, and lighted the cave with their brilliancy.

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Suddenly the music ceased and the little folk stopped dancing, and the voice of the fairy queen, tinkling like silver bells, was heard through the silence. "A mortal has invaded our kingdom," she cried; "what punishment shall it be our royal pleasure to deal her?" "Death!" cried a million voices. And Jane trembled and tried to speak, but not a word would come. Millions of fairy eyes glared threateningly at her, and millions of tiny arms were upraised to deal out the fatal punishment. Ann Jane thought her last hour had come and held her breath. Suddenly she heard a familiar bowwow, and a little white dog rushed into the assembly. Ann Jane looked at him in surprise. Could it be possible that this white, glossy-coated darling was the little, half-starved cur she had saved from drowning when cruel boys were stoning it, but which afterwards died from its wounds despite all her care? To her amazement the dog spoke in human language and implored mercy for her, telling the queen in words that made Ann Jane's eyes moist of her goodness. But the queen was not to be appeased. "The mortal must suffer for her temerity in invading fairy ground."

Ann Jane closed her eyes as she saw a million tiny swords brandished in the air; but again there was an interruption. "Miow, miow;" and a handsome black cat sprang into the cave and stood before the queen. Ann Jane recognized him at once as a starving kitten she had fed, which alas! had died in her arms, her kindness coming too late. He, too, spoke in human language and besought mercy for her; but the queen was inexorable; and again countless swords were upraised. But again there was an interruption. Ann Jane looked up quickly just in time to see an immense giant striding towards the queen. All the pigmies cowered down at his approach; even the queen trembled visibly.

Strange to say, Ann Jane felt no fear, though his appearance was terrifying. She stared at him in fascinated bewilderment. He was so immense that his head seemed to touch the roof of the cave. His face was strangely familiar; where had she seen it before? In a flash it came to her: it was the facsimile of the face on the hill whose grim profile she had watched and loved from childhood. Beside him walked a big gray wolf-dog, whose eyes emitted sparks of fire and who growled menacingly at the assembled fairies.

In a voice of thunder the giant spoke: "I, Finn MacCoul,

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monarch of Ben Madigan Hill of the Caves, forbid you to injure one hair of this child's head, under pain of my weighty displeasure."

The queen bowed humbly. "Your majesty shall be obeyed," she cried.

"Let her pluck a blossom from the White Thorn," said the giant, "that she may possess her heart's desire."

Ann Jane advanced towards the thorn, her heart beating with joy and excitement. The guards made way, and Finn MacCoul smiled kindly at her. The smile gave her courage; involuntarily she thought of the hill on a sunny day, and stretched forth her hand to grasp the magic blossom; but alas! ere she touched it, her foot tripped and she found herself falling, falling into bottomless space!

When she awoke it was to find Jim bending over her, shouting joyously: "Awake, sleepy head; it's my turn to hide."

"An' you didn't go home?" she stammered.

"Go home?" echoed Jim curiously; "wot would I go home for?"

Ann Jane held her peace; for it was all a dream—a very beautiful dream, and so real that even to this day she persists in thinking that it happened.

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THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

BY JULIAN E. JOHNSTONE.

IKE pearls untold, like seas of gold
Adown the mountain leaping,
The waters swirl and madly whirl
In floods of splendor sweeping.
In shade and sun your torrents run,
O Falls of Montmorency!
Through shine and gloom, you bound and boom,
Fair Falls of Montmorency!

Adown the height a flood of light,
A sea of gold and glory,
Your waters fall and shake the wall
And rock the boulders hoary.
Now with the sheen of emerald green
You flash, O Montmorency!
Then sunlight-kissed, in amethyst,
You crash, O Montmorency!

Down from the sky, you know not why,
Your thunders fall for ever;
And from all time your song sublime
And strong has rolled on ever:
You ply your task, nor ever ask
The wherefore, Montmorency!
But on you roll, and fill the soul
With grandeur, Montmorency!

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You loudly preach and grandly teach
A lesson full of beauty:
That God above looks down with love
On those that do their duty;
Ye truly say that to obey
And labor, Montmorency,
Is to give praise to God always,
O Falls of Montmorency!

Kind thanks for this, O grand abyss
And floods, your music voicing!
Your roar and roll sublime the soul
And fill it with rejoicing.
E'en humble things the King of Kings
Can praise, O Montmorency!
And lives like mine can be divine,
Fair Falls of Montmorency!

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THE SEA AND ITS INHABITANTS.

BY WILLIAM SETON, LL.D.

MAN being a terrestrial animal, it is therefore natural that he should take less interest in the sea and its inhabitants than in the solid earth, with its abundant life which is visible to the eye. Yet we must bear in mind that the sea covers nearly three-quarters of the globe (70–100), and physicists tell us that in the course of time—millions of years in the future—the small part of the earth's crust which to-day is land will, through erosion, disappear under the water; the continents will be washed away, so to speak, by the rains of numberless centuries, and then the whole globe will become one vast ocean again, as it was in the beginning. But because, as we have said, man's natural habitat is the land, we must not imagine that lying hid below the surface of the sea, down in its depths three, four, and even five miles from the sunlight (for probably animal life has no depth limits), there is nothing to interest us. It is only within very recent years that an infinitesimal portion of what lies below the surface of the sea has been revealed to us, for the area of the great ocean basin covers more than a hundred millions of square miles. Nor ought we to wonder that the ancients taught us almost nothing of the phenomena of the ocean. Their vessels were small, they had no compass to guide them, and it took brave men in those days to venture out of sight of land. But even so, trusting to the north star at night, the Phœnicians, three thousand years ago, did not fear to sail beyond the Pillars of Hercules (the rocky promontories which mark both sides of the Strait of Gibraltar); they discovered the Canary Islands, and it is the opinion of Humboldt that they penetrated into that part of the Atlantic called the Sargasso Sea, where there is very little wind, and where the vast watery plain is covered with the gulf weed, which the sailors of Vasco da Gama, a few centuries ago, took for water-cress, for sargasso is the Portuguese word for water-cress. We know, too, that the Phœnicians likewise passed through the Persian Gulf and sailed along the east coast of Africa far towards the equator. But

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whether any of those old-time voyages were undertaken to discover new facts in nature, we cannot tell. Our knowledge of what the Phœnicians did comes to us mainly through the Greeks—their own historical records have been lost—and it may be a mistake to believe that those enterprising navigators went solely in quest of pearls; perhaps they had among them men of learning who were devoted to the science of the sea, and who as they skirted the south-west coast of Persia—probably the very hottest region on earth and rainless—must have marvelled, as we do to-day, to see a numerous population obtaining good fresh water from abundant springs which well up from the bottom of the gulf, and they may have surmised correctly that these fresh-water springs appearing in the midst of a salt sea were derived from rain-water which had penetrated down through a porous stratum many miles from the coast-line.*

But now to come back to the present age and to what we know of physical geography, we repeat that almost three-quarters of the globe is covered by water, and it is an interesting fact that the continental masses, a large portion of which are concentrated in the northern hemisphere, terminate in points inclining towards the south. Nor would a lowering of the sea as much as 6,000 feet materially change the general aspect of the continents. The only important modifications which a lowering of 6,000 feet would produce, would be to unite Newfoundland and Labrador to Greenland; from Greenland, passing through Iceland, would appear a ridge of land separating the Atlantic from the North Sea; the British Islands would be joined to the continent of Europe, and Australia, Tasmania, and New Guinea would form one immense island.

But if the modern world has been somewhat late in exploring the ocean, we are to-day doing good work in this direction, and in the past ten years more than 10,000 deep-sea soundings have been taken by the British government alone, and we have made the interesting discovery that many volcanic cones tower up thousands of feet from the bed of the sea, and some of these cones are not very far below the surface. Soundings tell us also that more than half the sea floor is two miles deep; eight soundings show a depth greater than four miles; while one sounding, off the coast of Japan, gives a depth of 530 feet more

*It may be questioned if the same climatic conditions prevailed there three thousand years ago.

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than five miles. The water on the ocean floor is comparatively still, and the floor consists, as a rule, of a fine calcareous deposit called Globigerina ooze, which is mainly composed of broken or decomposed shells. In the very deepest part, however, there is a covering of red clay, which is found to be a decomposition of volcanic materials; and many physicists believe that the slightly undulating plains covered by the globigerina ooze, and by materials from submarine volcanoes, have never been elevated above the sea level, and that a great portion of the globe has always been covered by water, as it is to-day. This commonly held opinion, however, has been contested, and in his presidential address to the Linnæan Society of London, in 1897, Doctor Günther, a high authority, maintains that the ocean floor is not permanent; that it may have changed more than once in the past, and that every student of terrestrial life should accept this view. "I cannot help thinking," he says, "that our knowledge of the nature of the rocks at the bottom of the sea is, at present, to use a mild expression, most imperfect. Is it not possible that continental rocks at the abyssal sea bottom are so hidden under the deposit which has been in progress of formation for untold ages as to prevent us from penetrating them? Possibly the day may come when borings or some similar operation will be successfully carried out in the abysses, entirely upsetting our present ideas of the geological nature of the sea bottom. Besides, we have no other means of accounting for the distribution of the terrestrial fauna, more especially in the southern hemisphere, except by assuming that great changes have taken place in the extent and position of continental land, and, moreover, that these changes were still in progress at periods at which our present fauna, or at least a part of it, was already in existence." In regard to the low temperature of the ocean floor it is believed to be largely caused by the surface water from the north and south polar regions (but mainly from the latter) sinking to the bottom. The bottom of the ocean is also an utterly sunless region; no plant life exists there, and hence the deep-sea animals must get nourishment from organic material assimilated by plants living in or near the sunlight. But if the ocean floor is a sunless region, it does not follow that it is a region of darkness; there is little doubt that phosphoric light, which recent discoveries show to be produced by certain deep-sea animals, takes the place of sunlight.

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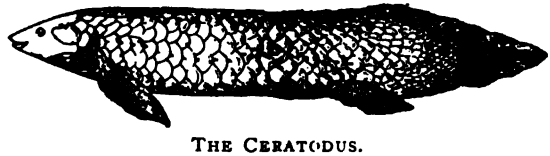
The temperature of the deep sea is obtained by deep-sea thermometers as well as by the mud brought up by the dredge; and let us add that beyond 100 fathoms, or 600 feet, we observe no seasonal variations of temperature, and the floor of the ocean has an average temperature somewhat less than 40 degrees Fahrenheit.

Having dwelt thus briefly on the ocean and its great depths, four and five miles from the sunlight, let us observe that the study of the animal life which exists in the sea is extremely interesting, especially in the light of the doctrine of organic evolution. It is generally accepted by naturalists that the lungs of air-breathing vertebrates are the modified swim-bladder of fishes, and that the remote ancestors of land animals were aquatic, the swim-bladder beginning more and more to discharge the function of a lung as these ancestors became more and more amphibious in their habits. And this development from a lower to a higher form of life may be inferred too from the fact that we have in the present age certain fishes called mud-fishes, in Africa, South America, and Australia,



THE CERATODUS.

which, besides having gills, are provided with true lungs, which allow them to obtain the oxygen of the air directly. This would indicate a kinship between fishes and amphibians; amphibians, as we know, breathing by gills as well as lungs; while from the amphibians the link of kinship leads up to a yet higher form of life, the reptiles, which never breathe by gills, but always breathe by means of lungs. Of the above-mentioned fishes which may breathe out of water we have a good illustration in the Ceratodus of Queensland, South Australia. The ceratodus has a three-chambered heart and one lung, and in place of ventral fins it has two leg-like appendages which come pretty close to real legs; and it is thus able to make its way for a short distance on the land. And when we speak of the development of organic life from low to higher forms, we remember what geology teaches; how in the book of the rocks fishes appear first; then in a higher strata appear

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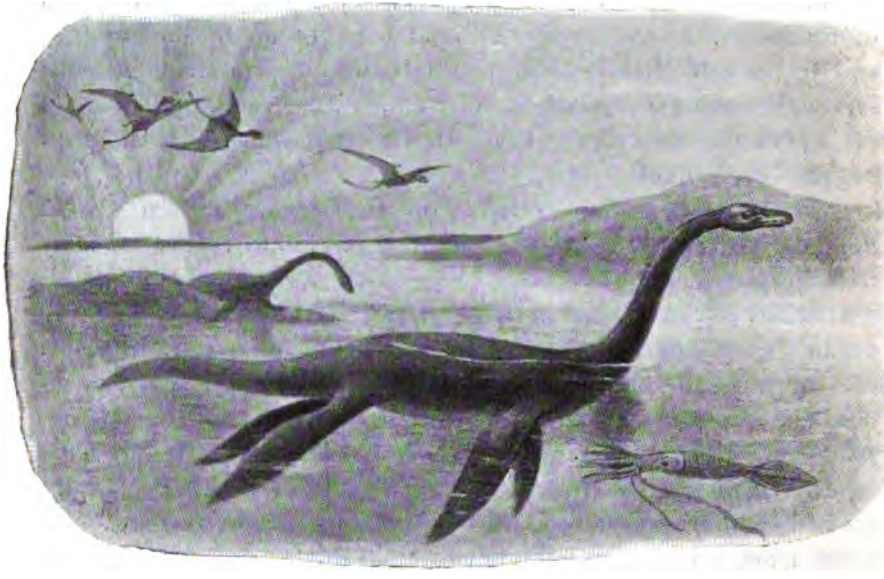

MONSTERS OF THE ANCIENT SEA.

the amphibians, and these are succeeded in a still higher strata by the reptiles. And it is believed that in what is called the reptile age—that is to say, when reptiles predominated—several million years ago, a good part of North America was a shallow inland sea, probably of brackish water, and in this inland sea, besides fishes, there lived enormous reptiles of different kinds.

And both the reptiles and fishes of that period, as we know by fossil remains, were covered with uncommonly thick scales; they might be called armor-clad. But after a time the land gradually rose up, and this inland, brackish sea became divided into a number of smaller bodies of water; and finally these lakes evaporated and the huge reptiles—sea serpents some of them looked like—disappeared. But in the past twenty-five or thirty years our American scientists, Cope, Marsh, and Leidy, have discovered a number of these strange creatures embedded in the strata of the Rocky Mountain region, and there are several of them now on exhibition in our American Museum of Natural History; and one of them is a good sixty-two and one-half feet in length and thirty feet in height.*

Among the fishes which to-day live several miles below the

* This monster—the last one discovered by the American Museum expedition—is not yet quite ready to be exhibited.

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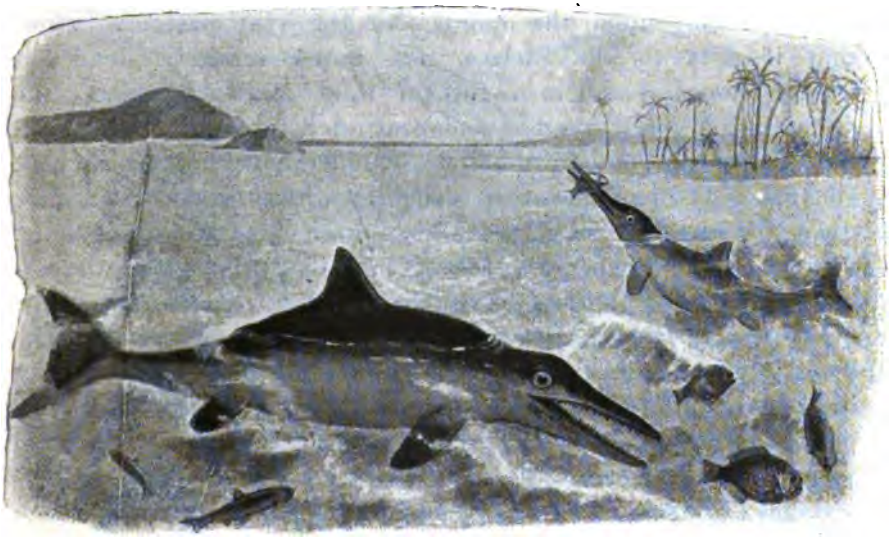
surface, a few present interesting archaic characters; and in several of the fresh-water streams of the continents we also find remnants of an extremely ancient fauna. Indeed, the ceratodus of South Australia is a more ancient survival than any of the fishes discovered thus far in the deep sea; and the better opinion is that both the archaic fauna existing near the ocean floor, as well as the very ancient fishes in certain rivers, have been gradually driven to these places by the more vigorous and newer types; they have been forced to abandon the regions of greatest competition; and it has been said that river life and life far down in the sea has for aquatic animals the same limitations that island life has for terrestrial animals. It was asked not so many years ago how deep sea fishes could



ANCIENT WATER-LIZARDS OF THE SEA.

see, for direct sunlight penetrates only a short distance below the surface. Well, the question was answered by the scientific expedition sent out by the British government in 1872, and known as the Challenger Expedition. The greatest depth at which fishes were caught was a little over three miles; and, curious to relate, in some of these fishes of the abyssal regions the eyes were absent, while others had very prominent eyes. The ones with very prominent eyes produced their own light; and let us observe that phosphorescence is generated by a chemico-physiological process in the living animal, just as car-

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bonic acid is a product of respiration. The luminous organs of these lantern fishes, as they may be called, emit distinct flashes, and it is believed that these fishes may see around them about as clearly as fishes living near the surface when there is moonlight. It is also highly probable that the phosphoric light is subject to the will of the fish, and that it ceases when the fish sleeps; for unless it were under the animal's control the fish might too easily fall a prey to an enemy, and when it is pursued by an enemy it no doubt puts out its lantern, so to speak, and escapes in the darkness. Another remarkable thing in these abyssal fishes is the distensibility of their stomachs. In the introduction to vol. xxii., p. 20, of the Challenger Expedition, we read that a fish brought up from a depth of several miles "becomes so distended with gas expanding upon the removal of the vast pressure below, that it rises to the surface, not indeed entirely dead but wholly powerless and in a sort of rigid cataleptic spasm; the stomach is usually inverted and protruded into the mouth; and the eyes in general are forced so completely from their sockets, sticking out often like two horns, etc., etc., etc." And how great the pressure is under which these deep-sea forms exist may be realized when we reflect that the pressure of the atmosphere at the surface is 15 pounds per square inch, while below the surface the pressure is increased to a ton weight for every 6,000 feet of depth. It is sometimes asked if there may not exist in the ocean to-day a descendant of some of the wonderful animals that lived in the seas of a former geological period.

We do know that there is living somewhere in the sea a serpent-like animal about twenty feet in length which has been taken for a sea serpent. No living specimen of the serpent-shaped, rapidly swimming Oarfish (Regalecus) has yet been captured. And may there not be in existence an animal much larger than the oarfish, a lineal descendant of one of the monsters of the cretaceous seas? This is not very probable. Nevertheless, the sea serpent may not be wholly a myth.

Few things are more interesting to the student of nature than to find an animal living in the ocean and looking outwardly very like a fish, but which is in reality a mammal, and which at one time must have lived on the land. The whale and its cousins, the porpoise and the dolphin, are not fishes;

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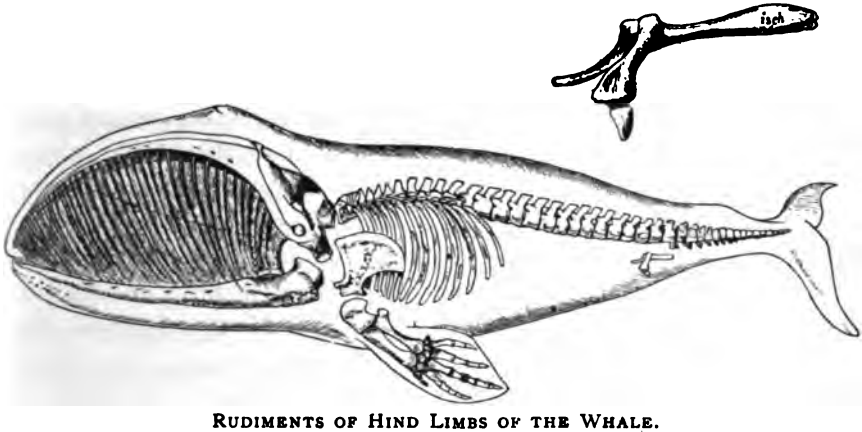
they are warm-blooded, they suckle their young, and in one species of whale, the right or whalebone whale, we discover the rudiments of hind limbs. Indeed, the whole anatomy of the whale's paddles is altogether different from the fins of a fish; it tells us that the whale's progenitors were terrestrial



RUDIMENTS OF HIND LIMBS OF THE WHALE.

quadrupeds which gradually became accustomed to a life in the water; the shape of the body grew more fish-like by the bones and muscles required for movement on land becoming adapted for swimming. And to prevent the water from getting into the animal's nostrils when it dives, the apertures of the nostrils can be shut at will, and open when the animal rises to breathe. And it is when it perceives the dim light from above, when its head is near to the surface, that the whale expires the air which it has taken in, and this action throws up a column of water which may be seen from a good distance, and sailors call it "spouting." The new-born whale—"sucker"—of the whale-bone species is about one-fourth the length of its mother, and occasionally twins are born.

The natural term of the whale's life may be prolonged, it is believed, to a hundred years; although the average age is probably under fifty years. The right-whale migrates according to the seasons, and we may easily tell when a flock or school is making one of its journeys to the north or to the south. On these occasions they swim steadily onward, keeping the whole of their huge heads submerged except the blow-holes. Then after swimming in this way for about ten minutes the whales toss up their caudal fins and take a long dive, to come

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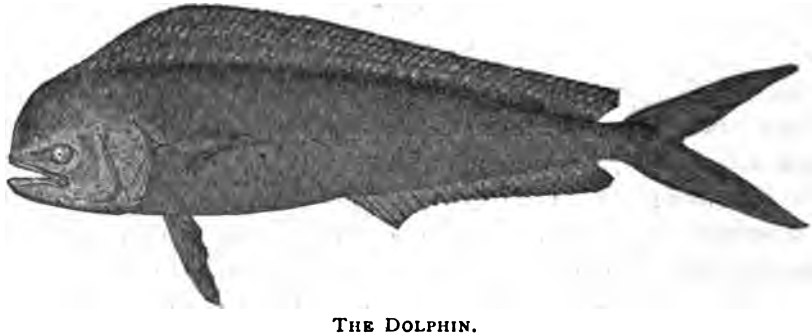
up again a mile further on. No obstacles, such as ordinary field ice, will cause the migrating flock (often several hundred) to turn aside. Yet a field of ice of too great breadth and thickness may prove fatal to them by preventing them from getting a fresh supply of air, and it is recorded that in 1750 some whalemen discovered fourteen whales smothered under the ice.* It is doubtful if whales travelling west from Baffin's Bay through Lancaster Sound often meet other whales coming east from the Pacific through Behring Strait: the danger of suffocation by the ice would be too great. Yet it is on record that harpoons have been found in whales killed in the Pacific which had belonged to Greenland whalemen. The very largest species of whale is the Sulphur-bottom. In 1862 one of this species was killed on the coast of California which measured ninety-two feet in length; and in that interesting work, *The Marine Mammals of the North-western Coast of North America*, by



THE DOLPHIN.

Captain Charles M. Scammon, we read, p. 71: "November 13. We are witnesses of a very remarkable exhibition of the social disposition of the (Sulphur-bottom) whale. A week ago to-day . . . it was discovered that one of them continued to follow us and was becoming more familiar, keeping under the ship and only coming up to breathe. A great deal of uneasiness was felt lest in his careless gambols he might unship our rudder. . . . It was said that bilge-water would drive him away, and the pumps were started; but to no purpose. . . . He still continued to swim under us, keeping our exact rate of speed whether in calm or storm, and rising to blow almost into the cabin windows. . . . His length is about eighty feet; his tail measures about twelve feet across; and in the calm, as we

* *Natural Science*, June number, 1898, p. 409.

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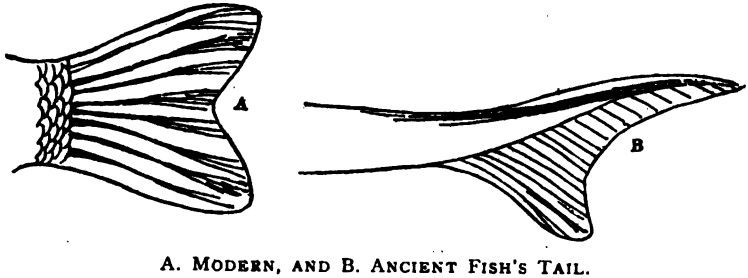
look down into the transparent water, we see him in all his huge proportions. . . . It is now twenty-four days since he attached himself to us, and during that time he has followed us as faithfully as a dog, etc. . . . As the water grew shoaler he left us, with regret unfeigned on our part and apparently so on his."

As we have said, the porpoise and dolphin are also mammals belonging to the whale family; and of the dolphins the largest is the Orca, commonly called "the killer." It often measures twenty feet in length; it is carnivorous, and has a mouth full of sharp, conical teeth, and from its savage nature it may be aptly termed the wolf of the sea. Three or four orcas will attack the biggest whale, aiming at its head, and when they have seized the clumsy creature's lips they endeavor to reach its tongue, which they soon tear into strips, after which they gradually draw their terrified, bleeding prey under the water, where it drowns, and then they devour it at their leisure. And the orcas are as bold as they are fierce; they have actually been known to snatch away a dead whale from the whalemen who were towing it to their ship. Another variety of dolphin is the Narwhal, a native of the Polar seas. It is believed to be a harmless creature; but growing from the left side of its upper jaw is a spiral, cylindrical tusk sometimes ten feet long (occasionally the right tusk is also developed), and this weapon must surely be of some use to it, probably in fighting its enemies. Yet the narwhal has never been known to pierce a vessel, as the sword-fish sometimes does with its sword.

Let us now speak of true fishes, namely, the ones which do not have to come to the surface to breathe; and we may add that the broadest definition of a fish is a cold-blooded vertebrate whose limbs have developed as fins for swimming. As we



A. MODERN, AND B. ANCIENT FISH'S TAIL.

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know, the earliest fishes appear in what is called the Devonian strata (so named because these rocks are well developed in Devonshire, England), and these primitive types are distinguished from the fishes of our age by their tails. All the ancient, Devonian fishes have vertebrated tails—that is to say, the backbone runs through the fins; whereas in modern fishes the backbone ends abruptly in a few large joints. True fishes are what may be termed water-breathers; that is to say, they introduce oxygen into the blood from a current of water which enters by the mouth, bathes the gills, and escapes behind through the gill openings. But, as we have said, there are a few fishes with gills whose life is not exclusively confined to the water; and Professor Karl Semper in *Animal Life as affected by the Natural Conditions of Existence*, page 189, speaks of two curious fishes which he found in the East Indies, and which could quit their native element, although not provided with a lung like

THE PERIOPHTHALMUS.

the ceratodus. "(There) are," he says, "two genera, . . . Periophthalmus and Boleophthalmus; these skip along close to the water-line on the sea-shore, where they hunt for mollusks and insects. In their bronchial cavity, like all fishes, they have true gills; but these, though not differing widely from those of other fishes living constantly in the water, are far from filling up the cavity, which is rather large; and this seems to contain not merely water, but air as well." And we may add that the above-mentioned fishes, which abound on the coast of Ceylon, make their forward leaps by means of the large ventral fins. Professor Moseley, the naturalist of the Challenger Expedition, also speaks of the Periophthalmus and the Boleophthalmus, and he makes the interesting observation that when they are pursued they prefer to escape by taking to the land rather than by swimming. He says: "I have chased one . . . which

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skipped along before me until it reached a rock, where it sat on a ledge out of the water in the sun and waited till I came up, when it skipped along to another rock."

Another curious fish is the Flying-fish, which uses its expanded pectoral fins as wings. Here we see the actual process of transition from one function to another; from propelling through the water to propelling through the air. Now, we may reasonably believe that the progressive development of the flying-fish's pectoral fins has tended to increase its swimming power, and natural selection coming into play, would then put a premium, so to speak, on the most widely spread pectoral fins, so that these, from being used at first only as fins, have come at length to serve as wings; and this has no doubt aided the fish to escape from its enemies. During the time that it remains in the air it is able to traverse as much as an eighth of a mile, keeping three or four feet above the water, and as it flies along it resembles nothing so much as a gigantic dragon-fly; and as the flying-fish is often found in large schools, one is reminded as the vessel cuts through the school of a mower in summer-time cutting a swath through a meadow full of grasshoppers.

Let us now speak of a fish, one variety of which many of us have fished for, namely, the Flat-fish; but the name we know it by is the Flounder. It is remarkable for resting on one side, usually the left side, which is colored white, and its two eyes are on the upper side of the head. Now, in the young flat-fish the eyes are normally situated, one opposite to the other, and both sides of the body are of the same color. But soon the young fish begins to twist its left eye round its head (at this age the skull is cartilagenous) until by and by, after much twisting, the left eye gets to the other side. And this is a wise move on the young fish's part, for since it lies habitually on its left side and close to the bottom, it is evident that the left eye would be of little use to it unless it did travel round to the upper side of the head. This tendency to distortion of the eyes would, of course, be increased through inheritance; and good observers, who have studied the flat-fish, have seen it in the act of twisting its left eye into a position next to the right eye.

The Salmon, of which we shall now say a few words, has been carefully studied by the German professor, Friedrich Miescher, and he states the almost incredible fact that the sal-

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GIANT SPIDER-CRAB.

mon of the Rhine, during the six months of their stay in that river, maintain an absolutely unbroken fast. And the naturalists of the United States Fish Commission state the same fact of the salmon of the Pacific Coast, namely, that they take not a particle of food while they are on the spawning grounds. The fish that enter the Columbia River first ascend the farthest, and many of the first-comers swim as far as Idaho, more than a thousand miles from the sea, leaping many cataracts before they reach the end of their long journey; and when they do arrive at the spawning beds the males begin to fight desperately with one another. Then, after spawning, both the males and females die, and the only salmon that descend the Sacramento, the Columbia, and the rivers of Alaska to the sea are the

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young salmon. The females may be plainly seen swimming round and round the spot where their eggs are deposited; they keep guard to drive away other fish, and in the end die of starvation. And if it be asked why these salmon maintain their unbroken fast, the only answer is, that if they were to feed during the spawning time there would be nothing left for the young fish to eat when they were hatched, and then they too would perish.

We need scarcely say that the three most important food fishes are the Herring, the Shad, and the Codfish. The herring goes in immense schools, and a school of herring will often cover six square miles.

In colonial times the shad abounded in every river along our Atlantic coast; but it is not unlikely that it would have disappeared altogether had not the Federal and State governments come at last to the rescue and established artificial shad hatcheries. But it is now somewhat increasing in numbers, and it has recently been introduced on the Pacific coast, where it was before unknown.

Of the codfish we merely remark that its great importance was early recognized by our New England forefathers, and the

THE SPIKE-FISH.

Colony of Massachusetts did it the honor to place a codfish on the Colonial seal.

As we know, there are fishes in which electrical organs have been developed; but we do not know by what steps this wonderful development has come about, nor do we know of what use it is to the fish. Yet it is not improbable that it serves as a means of defence.

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THE SUN-FISH. *From "Food and Game Fishes of North America." Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.*

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Darwin tells us in *The Origin of Species* that muscular contraction is accompanied by an electrical discharge, and that in the electrical apparatus of the Torpedo during rest there would seem to be a charge of electricity in every respect like that which is met with in muscle and nerve during rest, and the discharge of the torpedo may be only another form of the discharge which attends upon the action of muscle and nerve. It is certainly reasonable to believe that this singular organ is of some use to the fish, and one of these days we may know more about it.

Among the many curious animals in the American Museum of Natural History is a fine specimen of the largest of all crustaceans, namely, the Giant Spider Crab. This crab is found at a depth of 2,000 feet off the coast of Japan, and the one in our museum measures 12 feet from tip to tip of its outstretched claws. But a much larger giant spider crab has been captured which measures 22 feet.

Space forbids us to do more than to call the reader's attention—and very briefly—to three other fishes and to the Florida Manatee. The Spike-fish, a native of the West Indies, grows to a length of six feet, and is an excellent food fish. But fishing for it is dangerous, for it is armed with a terrible spear, and it has been known to rush upon a boat and kill the fisherman; nor will it hesitate to fight a shark. The Sun-fish is a creature with an enormous head, to which very small fins are attached. Its length is over eight feet; it weighs nearly a ton, and it spends most of its time resting on top of the water; and as it floats lazily about in the tropical sunshine, with the waves rippling over it, it is easily harpooned. Of the Moon-fish we merely say that it is found on both coasts of South America, and that it is well worth looking at. The Florida Manatee, or sea cow, is a mammal which measures about ten feet from the nose to the end of the tail; it bears only one calf a year, and was once very common in the rivers of Florida. But through the persecution of man it will probably soon disappear, and then it will be found only in museums.

We conclude our article on the sea and its inhabitants by saying that fishes may play an important part in the distribution of plants. Observation shows that fish inhabiting ponds and small streams eat the seeds of certain plants. Now, a fish with seeds in it may be devoured by a heron, and the heron

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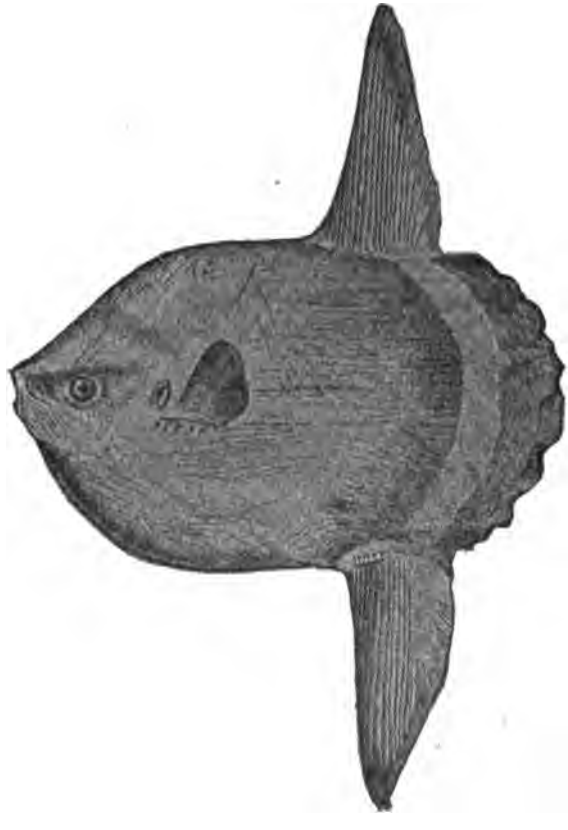
may then fly off to its nest miles away, or perhaps be carried by a gale of wind to a distant coast, where the seeds which were contained in the fish may germinate after being rejected by the bird. On this subject Darwin, in *The Origin of Species*, makes some interesting observations, and when we read what he says we realize as we never did before how many things in natural history may be made clear to us, if we only go out under the blue sky and study and observe for ourselves. And of all the books which man may read, none is so wholesome for his body and his mind as the book of Nature.

NOTE.—Books referred to: "Leçons de Géographie Physique." By Prof. A. de Lapparent, Institut Catholique, Paris.——"Animal Life as affected by the Natural Conditions of Existence." By Karl Semper.——"Darwin and after Darwin." By Romaines.——"Summary of Results of the Challenger Expedition."——"The Marine Mammals of the Northwestern Coast of North America." By Captain Charles M. Scammon, United States Revenue Marine.



THE MOON-FISH. *Courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.*

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HERMAN JOSEPH VON MALLINCKRODT,

THE CHIEF FOUNDER AND FIRST LEADER OF THE CENTRE PARTY.

BY REV. GEORGE F. WEIBEL, S.J.

DIOS no muere! exclaimed in a last effort the martyr-president of Ecuador, as he felt the cold steel of the assassin cleave his fearless breast. "*Dios no muere!*"—God does not die! Then he fell on the threshold of the temple of the living God—a fragrant holocaust, sprinkled with his own warm life-blood, a rich libation to the God who does not die. "*Dios no muere!*"—God does not die!—sublime principle of a life sublime.

Hardly a twelvemonth before the foul deed struck grief and woe into the hearts of a faithful people in Latin America old Europe echoed the undying watchword of another dying champion of the Cross. "*Per Crucem ad Lucem*"—Through the Cross to Joy! Such was the battle-cry of the immortal Herman von Mallinckrodt, the chief organizer and first leader of the Centre Party in the German Parliament. Clear and strong it rang through the halls of the assembled Reichstag—a pledge of victory to his few followers in the hour of deepest gloom; a shout of heroic defiance to the Iron Chancellor in the heyday of his power: "*Per Crucem ad Lucem*"—Through the Cross to Joy!—then the warrior sank exhausted on the arena.

Many a year has passed since they laid him to rest under the old linden-trees, near St. Meinulph's Chapel. Catholic Germany grieved and sorrowed at his tomb, even as Ireland wept O'Connell and Juda her Machabee. In the quiet Westphalian valley sleeps the hero in his modest grave. "Now and then a solitary pilgrim may be seen coming through the forest glades to lay a tribute of love and gratitude on his last resting-place."

The tidal wave of the "Kulturkampf" came rolling wild and threatening. It hurled its darkling mass against the bul-

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wark reared in defence of the sanctuary. The chief builder and guard squarely faced the storm. He could, and no doubt would, be swept away; the granite-built dike, his handiwork, never. The unchecked element came rushing on. A roar and a crash; the breastwork shook and quaked to its nethermost foundation, but broke the onslaught of the tempest.

To-day the storm has abated considerably. The Church in Germany breathes more freely. Although still harassed in many ways, the children reap with joy where the fathers sowed in sorrow. But now France, formerly Catholic *par excellence*, has become the vantage-ground of the enemies of Christ. In our own States a new spirit is quickening into life and action the scattered members of the Body Catholic. Hence the moment may not be ill-suited for a brief study of the man, the mighty man in word and deed, who taught Catholics the warfare of the modern crusader.

Herman Joseph von Mallinckrodt was born at Minden, in Westphalia, on the 5th of February, 1821, of the old stock of Northwestern Germany. His father, Detmar von Mallinckrodt, although a Protestant, was a man of singular sincerity and strength of character. During the ephemeral reign of Jerome Bonaparte in Westphalia he incurred the displeasure of the usurper, and barely escaped the forfeit of his head for his loyalty to the Fatherland. After the expulsion of the Napoleons from German territory, Detmar von Mallinckrodt served the Prussian government with distinction in various civil capacities. These earned for him promotion to the governmental vice-presidency of Aix-la-Chapelle. This incorruptible fidelity in the discharge of civic and official duties found a counterpart in his scrupulous care to fulfil engagements of a more private nature. He gave a signal proof of this unswerving devotion to duty at the death of his Catholic wife, in 1834. In fulfilment of the promise made at his marriage, to educate the children in the religion of their mother, he confided their religious instruction to a distinguished ecclesiastic, the Rev. A. G. Claessens, later on provost and subsequently Auxiliary Bishop of Cologne. Herman ever cherished a grateful remembrance of his father's earnestness, sincerity, and high sense of honor.

The greatest blessing, however, of Mallinckrodt's childhood was the watchful care of a truly Christian mother. If we can

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trace to his high-minded father the boy's nobility and strength of soul, it was to the virtuous mother that he owed his strong religious convictions. A lady of rank and of fine parts, endowed with rare gifts of mind and heart, Bernardina von Mallinckrodt, *née* von Hartman, was above all things the type of a Christian mother. Her husband's honorable station, as well as her own family connections, forced her to move in the highest society of the old city of Charlemagne. But her heart was with her family. She it was who brought to the fireside that undefinable charm for which the Mallinckrodt home was so well known. She too it was who instilled into the tender minds of her children those principles of faith which gave to Catholic Germany its providential defender, and to the church the saintly foundress of a religious congregation.* Herman was just beginning to appreciate her enlightened care for himself and the other members of the household when a malignant fever undermined her health. Ere long the angel of death claimed her for his own.

The blow was hard, very hard indeed. Its consequences might easily have proved fatal to the religious life of the children. Happily the bereaved family found in its very midst a member worthy to replace the departed mother. Pauline, the oldest child, was seventeen. She had just completed her education at the then famous St. Leonard's Academy, and had given promise of becoming a leading woman in the great social world. Just when the future lay invitingly before her in all its roseate hue, the maiden vowed in her heart never to taste of the tempting cup. Christ Jesus was to be her portion for ever. The death of her mother delayed the execution of her heroic resolve. It was she who now assumed the direction of the household. The burden would have been a heavy one, even for stronger shoulders. On the one hand a Protestant father; on the other, two brothers and a sister just emerging from childhood: Pauline's position was of a delicate nature, and required consummate tact and prudence. The emergency, however, found her equal to the task. It is true her father, in admiration for the self-sacrificing spirit of his eldest daughter, was full of consideration; nor did Bertha, the younger sister, a child not yet ten, prove a source of trouble. But the management of the two boys, George and Herman, was by no

* Pauline von Mallinckrodt was born in 1817.

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means a sinecure. They were full of fun and juvenile pranks, and at an age when discretion is conspicuous by its absence. Herman seems to have been especially known for his boyish escapades. A close friend of the Mallinckrodts wrote years ago in the following strain concerning our hero's boyhood: "Even in those early days he impressed me as a wide-awake lad. I can easily recall the little boy, rosy-cheeked, flaxen-curled, and bubbling over with animal spirits. He was full of pranks and tricks. But no one ever could harbor the slightest grudge against the little harumscarum; there was in his make-up something so open, good, and true."

Many a time "the old woman," as the two youngsters playfully dubbed their motherly sister, must have found her gravity disregarded, perhaps even her authority set at naught. Still she had but seldom to apply to the father for support. Even the appeal to this supreme court did not always right matters. Thus, one day, Pauline, in a flutter of excitement, called on the authority of Herr Vice-President. The latter rushed from his office to the scene of the disturbance, determined to use drastic measures for its speedy suppression. On entering the open door of the room he surprised the two evil-doers vigorously engaged in bombarding an imaginary foe on the frescoed ceiling with the school-boy's never failing ammunition—spitballs. The sight proved too much for the nervous system of the dignified officer of the state; and, says a family tradition, to the unbounded delight of the two combatants, he joined in the attack with his more powerful piece of artillery.

In spite of those occasional serio-comic scenes, the domestic circle remained what it had been under the régime of Madam von Mallinckrodt—a model Christian household. "My spirit shall ever hover near you," had been the mother's dying words. The Almighty granted her request. All hearts were strongly knit together. The union between brothers and sisters became proverbial among outsiders. In the absence of that universal receptacle of all childish grief and joy, a mother's loving, sympathetic heart, it was but natural for the children to rely on one another for consolation, encouragement, and support.

Detmar von Mallinckrodt was a model gentleman. Second to none in business capacity, he was the peer of all in high-bred manners and deportment. His children were to enjoy a similar distinction. The father spared neither money nor

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trouble in the furtherance of this purpose. Herman and George, at the completion of their grammar-school course, attended the gymnasium in their paternal city. Private tutors of tried ability were specially detailed to insure and supplement the regular class work. The boys' marked success rewarded their father's earnest efforts. Herman, besides a knowledge of the ancient classics, thoroughly mastered his own native German, spoke French fluently, and read English with ease. The *Vicar of Wakefield* became his life-long friend. And even in later years, when oppressed with work, he would at times unbend his mind in the refreshing company of some British or American author. Although of good talent, Mallinckrodt was not what is properly termed a genius in his college course. Moreover he had to contend, during those years, against the obnoxious influence of a naturally weak constitution. Steady work then, not brilliancy, was the sole secret of his literary success.

During this laying of a general foundation for the superstructure of a special course in the learned branches, physical and social culture were given due attention. Herman, who never did things by halves, achieved distinction in both. He became a swordsman of mark, a skilful horseman, and acquired fame at the bowling-alley. These invigorating exercises chiefly formed the cycle of his athletics. Whilst affording him the necessary relaxation from continuous mental application, they gradually built up his physique, thus fitting him more and more for his great life-work. But even more than in athletics, Herman excelled in social accomplishments. His noble bearing, happy blending of ease and modesty, along with a scrupulous care of personal attire and general etiquette, but above all the undefinable charm that flows from a pure mind and a cheerful heart, opened before the young man the door of many a distinguished household, which the sole influence of his name, great as it was, could never have unbarred. Well might the press, after his death, eulogize him on the score of personal appearance: "In person Mallinckrodt resembled what we may consider the ideal portrait of a Spanish nobleman of the sixteenth century. Tall, spare, ascetic-looking, yet dressed with extreme care and even elegance, there was something in his expression that reminded one alternately of the humility of a monk and the ease and self-possession of a cavalier. His small, classically-shaped head,

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close-cropped beard, and dark, sparkling eyes, rendered his appearance striking and remarkable everywhere; while in his courteous, high-bred manner lay more of Christian kindliness than the mere polish of a man of the world."

But we anticipate. It was during his college course that Mallinckrodt, after a thorough preparation for these two great events of his youth, made his first holy Communion, and received the sacrament of the soldiership of Christ at the hands of the Auxiliary Bishop, Charles Adalbert, of Cologne. Once admitted to partake of the Eucharistic banquet, the young collegian made it his duty to avail himself frequently of its life-giving refreshment. To this salutary use of the sacraments must be chiefly attributed the firm mastery he kept over passions just beginning imperiously to assert their unwelcome presence. Other agents, it is true, were also at work for securing that same happy result. For while Pauline, the *alter ego* of the departed mother, radiated a wholesome religious warmth at the fireside, the thoroughly Catholic atmosphere of old Aix-la-Chapelle proved most conducive to strengthen and develop the moral life of our student.

In the midst of these various influences for good, Herman von Mallinckrodt spent a youth to which, in later years, his memory could revert with unmixed feelings of satisfaction and joy.

In the fall of 1838 Mallinckrodt, then only seventeen, graduated with honor from the gymnasium. He determined to embrace his father's career. Accordingly, we find the young man, during the next four years, studying jurisprudence at the universities of Berlin and Bonn. Like most university students away from home, he was now his own master, accountable for his actions to none but God and his conscience. This sudden change from the genial Catholicity of the old Carlovingian city to the chilly Protestant environment in the Prussian capital, far from proving a stumbling-block to our graduate's inexperience, only brought out to greater advantage the strong texture of his character. It is true he was not altogether left alone to tack against the adverse gale and stem the powerful current of Berlin's learned infidelity. On his arrival in the northern metropolis he was tendered a hearty welcome by a small knot of Catholic students. A few of them were his intimate personal acquaintances. There was his brother George;

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there was Joseph Lingens, a "chum" from earliest boyhood, and others—sturdy Westphalians and staunch Catholics, who, in later years, were to figure prominently among the first recruits of the Centre Party. Those were days of unrest and anxious expectation. Religious and political difficulties were in the air everywhere. The past—if we may so call the few years that had elapsed since Napoleon's meteoric passage across the political horizon,—the past had been anything but consoling; the future lay concealed in gloom, and was pregnant with the sad events that culminated in the revolutionary upheavals of 1848. Our young university men clung together all the more closely. The days were spent in attending lectures in their respective courses and going through the ordinary round of their daily duties. Of evenings they would meet at their lodgings for mutual support, encouragement, and relaxation.

The fact that during those friendly gatherings Mallinckrodt was first introduced to the burning questions of the day, in both church and state, is ample proof of the tone that prevailed, as well as of the young men's intellectual and moral standing. It was there, also, that he learned to know and appreciate the *Historisch-politische Blätter*, a publication that, since the days of Goerres, has been the exponent of some of the best Catholic thought in Germany. Withal our young men were a jolly set, who knew how to season the useful with the agreeable. Serious discussions and animated debates were wisely interspersed with healthful recreations and amusements. The two Mallinckrodts, *par nobile fratrum*, were among the most noted for fun and for work.

From Berlin Herman von Mallinckrodt moved to Bonn, on the Rhine. The change of place brought on no slackening of studious habits. Here, as elsewhere, he was a student in the best sense of the word—diligent and consistent in his work, in matters religious dutiful in the extreme.

As far as the writer is able to ascertain, there flitted but one shadow across the unclouded path of his university life. Mallinckrodt's conduct was at variance, for a time, with the strict legislation of the church regarding duels. We have, however, cogent reasons to believe that, in his case, an error of mind misguided his sincere heart. Moreover, the illusion was but short-lived; his atonement for it, characteristic of the man. In 1847 the Prussian minister of war declared that duelling was a

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duty incumbent on every army officer; "a sacrifice"—to use his own words—"on the altar of patriotism." Mallinckrodt, then a breveted lieutenant of the "Landwehr," had seen his error of the past, and was determined to make a public profession of principles. He wrote in the following terms to a higher officer of his battalion: " . . . It is now several years since I have reached the conviction, based on religious and ethical principles, and on the unequivocal declarations of my church, that the practice of duelling is in direct opposition to religion and morality. Hence arises for me the strict duty in conscience to decline the acceptance of a duel, under any circumstances whatever. . . . The above-mentioned expressions of his excellency the minister forced me to examine whether reasons of honor oblige me to resign my lieutenancy. I have reached a negative conclusion. My motives are plain; I cannot bring myself to admit that duelling is a law at all; hence it is no duty for an army officer; nor is it universally considered as such." Then refuting one by one the minister's flimsy arguments for enforcing the practice of duelling, Mallinckrodt says in conclusion: " . . . After this public declaration of the head of the army, I thought it my duty to expose to the Counsellor of Honor my contrary conviction, as well as my future line of action."

In penning the above lines Mallinckrodt fully realized that his action meant most probably dismissal from the "Landwehr," perhaps even ostracism from former companions and friends. But to temporal advantages and prospects, however bright and honorable, he could not, and would not, sacrifice his Catholic principles.

The year 1842 brought Mallinckrodt's university course to a successful close. He now entered the civil service. It would be of little interest to our readers to follow him, during the next ten years, in his official wanderings up and down the country. At the call of duty he took up his abode successively in most distant sections of the realm; sometimes even, whilst stationed in the same district, he had to exchange one occupation for another. Thus, for instance, when at Minden, in the course of seven weeks he was assigned five different employments.

These multiplied changes of location and department were necessarily accompanied by many annoyances and troubles. Moreover they implied disregard, if not distrust. Mallinckrodt

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bore the burden with the calm of a philosopher and the endurance of a Christian. Writing from Minden, he thus expresses his sentiments on the matter: " . . . I've made up my mind meanwhile simply to ignore all the snubbing. It will be a test of patience and self-control. Should I fail in this, I am afraid I 'll be carrying on, *à la* Herman, words and deeds blunt and plain."

On the other hand, he knew how to look at the bright side of his difficulties. He consoled himself with the thought "that his employment in the various branches, his acquaintance with the different prescriptions and practices, would be a fine preparation for the future." And indeed to Mallinckrodt's observant mind they did prove a schooling for a career of which he himself did not, at the time, even dream. Owing to his extensive knowledge of the ramifications of the civil service, and a vast personal experience of men and things, in provinces most distant, the parliamentarian of later years was able to grapple with the difficulties of almost any question brought up for debate, and with surprising quickness and accuracy propose satisfactory solutions.

The scene of his present activity generally lay among heterodox surroundings. As a consequence, during those many years of state service he could no longer fall back on the bracing sympathy and counsel of devoted friends and advisers. This isolation from centres of Catholic thought and energy was keenly felt by that strong but withal refined character. It must have grated all the more harshly on his sensibilities, as it was neither chance nor necessity, but a latent feeling of Protestant antipathy, that inspired the administration in its studied exclusion of Catholic officials from congenial environment. Men of Mallinckrodt's pronounced type were in an especial degree *personæ minus gratæ* to the powers that be.

This same petty spirit of intolerance debarred our functionary from promotion to more honorable positions, to which his talent and previous services entitled him before other competitors. Thus, to cite but one instance out of many, there happened to be a vacancy in a provincial chancellorship, in the district of Eichsfeld. Mallinckrodt was proposed to the first president of that place as a candidate of superior merit. "I have nothing at all against the man," the latter replied, "and if there is an opening for similar advancement elsewhere I shall

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willingly support him. But here, in Catholic Eichsfeld, it is impossible to appoint a Catholic counsellor."

This systematic disregard for Mallinckrodt's talent and merit found a strong rebuke in his brilliant administration of the first mayoralty of Erfurt. The influence of a Protestant friend had secured for him the temporary occupancy of this post of honor. The city of Luther's predilection with Mallinckrodt, the Jesuit mayor, as the press styled him, at the helm of her administration, must indeed have presented a strange sight to the outside observer. Yet the prudence, tact, and ability of their ultramontane head so completely won the confidence and admiration of the heterodox burghers, that they conferred upon him in most flattering terms the freedom of the city.

Meanwhile the spirit of primeval rebellion and anarchy had breathed his pestilential breath over the face of Europe. At his baneful "fiat" the nations were seized with revolutionary vertigo. Peace and justice fled. Abortive forms of government sprang into existence, only to relapse into their original nothingness. Even the phlegmatic North was seized with the fever. Mallinckrodt followed the march of events with keenest interest. At the critical moment he entered the lists in behalf of altar and throne. It was his first appearance in the political arena.

The storm of 1848 blew over. Mallinckrodt withdrew to the peaceful solitude of his brother's home at Boeddeken. Shortly after, in 1849, he was to pass the required state examination for assessor or assistant in the higher civil administration. By way of immediate preparation he worked for several months, spending, some days, as many as fourteen hours in close application. The theme he had chosen was indicative of the mental maturity of the young jurist, and revealed at the same time the basis of his political views. It read as follows: "Among the great problems, the solution of which we may well expect from the near future, the establishment of real religious equality in Prussia occupies one of the foremost places. It is from the relations of the state to the church that the true idea of the *jus circa sacra* must be derived. They alone can serve as a standard for gauging the extent of that power in its more important bearings, as a basis and norm for framing and discussing, in this connection, laws and their essential clauses."

The juridical works which Mallinckrodt consulted on this sub-

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ject did not satisfy his inquiring mind. Hence he determined to work out his thesis by dint of original investigation. Decisions of the Council of Trent, works of old canonists, were consulted by turns, in order to obtain sufficient information on the matter. At length our jurist felt certain that his position was unassailable. Every stone in the argumentative structure had been so well hewn and polished and fitted that there was not left a chink wherein to insert the wedge of an attack. The censor pronounced the treatise excellent—remarking, however, that its whole tenor was too strongly in favor of the church. The candidate, nevertheless, was at liberty to publish his production. Mallinckrodt, as he afterwards told one of his friends, had never to retract a single one of the principles he then advocated; he had only to let them develop themselves more fully. In this work the author laid the foundation for the great part which he was to play in the fierce struggle of the state against the church.

The examination over, the new assessor was certain of a permanent position, and capable of promotion to higher dignities. But nothing more was ever accorded him than an appointment, in 1860, as counsellor of the administration. We have seen that his strong Catholic principles were for the Prussian government an insurmountable obstacle to his being elevated to a post corresponding to his eminent ability. Thus was he made a victim of that high-handed injustice towards Catholic officials, the abolition of which he had so energetically advocated in his examination theme. It is true, Mallinckrodt occupied, for a short time, a prominent position in the ministry of the interior; but his call to that high office was, on the part of the president of the cabinet, rather a move on the parliamentary chess-board than a desire to honor the great man.

Finally, in 1872, when Might had become Right in the code of the Iron Chancellor, Mallinckrodt completely severed his official relations with the state. He was unwilling to see his stainless name even remotely connected with an administration which, for trampling under foot men's most sacred rights, stern history must brand for ever with the dishonoring stigma of injustice and tyranny.

Mallinckrodt was twice married. In 1860 he led his first wife, Elizabeth von Bernhard, to God's holy altar, there to obtain his divine blessing on their nuptial union. No doubt

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many reasons may be assigned for the long delay which he allowed to elapse before looking for the comforts and joys of an independent home. The fundamental cause, however—one that must increase our esteem for the man an hundredfold—we learn from a private communication of his to an intimate friend. The fact of the matter was that Mallinckrodt was thinking seriously of leading a virginal life. His mind had been deeply impressed—we have his own testimony for it—with the word of the Apostle: "For I would that all men were even as myself; but every one hath his proper gift from God: one after this manner, and another after that" (I. Cor. vii. 7). This thought stood habitually and in clear outlines before his mind, and caused him to procrastinate, petitioning Heaven for light. Under the influence of that same idea he wrote, half in joke and half in earnest, to a near relative, "that he had not yet hired out as a lay-brother among the friars." "Nothing remains for me," he says elsewhere, "but to spend the Lenten season devoutly, to commend myself to the good pleasure of the Highest Court, and to ask Pauline and the others for recommendations to the same address." The light so much prayed for finally did shine upon his hesitating spirit. Engaged in the ministry of the interior, at the same time a representative in the Prussian House, he was forced, much against his will, to take up his lodgings with Jew and Gentile. In days of sickness he was entirely at the mercy of strangers. This state of things could not last. The wiser course for a man in his circumstances was the establishment of a place which he could really call his home. Then came the delicate question of choosing a congenial companion for life. Providence led her in his way, in the person of Elizabeth von Bernhard, the descendant of a titled family in Bavaria. Their married life, entered upon as it was by the will and with the blessing of the Almighty, proved a most happy one for our Christian couple. Not indeed that their pathway was always strewn with roses. Thorns, many and sharp, frequently obstructed their passage. Sicknesses and deaths of beloved children, even for a time anxiety about financial affairs, visited at brief intervals the Mallinckrodt home. But the patience and fortitude of the parents overcame all obstacles and caused them to press forward courageously on the royal road of the Cross. The already strained limits of this study forbid us to venture

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on a more detailed description of the domestic circle. Suffice it to state that peace and mutual love, based on the Apostle's teaching for married Christians, reigned there supreme.

In the first months of their union the new couple acquired by purchase the large property of Mittenheim, in Upper Bavaria. This country seat became for several years their summer residence, until they made it their permanent home, during Mallinckrodt's parliamentary recess, from 1863 to 1867. In the meantime Düsseldorf, and later on Merseburg, the scene of Mallinckrodt's activity as counsellor of the government, were chosen as abodes. In 1872 a maternal aunt of his assigned Herman von Mallinckrodt the landed property of Nordborchen, in Westphalia, the family seat of his mother. He himself, in days long gone by, had spent there many a happy hour. The offer of his aunt was gratefully accepted; and June of the same year saw the new master with his family installed on the old maternal homestead.

It was during the first oppressive years of the Kulturkampf that the happy union was rudely burst asunder. Death, by snatching his faithful wife from Mallinckrodt's side, added a domestic cross of untold bitterness to the overwhelming public grief of the great Catholic champion. Intense was his sorrow at the loss of his gentle helpmate, who had cheered for him many an hour when he returned weary and fatigued from his battles for God and the Church. Still, it could not prevent him from seeing the absolute necessity of giving a new mother to his five children, of whom the oldest was only a little over ten. This was all the more an imperative duty, as he himself was chained to the far-away capital, where the little phalanx of Freedom, Truth, and Justice anxiously awaited his command. In February, 1874, Thecla von Bernhard, the sister of his first wife, consented to take the place and assume the duties of a mother in the Nordborchen home. The marriage took place at Munich. Eight days later the great leader stood again in the front of the fray in the Reichstag. Little did he, or any one else, suspect that within three months his new bride was to don the widow's weeds; that his children, orphans for the second time, were to kneel at the grave of their beloved father.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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BRITTANY AND ITS PEOPLE.

BY THOMAS O'HAGAN, PH.D.

ONE of the most interesting corners of France is Brittany. I designate it as a corner, since in its peninsular form it is set away by itself within the embrace of the English Channel and the Atlantic Ocean. But its individuality is not alone geographical; it is as well ethnological and historical. The Bretons are a people differentiated from the French in language, customs, and ideals. They hold kinship with the Celts of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales.

Brittany, whose ancient name was Armorica (*Ar môr*, by the sea), was originally peopled by the race of the Dolmen-builders, a brown-eyed and dark-haired people who strewed it with their monuments. Little remains or is known of the Armoricans. It is supposed that the Bigandens, as they are called, who occupy the promontory of Sizun and Pont l'Abbé, directly south of Quimper, are descendants of the Armoricans.

From Pliny and Cæsar we learn little about the first inhabitants of Brittany, or, as it was then called, Armorica. Pliny calls Brittany "the looking-on peninsula of the ocean." In the time of Cæsar the country was divided into five distinct tribal divisions nearly corresponding to the present five departments of Brittany. It was in the great naval battle before Dariobrigum that Cæsar succeeded finally in subjugating the Armoricans.

But it was in vain that the Romans endeavored to replace among the Armoricans the cult of druidism with the worship of the Roman gods. The Armoricans only abandoned the religion of the druids to embrace Christianity, which was introduced into Brittany during the fourth century by the disciples of St. Martin of Tours. The monks who came to Brittany from England and Ireland during the sixth and seventh centuries completed the work.

There are two theories as to the causes which impelled the Bretons to pass over from England to Brittany. The first that a Breton chief, Con Meriadec, bent on conquest, landed in

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Armorica and made himself master of the country by force of arms. The second theory, and the more probable, is that the Bretons, flying from the Anglo-Saxons, sought shelter in Armorica, and that this emigration continued for two or three centuries, till at last, little by little, they completely absorbed the Armoricans and gave their name to the country.

Brittany of to-day has a population of about 3,250,000. The increase in its population surpasses that of any other part of France, as may be seen from the fact that against this 3,250,000 inhabitants it had but 2,947,348 in 1872.

The Breton tongue is yet the habitual language of 1,500,000, of whom about 500,000 know no other language. The Breton is not a uniform language, but comprises four dialects: the Tregorois, the Léon, the Cornouaillais, and the Vannetais.

It is to be regretted that the French government of to-day has shown itself so unjust and hostile to the Breton people. They deserve better of the Republic. While the beautiful Celtic language, so rich in epithet, so harmonious in its word relation, may be and is taught in the schools of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, it is proscribed in Brittany, and in 1902 an order was addressed by M. Combes to all the bishops and clergy of Lower Brittany forbidding them to preach in the language understood by the people, on pain of withdrawal of their stipends. It is needless to say that the order has been properly disregarded.

In speaking of the establishment of Christianity in Brittany it should be noted that the Irish missionaries bore a prominent part in the work. When Ireland, through the teachings of St. Patrick, turned from druidism to the Cross the spirit which stirred into religious life the Celt of Ireland soon reached the shores of Brittany, and as a consequence missionary colleges for the training of young men for the priesthood were established there almost coeval with their foundation in Ireland. Indeed, the work of the evangelization of Ireland seems to have sent a religious thrill through Brittany.

The principal Irish founders in the country were: Fiacc, Bishop of Sletty, called in Breton Vi'ho; Tighernac, Bishop of Clogher and Clones, in Breton Thegounec; Eugenius, Bishop of Ardstraw, in Breton Saint Tugean; Senan, Abbot of Inniscathy, in Breton Seny; Setna his disciple, in Breton Sezni; Conleath, in Breton Conlitz, Ronan, and Brendan.

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The principal British founders were: Cadoc, Brioc, Tugdual, Lenore, Paulus Aurelianus, Curig, Caradoc, Gildas, Kenneth, David, Samson, Malo, Arthmael Meven, and Mancen or Mawgan—the latter closely allied with the Irish mission. Nonna, mother of St. David, Ninnoc, Noyala, and disciples of St. Bridget, established in Brittany institutions for the education of the daughters of the freemen of the tribe to which the schools were attached.

Theodore Botrel, the Breton bard, in the title poem of one of his latest works, *Chansons de Chez Nous*, makes reference to and acknowledgment of Irish missionary work in his native country. Let me quote the first four stanzas of this poem—so patriotic, so simple, so full of the directness and spirit of the true minstrel:

"Chez nous, le 'Chez nous,' de là bas
C'est Toi, cher petit coin de terre
Qui pars d'Ille-et-Vilaine et vas
Finir avec le Finistére;

C'est Toi, l'aïeulè aux grands yeux doux
Des Celtes aux larges épaules,
Au cœur fort, aux long cheveux roux
Premiers fils de premières Gaules;

C'est Toi, la terre des granit
Et de l'immense et morne lande,
Pieuse Armor au sol bénit
Par les grands saints venus d'Irlande,

Où l'on recontre à chaque pas
Des menhirs près des Christ en pierre,
Où le ciel est si bas, si bas
Qu'on y voit monten son priére!"

But not only did Irish missionaries carry the torch of faith into Brittany, large numbers of the Irish from the south of Ireland—from Wexford and Ossory—passed over and settled in Brittany during the close of the fifth century, along the west and north coast. The coast-line of Cornouaille and Léon was studded thick with them. It was unfortunate for Brittany that

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her position made her a prey to invasion early in the centuries. Now the Huns ravaged her interior, now Saxon, Frisian, and Dane preyed upon her coasts. Then too, as in Ireland, want of cohesion among the chieftains or princes weakened her resistance in battling with an invading foe.

Yet Brittany has marched down the centuries full of honor —wearing the garb of heroic achievement. Her history is starred with brilliant deeds on land and sea. It is true she has at times yielded—as what people or nation has not?—to the capricious vicissitudes of fortune. But the life of Brittany and the ideal of the Breton people have been a logical unit through the centuries.

There are nations that develop, but lose sight of their ideal. They march rapidly, but blindly. This cannot be said of Brittany. She has ever held tenaciously to her moral centre. Other peoples have stained their escutcheons; she has not. Brittany is an embodiment of Celtic moral life. She is an embodiment too of Celtic idealism.

What is her history through the centuries? In brief it is this: Till the middle of the tenth century Brittany was engaged in continual warfare with Danes and Northmen, who harassed her shores. These vandals from the north pillaged and destroyed the churches of Brittany and turned the country into a waste. At length the Britons in 938, with Alan Barbetorte, godson of Athelstan, King of England, at their head, succeeded in driving out the Northmen. The country was then reorganized. Hitherto the colonists had been divided into tribes, each of which was a *plou* and into which no Gallo-Roman could enter. But after the victories of Alan Barbetorte the *plous* were not reconstructed, and the feudal system succeeded to that which was tribal.

Brittany was now broken up into a hierarchy of counties and seigneuries, and the king abandoned the royal title and contented himself with that of duke. The great counties were those of Léon, Cornouaille, Coher, Porhoët, Penthièvre, Rennes, and Nantes. Five barons defended the eastern frontier, holding their fiefs under the Count of Rennes; these were Châteaubriant, La Guerche, Vitré, Fongères, and Combourg.

When William the Conqueror became King of England Brittany was nipped between France and Normandy, and became an object of ambition to both and a common battlefield.

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It will be remembered that Henry II., King of England, married his son Geoffrey Plantagenet to Constance, daughter of Conan IV., the heiress of Brittany, and Geoffrey was crowned at Rennes in 1169. It was Arthur, son of Geoffrey, and not John Lackland—or, as the French designate him, Jean Sans Terre—who, on the death of Richard Cœur de Lion, was the rightful heir to the English throne. To get rid of Arthur, John had him first imprisoned in the tower of Rouen and then cruelly murdered. But Shakspere's story in the play of "King John"—which, by the way, is a political not an historical play—of Constance, mother of Arthur, dying broken-hearted is not true. Constance married Guy de Thouars, and had by him a daughter and heiress, who was married to Pierre de Dreux.

In 1491 the history of Brittany as an independent country ceases. On December 6 of that year Anne Duchess of Brittany, in the château of Langeais in Touraine, married Charles VIII., King of France. The contract safeguarded the liberties of Brittany, but alas! how have not these liberties been violated, how have not Breton rights been ignored! To-day the whole force of the French government is directed towards crushing the Breton people.

The so-called Reformation—which was rather a rebellion than a reformation—of the sixteenth century made little headway in Brittany. When Henry IV., King of France, came to the throne, in 1589, he was a Calvinist. There were at this time in Brittany three parties mutually antagonistic—the Leaguers, supporters of the house of Guise, the Huguenots, and the Royalists. Nantes became the headquarters of the League. The Huguenots from Vitré and the castles of the family of Rohan, who had espoused the new faith, swept the country, ravaging and burning. Nine years of war ensued between 1589 and 1598, during which Brittany was almost depopulated. But the attempt to graft Calvinism on the Catholic tree of faith planted in Brittany by co-laborers of St. Patrick proved a failure.

When we pass to the French Revolution of 1789 we see what a noble stand the Breton peasantry made against the bloodthirsty ruffians who had grasped the reins of power. As Baring-Gould, the English author, in his work on Brittany tells us: "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity in the mouths of

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these latter meant Tyranny, Robbery, and Massacre. Again the soil of Brittany was drenched in blood. The curés were hunted like wild beasts, and when caught were hung, guillotined, or shot. Under the Reign of Terror the moderate Breton deputies, who belonged to the party of the Girondins, had to fly for their lives. The Convention sent down into Brittany Carrier and others, the scum of humanity, to 'purify' the country. Twenty-eight Girondists were guillotined at Brest. Any one who was held suspect was at once sent to his death. The Loire at Nantes was choked with the bodies of inoffensive men, women, and children drowned in the Noyades."

I have already said that the Bretons have tenaciously held to their ideals and battled for them. With the deep fervency of the Celt, whose meaning of life is ever interpreted in terms of piety and faith, the Bretons live in the world of the spiritual, and the beauty of its mansions have entered their souls. They are linked to heaven by a childlike faith, and seem to have ever before them their baptismal and confirmation vows. Men wiser in sin and vainer in reason charge them with superstition, but they are content with their allegiance to God. Him they will serve despite any mandate of Cæsar.

I shall never forget the impression that these honest, simple, trustful, and pious people made upon me as I journeyed through their country last summer. It was a beautiful morning in July as our boat, setting out from Southampton in England the evening before, reached St. Malo. This is a good point to begin a tour of Brittany. You should begin with a study of the Malouin before you enter the heart of Brittany.

The Malouin is a sailor—essentially so. Something about the old walled city of St. Malo, with its six gates, its high tides, its countless sails moving unceasingly hither and thither —like winged birds upon the deep—its atmosphere of the sea, together with that free, social, and jovial character of comradeship which is the dower of marine cities that have been dreaming for centuries, now lulled, now awakened by the songs of the deep—something about this old, quaint, and historic city tells you—without the memory of history—that here indeed the great Malouin explorer Jacques Cartier was born.

In the Cathedral of St. Malo, which is partly Gothic and partly Renaissance, you read within the chancel upon the floor these words:

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ICI
S'EST AGENOUILLÉ
JACQUES CARTIER.
POUR RECEVOIR LA BÉNÉDICTION
À SON DEPART POUR LA DÉCOUVERTE
DU CANADA LE MAI, 1535.

HONORE MERCIER,
PREMIER MINISTRE DE QUÉBEC,
SOUVENIR DE LA VISITE
1891.

As I stood reading this commemorative inscription, full of patriotic import to every Canadian heart, I thought of the beautiful lines penned by that gifted Irish balladist, Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee:

"In the seaport of St. Malo 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
In the crowded old Cathedral all the town were on their knees,
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas."

But Cartier was not the only daring soul cradled in St. Malo. Here was also born, June 10, 1673, Duguay-Trouïn, one of the boldest seamen who ever commanded a privateer. When but twenty-one years of age Louis XIV. commissioned him as captain in the royal marine. His great feat was the capture of Rio de Janeiro the 21st September, 1711.

As with the Norwegian so with the Breton, something in his nature links him with the mystery and drama of the sea. Mayhap his childhood has passed where the white sails come and go, and in time he comes to regard the ocean with a feeling of filial kinship and reverence, not fear.

Look at the great fleet of fishing boats that quit each year the Breton coasts for Newfoundland and Iceland. The "Icelanders'" fleet starts on February 20, and is absent till the autumn. Its headquarters is at Paimpol on the northern coast, in the Bay of St. Brieuc. As many as one hundred and eighty vessels set out together, and a most interesting ceremony to witness is the blessing of the fleet, which takes place with solemnity before its departure. It may be worth noting here that Paimpol is the scene of Pierre Loti's novel *Pêcheur d'Irlande.*

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In connection with these strong, daring-hearted—yea, tender-hearted—Breton fishermen who annually set out from Paimpol for the waters of Iceland, leaving their Breton homes—their mothers and sisters and sweethearts—behind, Theodore Botrel has written a beautiful poem full of truth, full of sincerity, full of tenderness. An attempt to translate the poem into even good English verse would be a desecration. Breton genius has fashioned it; a Breton soul must interpret. The poem is entitled "La Paimpolaise":

"Quittant ses genêts et sa lande,
Quand le Breton se fait Marin,
En allant aux pêches d'Irlande
Voici quel est le doux refrain
Que le pauvre gâs
Fredonne tout bas:
J'aime Paimpol et sa falaise,
Son Église et son grand Pardon;
J'aime surtout la Paimpolaise
Qui m'attend au pays breton!

Quand leurs bateaux quittent nos rives,
Le curé leur dit: 'Mes bon fieux,
Priez souvent Monsieur Saint Yves
Qui nous voit des cieux toujours bleus,'
Et le pauvre gâs
Fredonne tous bas:
'Le ciel est moins bleu, n'en déplaise
A saint Yvon, notre Patron,
Que les yeux de la Paimpolaise
Qui m'attend au pays breton!'

Guidé par la petite Étoile,
Le vieux patron, d'un air très fin,
Dit souvent que sa blanche voile
Semble l'aile d'un Séraphin. . . .
Et le pauvre gâs
Fredonne tout bas:
'Ta voiture, mon vieux Jean-Blaise,
Est moins blanche au mât d'artimon,
Que la coiffe à la Paimpolaise
Qui m'attend au pays breton.'

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Le brave Irlandais, sans murmure,
Jette là ligne et le harpon;
Puis, dans un relent de saumure,
Il se conche dans l'entrepont. . . .
Et le pauvre gâs
Soupire tout bas:
'Je serions ben mieux à mon aise,
Devant un joli feu d'ajonc
A côté de la Paimpolaise
Qui m'attend au pays breton!'

Mais, souvent, l'Océan qu'il dompte
Se réveille, lâche et cruel;
Et lorsque, le soir, on se compte,
Bien de noms manquent à l'appel . . .
Et le pauvre gâs
Fredonne tout bas:
'Pour combattre la flotte anglaise
Comme il faut plus d'un moussaillon,
J'en caus'rons à ma Paimpolaise
En rentrant au pays breton!'

Puis, quand la vague le désigne,
L'appelant de sa grosse, voix,
Le brave Irlandais se résigne
En faisant un signe de croix. . . .
Et le pauvre gâs,
Quand vient le trépas,
Serrant la médaille qu'il baise,
Glisse dans l'Océan sans fond
En songeant à la Paimpolaise . . .
Qui l'attend au pays breton! . . ."

St. Malo was the birth-place also of the initiator of nineteenth-century Romanticism in France—François-René de Châteaubriand, whose *Genius of Christianity* and *The Martyrs* entitle him to rank with the best French prose writers of the nineteenth century. Châteaubriand's life and lot were cast in stormy times. Born in 1768, he was an eye-witness of the French Revolution and all its attendant horrors. After his voyage in America in 1791, to which may be attributed somewhat the richness of coloring in his works, he enrolled himself

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in the army of the *Émigrés* and entered Paris on the 18th Brumaire—that is, during the second month of the calendar of the First French Republic—for at this time Danton and Robespierre were revising civilization and patching up the seamless garment of Christianity—with, of course, the aid of the Goddess of Reason.

In connection with the spirit which pervades the literary work of Châteaubriand at this time it should be noted that nearly all the writers of this period embody in their work something of the same unrest, as witness the "Childe Harold" of Byron and the "Werther" of Goethe. It is what the French call *Le mal du Siècle.*

His *Genius of Christianity* was followed by *The Martyrs*, already mentioned, and *Atala* and *René*, which were translated into nearly all the languages. It is, however, in the *Genius of Christianity* that one must seek for the literary theories of Châteaubriand—theories by which this gifted writer became chief of the school which he founded.

In the preface written for the edition of the *Genius of Christianity* published in 1828 the author recalls to mind, in the following lines, the conditions under which the work first appeared:

"Ce fut, pour ainsi dire, au milieu de débris des nos temples que je publia *Le Génie du Christianisme* pour rappeler dans ces temples les pompes du culte et les serviteurs des autels. On avait alors, après les événements de la Révolution, un besoin de foi, une avidité de consolation religieuses qui venaient de la privation même de ces consolations depuis de longues années."

Another writer Brittany has produced—born at Tréguier, the city of St. Tugdual, on the 27th February, 1823; but how different is the spirit of his work from that of Châteaubriand! Ernest Renan spent his life throwing literary pebbles at Calvary. His much lauded *Vie de Jésus*, in which he feebly endeavors to rob the Son of God of His divinity, is neither a profound study nor a work of art. Rousseau and Voltaire, however vicious their principles, had an individuality of style which entitles them to rank among French writers; but the work of Renan has nothing to commend it save that it is a finger-post pointing to the quicksands of doubt and infidelity towards which unhappy France with rapid and blind pace is travelling to-day.

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But the Catholic heart of Brittany will have none of Renan. M. Combes and his crew of scoffing infidels may cover Brittany with statues commemorative of every blasphemer whom the genius of the French Republic, Mæcenas like, has encouraged and protected; the noble spirit of the Breton shall ever protest, and fronting the statue of Renan has erected, by way of reparation, a Calvary inscribed with the words of the chief of apostates: "O Galilean, Thou has Conquered!"

Not only will Brittany have none of M. Combes, but the Bretons disclaim to be of the France fashioned by M. Combes. In an address delivered by the president of the council on January 16, 1903, the chief of the French government, in his reference to Brittany, said: "When the last circular forbidding the Breton language had been drawn up I believed that Brittany was in France." Taking this as the text of a sonnet addressed to M. Combes, the Breton bard, Theodore Botrel, replies:

"Non, nous ne sommes pas de votre France *à vous:*
France anti-libertaire, anti-républicaine,
Qui Machonne en sa bonche et roule en ses yeux fous
Des paroles d'argueil et des regards de haine!

Debout, calmes et fiers, nous attendons vos coups:
Un cœur indompté bat sous nos tricots de laine!
Un vrai Celte jamais n'ai plié les genoux
Que devant sa "promise" ou sa Vierge de Chêne!

Non, la France, pour qui sont mort tant de nos gâs,
O Ministre! n'est pas Celle des regénats:
C'est la France croyante et pure . . . c'est la Vraie.

Celle que nous aurons quand viendra Messidor
Et que les gens de Gaule, unis aux gás d'Armor,
Du vieux Champ paternel auront sacrlé l'ivraie!"

A little event took place at Quimper, in Finisterre, in August, 1902, which must have satisfied M. Combes that Brittany is *indeed* in France. It was on the occasion of the expulsion of the religious orders from the historic old city where, in the early centuries, had labored the Breton Saint Corentin.

Such a manifestation against the French government has been witnessed in no other part of France. The Breton women

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entered into the fight, and, like the Irishwomen of Limerick, who made it hot for the army of William of Orange, so the brave wives and daughters of the cathedral city of Quimper fought M. Combes' little army of guns and bayonets till the latter almost despaired of being able to accomplish their task. An amusing complaint issued from the minions of M. Combes after the battle. It was that the Breton women did not fight fair—not according to the accepted and approved tactics of the French military school of St. Cyr. It reminds one of the statement of a French military journal, that the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava was magnificent, but not war. So M. Combes' doughty brigade when it attacked the defenceless *religieuse* of Quimper found themselves with cannon to right of them and cannon to left of them—the brave Breton women—and they came very near suffering the same decimation of numbers.

As to the churches of Brittany, the cathedral at Quimper is by far the finest. It is a very noble structure of the Gothic style, but of course lacking the massiveness and impressiveness of such cathedrals as Rouen, Chartres, and Notre Dame de Paris. The choir dates from the end of the thirteenth century. The transepts and nave belong to the fifteenth century. The two spires are modern and are excellent. The erection of these spires was due to the town folk consenting to a duty of a sou a pound being charged on all the butter brought into market.

The beautiful chapel of Our Lady is in the purest geometrical style. The choir has an apsidal termination. The clerestory windows are filled with old glass representing Breton saints.

The cathedral, however, at Rennes, where his Eminence Cardinal Labouré resides, is not worthy of the metropolitan see. It was constructed during the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries, and is a mixture of Gothic and Renaissance. The church entirely lacks proportion, the towers being altogether too massive for the body of the church. The *Fête Dieu* celebration, which I witnessed last June at Rennes, was a magnificent manifestation of Catholic faith, and showed that the Catholic heart of the capital of Brittany beats true.

Everywhere there is the same evidence of faith in Brittany; whether among the fishermen of the coast, the toiling peasants in the fields, or the citizens of the metropolitan towns, Catholic Brittany certainly is, and Catholic without doubt it will ever remain.

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A VAUDEVILLE ROMANCE.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY,

Author of "A Daughter of New France," "The Heroine of the Strait," and "Love Thrives in War."

"NOW, Aunt Félice, you really must let me take you to the Vaudeville." The tall, round-faced boy thrust his thumb and forefinger into his waistcoat pocket, and, toying with his sole remaining dollar, smiled into the eyes of the little woman in black.

"Take me? Why, Jack, I never go to the theatre; I have not been since—"

The hasty glance she cast at her mourning completed the sentence more eloquently than words could have done.

"I know," said Jack awkwardly—it is not always easy for a boy to show his sympathy—"but this is not a regular theatre; we do not have to stay all during the performance; we will come out whenever you like!"

The little woman stood for a moment irresolute and gazed across the square. It was the Campus Martius of Detroit, and the June sun beat down upon it with a midsummer heat; but, on one side, the grounds before the City Hall were bright with flowers, and, opposite them, the long, narrow park that extends down to the new County Building was a beautiful stretch of green. Around the base of the Soldiers' Monument, too, there were growing plants, while the bright waters of the fountain, almost in front of the theatre, plashed with a refreshing sound into the great marble basin, suggesting the coolness and solitude of the garden of some Roman villa, and causing one to forget, for a brief space, the noise and dust of the square.

The Campus is rich in historic associations, but of these traditions Mrs. Félice Barrett knew little and, as the saying goes, cared less. Her home was in the interior of the State, and the last time she had seen this place was when it was thronged with soldiers and cheering citizens; the day when, with joyous courage, a gallant regiment—the Thirty-fourth Michigan—marched away to the Cuban war four years before. And then she had gone back to the small city where her

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parents lived, back to live with them; for, a few months earlier, she and her husband had parted, he going to the south-west.

It was a foolish quarrel, and when they were separated each was too proud to begin a correspondence. But, soon after that day when Félice saw the soldiers march down to the train in Detroit, a letter came saying that John Barrett had joined the army somewhere out in Kentucky and was going to the war.

Nothing more was heard of him until, in a newspaper account of a skirmish with the Spanish troops, among the list of those who died bravely in the cause of a country not their own, Félice saw his name—in letters that burned themselves into her brain as with a searing-iron.

All this she thought of as she looked across the square, and then the boy Jack said again:

"Just come in for half an hour, Aunt Félice. It is the closing show of the season, and the best, I have been told. There are the Espada Brothers, the greatest living acrobats; M'selle Clailie, the world-renowned marks-woman; Dickson, the Minstrel King; and the Biograph pictures!"

The little woman came back from the past with a start. She was trying to learn not to obtrude her grief upon others. Her friends, remembering that she was still young and comely, had begun to lose patience with her sorrow; she must hide it in her heart. This manly nephew, Jack, was always her favorite, and now she loved him the more because he bore the name of the husband from whom she had been estranged. If she declined Jack's invitation he would be in duty bound to escort her up-town, yet he longed to see the vaudeville, she knew. The boy's persistence won. The theatre would be cool and pleasant and, after an hour's shopping, and a visit to a lawyer, upon which latter errand Jack had piloted her, she was glad of an opportunity to rest.

"Well, I will go to please you, dear," she said a trifle wearily, "only you must let me provide the tickets."

But in his masculine dignity he would not assent to such an arrangement, and, asking his way to the box office, he bought two of the best seats in the house.

The cozy auditorium was a cheerful refuge, gay with crimson and gold, and kept at an agreeable temperature by the electric fans.

The programme was interesting, and if the wit was not of a very high order, it was invariably clean. The exploits of the

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acrobats were really marvellous; so were the achievements of M'selle Clailie, who shot at glass balls and demolished them with a wonderful aim, that failed now and then, only in proof that there was no trickery about it. A young singer, enticed into vaudeville by the high salary offered, rendered a fine ballad with charming expression, and was heartily encored. The stage darky told some of his old stories and sang a new song; that odious caricature of his race, the stage Irishman, disported himself as usual, in a manner worthy of a wild man from Borneo.

At last, just as Mrs. Barrett's patience was giving out, the biograph pictures were put on. They were of the usual variety: a garden scene, wherein the gardener turned the watering-hose on all invaders of his paradise—impish boys who played practical jokes; and then the patriotic pictures, our soldiers in Cuba.

Now, for the first time, the little woman in black was closely attentive. She leaned forward, and caught her breath in a sigh. It was among scenes such as this that her husband had struggled; he might have been any one among these soldiers. Shoulder to shoulder with such comrades he had fought; beside brave fellows like these he had died.

She was scarcely conscious that she wept, yet amid the darkness wherein the house was wrapt her tears fell in a misty rain. Next came the newest pictures—"The Boxer War in China"; and, last of all, the United States troops evacuating the city of Pekin. How proudly they stepped, marching onward in solid ranks, moving together as if every muscle were under the control of a single will. The heart of Félice Barrett thrilled strangely as she watched them. Surely this was not merely a picture! These were living men, strong and brave; men familiar with the dangers and horrors of battle, yet who knew nothing of defeat. She could see them as plainly as she saw the soldiers when the Michigan regiment marched through the square outside. Nearer they came, nearer.

Merciful Heaven! Who was that—there, there? That private second in the line? The one who held his head high and smiled as if at some pleasant thought?

Félice uttered a low exclamation that caused her young escort to sharply scrutinize her.

The soldiers marched up, up, almost to the edge of the stage. Then, just as, apparently, they were going to march right on over the heads of the audience, the whole scene van-

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ished, the lights went up, and in place of the walls of the Chinese capital, the quaint street, and the serried ranks of armed men, there was only the blank white screen of the biograph. In another moment this too disappeared, the acrobats came on again, and the programme began once more.

Many of the audience passed out, but the little woman in black sat as one dazed. Her face was as white as the bands of organdie at her neck and wrists.

"Are you ready to go?" inquired Jack; and as she turned her startled eyes upon him, he added with anxious facetiousness, "Why, what is the matter, Aunt Félice? Have you seen a ghost?"

Her reply brought him to his feet in amazement.

"Yes," she faltered in a tense undertone. "There in the ranks of our troops at Pekin I saw my husband! I am sure of it. O Jack! if he was at Pekin, of course he did not lose his life in Cuba. He must be alive. Think of it, alive, when I have mourned him for dead during nearly four heart-breaking years! Let us stay; I must see the picture again. No, let us go; I will ask the manager the name of that regiment. My husband is alive; I saw him a moment since!"

A great fear arose in the mind of the boy. "Was the dear little woman's mind giving way beneath her troubles? Was she going crazy?" he asked himself.

A second glance at her reassured him somewhat. Although she was greatly excited, her tears were falling fast, and he remembered to have heard that the insane rarely weep.

The people in the neighboring chairs turned their heads to look at her in uncomprehending surprise; but thanks to the fascinations of the continuous performance, they quickly gave their attention again to the stage.

"Yes, we will inquire of the manager," whispered Jack, as he gently led her out of the parquet. "But, dear Aunt Félice, do not hope too much; your eyes may have deceived you."

In the office of the Vaudeville Theatre, Manager Steele, a large, smooth-shaven, rosy-faced man, sat at his desk dictating a letter to his stenographer. Although the words, "No Admittance," shone in gilt type on the glass panels that separated him from the outer world, when he saw a trembling and agitated little woman, accompanied by a tall youth, seeking to enter his sanctum, he sprang up and threw open the door, saying good-naturedly:

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"What has occurred to annoy you, madam? If any of the employees of the house have been lacking in attention or politeness to you,—"

"Oh no, sir!" stammered Mrs. Barrett.

"Pray be seated and tell me what I can do for you," he continued, shrewdly suspecting that he was confronted with a situation as dramatic as many portrayed by the stars of "the profession."

"My husband," she began nervously; "I thought he was dead, and I saw him a moment ago. Oh, please repeat that last biograph picture! We quarrelled, and he went away to the war. I have always prayed to God and the Blessed Virgin that I might hear something more about him, and now my prayer is answered. I wanted to cry out to him as he passed."

"My dear madam, this is indeed an extraordinary story," said Mr. Steele kindly. "Be assured I will do all I can to help you in the matter. The regiment shown in the biograph is the Fourteenth United States Infantry. The vaudeville performance must proceed in its regular order, but if you will stay until the pictures come on the next time—"

"Of course I will stay," she interrupted, in a voice that shook with emotion. "I would wait all my life for a chance to see him in this world again."

Provided with a pass from the manager, Mrs. Barrett once more took her place in the parquet. Jack went out, sent a telephone message home, and returning, sat beside her. Like one in a feverish dream she waited, engrossed by her own hopes and fears, seeing and hearing nothing.

To Jack also the performance lacked interest now, so eager was he for the expected test at its close.

And now it was come. Before the fascinated eyes of the audience loomed up once more the pagoda-crowned walls of Pekin, no longer "The Forbidden City." From its wide-open gates marched our troops, while upon the charmed ears of the spectators fell the martial strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

One could almost hear the tramp, tramp of the regiment as it advanced. Mrs. Barrett sat spell-bound.

"There, there he is," she cried out suddenly. "See, he is smiling at us! Ah, I knew I could not be mistaken!"

On came the soldiers, up to the footlights as before, and before, they faded away. Once more the veil of dark-

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ness was lifted from the auditorium, the vaudeville began again, but the little woman in black had fainted in her chair.

It was now evening, and no further inquiries could be made until the following day. Between anxiety and joy Mrs. Barrett was in a state of collapse. The next morning, however, gathering her energies, she visited Fort Wayne and obtained the information that the "Fourteenth Infantry" was at this time in the Philippines. The commander of the fort was interested and kind, yet he could not forbear a word of warning.

"Do not let your hopes mount too high, my dear madam," said he. "Your husband may, indeed, have been in the ranks of his company at Pekin, but, remember, our troops have had many skirmishes in the Philippines, and, I am loath to say it,— but, although he was living then, he may not be living at present."

With the wish to avert the crushing force of a possible blow later, the officer had been cruel.

"You might cable though," he added, with more of encouragement in his tone. "Thus, to-morrow you ought to have definite news."

The cable message was sent before noon. Young and pretty though Mrs. Barrett was, she felt that upon the answer depended her future happiness or misery in this world. If word came that John Barrett was dead, she would in heart be widowed anew.

But she did not admit the possibility of such news. Several of the hours of suspense were spent in remodelling a gown her husband had liked, and when it was finished she arrayed herself in it. The neighbors, seeing that she had laid aside her mourning, smiled knowingly, and inquired of one another who was to be pretty Mrs. Barrett's second husband.

Fortunately, Félice knew nothing of their comments. She haunted the church. Although even prayer cannot bring back the past, what a tower of strength it is against the armed forces of the sorrows of the future! If bitter disappointment was to be her portion now, a menacing phantom from which she could not escape made her realize that only God could save her reason.

Amid the weariness of doubt she had another occupation, too, a childish one, perhaps, yet it brought distraction from her fears.

That day, and the day following, during every performance of the vaudeville, just before the biograph pictures came on,

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a quiet little woman with a white, anxious face hurried to a place in the parquet and watched the pictures with an interest pathetic in its very delight.

When the troops and the illusion passed she stole away as silently, only to return when there was an opportunity to see them once more.

At last, after two days of waiting, two days that seemed an eternity, there came an answer to the cablegram. The message had been delayed.

What stories of joy and grief are often comprised in a sentence, sometimes even in a single word! Every name on the roll of those who fall in battle or succumb to the diseases of war tells not only of a life sacrificed but of other lives saddened, often until their end. The sight of her husband's name in a printed list of those who had fallen on a Cuban morass had all but broken the heart of young Mrs. Barrett; so now, four words brought her happiness.

In a tumult of emotion she tore open the envelope of the message and read:

"John Barrett, Company K., Fourteenth Infantry, alive and well."

Fort Wayne, the military post of Detroit, in its name commemorates not only the hero of Stony Point, but the valiant deeds of "Mad Anthony" in this neighborhood during the Revolution, and later, in the war with the Indians.

Never did the ground of the post appear more attractive than on a certain day late in the summer of 1902. The fortifications, and the beautiful stretch of sward along the river that constitutes the parade, were green as in the spring-time. The old barracks, the quaint verandas and overarching trees of Officers' Row, the blue waters flowing majestically past this point of land that forms the narrowest part of the lower Strait; the white sails of pleasure craft, and the red or white smoke-stacks of the great freight steamers of the Lakes; the cannon of the fort pointed, though not now in enmity, at the groves of the Canadian shore; all these made up a scene of varied picturesqueness.

It was visiting day at the Fort, and a gala occasion. The previous morning a new regiment, "the Fighting Fourteenth," had arrived from the Philippines, having been sent home to the

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United States to recuperate after its long period of active service.

On Thursday afternoons at the Fort the band always plays. and there is a dress parade which the public may witness at will. Sometimes the visitors are few, but to-day the walks and terrace were crowded with spectators, so many of them being women in gay attire that from a little distance the throng presented the appearance of a garden plot abloom with blossoms of all the colors of the rainbow.

One does not see a whole regiment of heroes every day, and "the Fighting Fourteenth," with its record in Cuba, China, and our oriental possessions, had well earned its title.

Since all things, even the most brilliant, must come to an end, so did the drill at last. In a quick march up the hill the regiment, with martial immobility, charged upon the animated flower-garden, as if bent upon trampling out of existence all obstacles in its own path. With exclamations of dismay the crowd skurried to right and left.

A word of command arrested the troops on the edge of the walk; another rang out clear and curt, and they disbanded.

With the exception of the officers of the guard and the sentries, officers and men were off duty and free to wander about the grounds as they chose.

Now was the opportunity of the civilians. A bevy of the fair sex charged upon the soldiers in dauntless retaliation, made captures here and there, and strolled away with their willing prisoners.

The entire regiment was welcomed with enthusiasm; the few men who hailed from Michigan were greeted by many friends.

But, of all the happy couples who sauntered over the green parade of Fort Wayne that day, none were so happy as a girlish little woman and a stalwart soldier who walked together down by the river, far away from the more frequented promenade.

For the woman's eyes shone with an ecstatic expression, and the soldier smiled radiantly down at her as he said:

"Yes, Félice, before the winter comes my term of enlistment will be over, and I shall have my discharge from the army. Then I will try to get a mercantile position, and before long we shall be able to have our little home again."

His arm stole around her, he kissed her fondly, and as she hid her face upon his breast she murmured joyfully:

"O Jack, Jack! I can only say, Thank God! thank God!"

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"IN THE LAND OF GATH."

A SOCIAL STUDY OF LONDON'S EAST END.

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

THE Land of Gath stood apart.

Not that it was distant, for by stretching out one of the arms the parish could just touch the hem of Society's skirt. But for all that Society knew or cared, we might have been at the North Pole.

In the Land of Gath we took in washing, and there is no social barrier like a mangle. Therefore it was behind this mangle that we thought our own thoughts and lived our own lives, and what lay beyond it we knew not. How to make ends meet was the fiscal problem of Gath. And with an absence of sentiment we wedged our pawn-tickets behind the remaining picture frame and hoped against hope to redeem our household gods.

So, week in, week out, we stood at the washtub and scrubbed Society's linen, while the friendly mangle creaked in sympathy, and the district stretched itself out in utter languor until it ended as all human things must—in the cemetery. The Land of Gath reeked of rags and of squalor; yet above it all floated the smell of triumphant soap-suds. Viewed individually, we looked dishevelled. Some of us did our hair once a week. This was in the "season" when the curling-pins became permanent. Our bared arms were usually in the washtub—up to the elbow. There ended the jurisdiction of the soap and water; and on every arm a black ridge marked the boundary. It was as though the elbows had said to the suds "Thus far and no farther," and the cleansing element receded. It was our high-water mark.

There was a spirit of sociability in Gath, together with an absence of ceremony; one was invited impartially to the viewing of a corpse, or the christening of an infant—refreshment being offered in either case. I remember once acting as sponsor

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to some wee human atom. It was my first experience and I found it difficult. Beside me stood a burly blue-jacket; he was the godfather and quite invaluable, for he undid all the knots incidental to baby attire. He also gave me timely advice. The ceremony proceeded; and the catechumen screamed lustily. My ignorance of child-nature being profound, I held the infant very tight, in case of developments. And as the baby writhed and wriggled a weird vision rose up in my mind's eye of "Pepper" and the "Duchess" in *Alice in Wonderland*. So, fearful of shaking the child lest perchance it should become metamorphosed into something else, I turned to the blue-jacket for instruction. "Anything the matter with it?" I asked anxiously.

"W'y, miss!" and he viewed me commiseratingly, "yer ain't got into the swing of 'olding it. Turn it on its front," said the sailor-man of Gath, which I did in a spirit of gratitude.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the christening party were met at the church door by a deputation of fellow-guests; and, escorted by factory hands and "ironers," and a coal-heaver and a soldier in a red coat, we threaded our way down muddy, dreary streets until we reached the tenement house.

Inside the street door, suspended on strings from the ceiling, damp garments hung limply—like so many kippers in process of curing; so that the successful dodging of wet pajama legs became quite an art in this wilderness of linen. Instead of the "Cave Canem" inscribed in the tesselated porticoes of Pompeii, "'Ware Washing" might have been scrawled on the grimy walls of Gath. In the upstair room the bed had been unlimbed; and its dislocated joints piled outside on the landing. This arrangement seemingly precluded an entry, though it facilitated hospitality within.

The table groaned under vast supplies of tea and cake. And tenement chairs, with a varying number of legs—some in splints—were hastily pressed into the service. My chair had a back to it; but then I was the godmother. Next me sat the blue-jacket, and opposite was the soldier. According to local etiquette, every man had his coat off—a christening tea being regarded as a serious affair. Therefore did Mike Dooley divest himself of his red coat and hang it carefully on a rusty nail. It was during the war, and his regiment was under orders for active service. Therefore Mike was downcast, for his young wife was being left behind in the slum tenement. They had

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been married "off the strength"; so the newly made bride had to work as a "piece-hand" in a neighboring laundry.

In Gath, as elsewhere, there were all sorts and conditions. Some of us were honest by heredity; some by instinct. Other some were short-sentence men. The latter we ignored, reserving our admiration for the deeper dyed. To be acquainted with a murderer was a distinction in Gath. To be able to point to the gallows and say: "Behold, that man was my friend!" was to share public honors with the deceased. How many of us had been suspended from our country's gibbet I know not, but most of the population knew to a unit. One day I ventured to ask the question, and the small street arabs, who were my friends, visibly recoiled before such ignorance. "W'y! yer dunno?" They were petrified.

One little chap tugged at his solitary brace and murmured, "Cricky!" Then the other two put their hands in their pockets and gave themselves up to my enlightenment.

"Theer was five of 'em aht o' North Street—round be the corner theer!" I nodded.

"Murderers they was," said the second, with pardonable pride, while his eyes grew round with awe.

"An'," interrupted the third little figure,—"an' they was 'anged. All of 'em," he added with emphasis, and he hitched up his small trousers complacently.

But let it not be thought that we all aspired to the gallows, for many were the good men of Gath. It was during the South African War that one of our number gained the Victoria Cross, and the public press rang with his praise. The news was not known locally, so a philanthropist hastened to a certain tenement. "Your husband," said he to a dishevelled young woman, "has won the Victoria Cross!" There was a pause.

"'Ow much do 'e get?" asked the wife stolidly.

The philanthropist knew not, so the subject dropped. Notoriety we understood, but fame was beyond our ken.

We had our own code of morals too. But they were not quite up to the Sunday-school standard. One day a man went to the clergy-house in sore distress.

"What is the trouble?" asked the padre.

"The wife," replied the man.

"Gone?"

"Yuss." A pause ensued. "'E were a 'andsomer man,"

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sighed the bereaved husband. This was the local formula. Incompatibility of temper would have sounded less crude, but the Land of Gath was neither fashionable nor God-fearing. We always dealt with the naked truth.

Under a neighboring arch stood Billy Stubbs. In his ordinary capacity he turned the handle of a mangle. But just now he was the victim of an unrequited affection. He used to make me his confidant.

"Well, Billy," I said sympathetically, "have you found some one else?" Billy maintained a gloomy silence.

"Tell you wot it is, miss!" he said after some consideration; "the 'young ladies' ain't wot they *was!*"

So Billy shook off the dust of feminine attractions and gazed at me in hopeless apathy.

There was another local swain who used to discuss his prospects with me. "I suppose, Tom," I said on one occasion, "yours will be the next wedding?"

Tom shook his head. "I 'ave to bury me mother fust," he said comprehensively.

One morning I saw a small child cleaning a window. The practice was uncommon, so I watched her. By standing on the window-ledge she could just smear the lower panes. Her little dress hung in ribbons and the ends of her boots curled up and yawned.

A shrill voice came from within. "Polly! I 'opes yer a cleanin' them winders prop'ly."

The diminutive window-cleaner paused—the wet cloth in hand. Instructions to her! Did her small ears deceive her? She craned her wee neck in the direction of the voice. "Who are yer gettin' at?" inquired Polly, with cold irony.

"If yer don't do them corners," reiterated the maternal voice, "I'll pay yer!"

Polly quivered with indignation. "Shut up!" she retorted sharply. "*Hi* don't want no tellin'!" And in a lofty manner she disregarded the counsel.

Thus did the spirit of the age breathe from the window-ledge of the tenement.

It was Saturday afternoon—half day. From force of habit Gath rolled up its sleeves, and wiped off the soap-suds; after which the "sorters and packers," and the "wringers" and the "hangers," and the "piece-hands" and the "manglers," enjoyed social intercourse.

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There was a babel of tongues and a lingering smell of starched linen. Twenty women sat in the laundry with arms akimbo, and talked. In the far corner, looking unobtrusive, a solitary man in his shirt-sleeves smoked the pipe of peace.

"O' course yer knows Mr. 'Obbs?" said my hostess. "Not know Mr. 'Obbs!" she ejaculated—and forthwith an introduction was shouted over the heads of the entire laundry, whereupon the bald-headed man with the pipe got on his legs and elbowed his way to the front.

"How do you do?" I said, conventionally, as Mr. Hobbs grasped my hand.

"'Earty!" responded Mr. Hobbs with unexpected vigor. "'Ow's yerself?" and my arm barely escaped dislocation. The greeting over, my friend subsided into his original obscurity, and the softly curling rings of smoke were the only proof of his continued existence. I admired the philosophy of Mr. Hobbs.

In a neighboring church a youthful woman was being married to an ancient man. Some years must have elapsed since he had been through the ceremony, for he had forgotten his part.

"I, William," prompted the officiating minister. Silence reigned—

"Lor' now!" ejaculated the old man, surprised out of himself. "Blest ef that ain't my name too!"

"Take her hand," came the next instruction. Here the elderly swain needed no second bidding. He grasped the bride's hand—and squeezed it; and the ritual was interpolated with an audible "You duck!"

At this point I beat a hasty retreat, and was about to quit the sacred edifice when one of the parishioners waylaid me.

"Fine Herodotus, ain't it?"

"Fine what?" I asked.

"W'y! that painted Herodotus be'ind the altar." And forthwith I gazed on the new reredos with added interest.

On regaining the street I collided with a woman. Her eye was bandaged up. "What is the matter?" I inquired.

"Sure, and it is only a catafalque in my eye," was the Hibernian rejoinder. And she plunged into the medical treatment thereof.

Further along three tiny children sat on a doorstep exchanging confidences.

"Yuss," said the eldest, aged seven, "an' you 'd think my father was a good man—cos 'e looks nice. But 'e isn't," she

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said sorrowfully, "fur 'e 's that wicked . . ." The little heads got nearer and the childish voices dropped to a whisper. . . . "And that 's wot my father is," said the little one in conclusion. She laid her curly head against the doorway and sobbed softly to herself.

A laundry girl stood by the street corner with her back to the wall. She looked overworked and listless. A hectic spot burned on either cheek. She had consumption of the throat and the doctor had prescribed "rest." But the girl's mother took a different view, so the dying laundry hand worked overtime and her mother sat in the public house and drank deeper.

In the next street there was a feeling of expectancy. Women stood on the doorsteps, and every now and then they looked up the street.

Presently a soldier in khaki turned the corner. He was bronzed by the African sun, and on his breast was a Victoria Cross. With a joyous step he came along whistling gaily. The women watched him in silence; then some of them crept indoors. But he heeded them not. His eyes were fixed on the tenement window. It was eighteen months since he had seen his young wife, so he rushed upstairs two steps at a time. Suddenly there was a strained silence.

"What is the trouble?" I asked.

"She is gone!" said a woman tersely, and she turned away; for beneath the gruffness lay womanly tears.

"Gawd 'elp the laundry 'ands!" said a touzled figure sympathetically, while in the tenement room above a Victoria Cross was trampled under foot, and a man cursed in fragments.

In the Book of Jeremias we read that on account of the sins of Israel the prophet was commanded to stand by the Earthen Gate with the potter's bottle in his hand. This he was to break in the sight of the ancients and to prophesy: "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts: Even so will I break this people and this city as the potter's vessel is broken . . . because they have forsaken me and profaned this place."

But Jeremias is dead and the Earthen Gate has crumbled. Therefore the chosen ones in Gath have "forsaken the God of their fathers, and have gone astray after the gods of the people of the land."

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FURTHER NOTES ON THE EDUCATIONAL QUESTION.

SOUTH AFRICA also is involved in the educational struggle, although in several of its divisions, there being no parliamentary government, the settlement has been made or will be made more easily and more fairly.

It is a remarkable thing that a man so characteristically modern in thought and achievement as was the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes should yet have seen clearly the unsatisfactory character of the modern notions of education, in so far as they either exclude religion from public teaching or emasculate the religious teaching given. Yet such was the case; not only did he choose Oxford, that home of lost causes, yet permeated with religious tradition, as the best place for higher education, but for primary education also he insisted on the inclusion of definite denominational teaching as a part of the every-day course of study. In Rhodesia, where his influence was supreme, he offered facilities in school hours in every school for each denomination, making thereby religious teaching a necessary part of every-day instruction. On the reconstruction of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies after the war the respective governments have made a similar arrangement, enabling the representatives of the various denominations to enter the schools in the usual hours for the purpose of giving their own definite teaching. In the Colony of Cape Town, where constitutional government exists, and where the majority of the indifferent as to religion have the rule over the minority who are in earnest about religious instruction, things are not so easily managed. The Protestant Episcopal Church of the colony, where High-Churchmen have the dominating influence, is making a good fight for the maintenance of religious instruction in the schools, and the Dutch are more in earnest on behalf of definite religious teaching than are their English fellow-Protestants. In South Africa, as in England and in this country, the Protestant sects are the enemies who have to be fought. It is a hard thing to say, but it is true, that the run of orthodox Protestants have just enough of religion to render them its worst enemies—they are traitors

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within the citadel, more dangerous than open foes. They have already in this country, by their divisions, made education secular; and wherever they have influence they are doing the same thing, while professing a great zeal for conscience and religion.

Every one who watches with attention the struggle now being carried on in England cannot help seeing how true this is. It is becoming so clear that some even of those who rank themselves as passive resisters recognize the trend of events. At the annual meeting of the Free Church Council held at Newcastle, in March, the following resolution in support of Undenominationalism was passed: "That no distinctively denominational teaching or formulary be given or used in public schools in school hours; but simple Biblical instruction may be given according to a syllabus, as is general at present in provided schools; attendance at such instruction shall be subject to a conscience clause." The official members who control those meetings so managed the business as to prevent real discussion; all the time at the disposal of the meeting was given to the supporters of the resolution. Dr. H. S. Lunn, himself a passive resister, tried to speak against the resolution, but was stopped after three minutes. He had time, however, to point out that it was an absurd position for those who had banded themselves together against an Established Church for adults, to support an Established Church for children. "As a Liberal," he said, "I see nothing to choose between ecclesiastical despotism dictated from Lambeth and an ecclesiastical despotism dictated from the memorial hall of Nonconformists." If he had not been a Nonconformist himself he would have seen a great deal to choose, because of all tyranny that of the sects is the most intolerable. For this reason the outcome of the efforts on behalf of undenominationalism must result in purely secular teaching, for people who will not stand the lesser tyranny will not stand the greater. Expression has been given to this determination by such well-known expounders of secularism as Mr. Frederic Harrison and Professor E. S. Beesly—although they themselves aspire to the establishment over the human race of a still more intolerable despotism. Mr. Harrison says: "The only possible solution of the education problem is to be found in two plain principles, namely, (1) Public control of all schools maintained by public funds; (2) Secular teaching in all state schools, with

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liberty for all religious bodies to teach their own doctrines at their own cost in their own time. We protest against any taxation in support of any religious sect or doctrine whatever." Professor Beesly says: "I would not stir a finger to relieve Nonconformists from the necessity of paying for Anglican teaching in the schools unless they are ready to exclude theological teaching of every kind. Until they are prepared to go that length I hope they will continue to suffer under Anglican tyranny." The efforts of Nonconformists are tending, therefore, towards the establishment of purely secular teaching, although they profess supreme abhorrence of this result. In fact the Trade Unions, at their annual congress held last year at Leicester, passed a resolution declaring that there should be secular education and popular control of all state-supported schools. The Trade-Unionists represent a large proportion of the working classes, and they openly avow their opposition to all religious bodies, and particularly to the Nonconformists; for the latter, although averse to Anglican teaching, are yet inconsistent enough —the Trade-Unionists think—themselves to seek to impose upon those who are either atheists or secularists teaching to which the latter object quite as much as Nonconformists themselves object to the teaching of the Church of England. As recent investigations have shown, a very small proportion of the people in London attend any service whatsoever. It is not to be supposed that all non-attendants at church or chapel service are irreligious at heart, still less anti-religious; but it is certain that they will be unwilling, when the issue is once raised and clearly placed before them, to tax themselves for the support of a religion recently manufactured by the churches which they will not take the trouble even to attend. Pure secular teaching, therefore, is the goal to which Nonconformists, out of a parsimonious unwillingness to make any sacrifice to teach to their own children their own doctrines, are driving the country, and are proving themselves a main agency in the dechristianizing of its people.

Nor are they doing this without warning of the impending dangers. There are within their own ranks those who clearly see the outcome of the adopted Nonconformist policy. Dr. Lunn, whom we quoted above, paid last year a visit to this country, lecturing in New York, Brooklyn, and St. Louis. He testifies in a letter to the *Times* that "minister after min-

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ister of all communions came to me, and said that the disputes between the churches in the matter of education had led in America to a result which they all deplored—*i.e.*, the absolute secularization of the schools; and that they greatly feared lest such a catastrophe might occur in England."

Other Nonconformist ministers, officials of the Free Church Council, admit that the policy which they are pursuing is not just, yet are prepared to support it because, as they say, "We must all stand together." On the other hand, the notorious Dr. Clifford, the chairman, perhaps he may be called the founder, of the National Passive Resistance Committee, surrenders to secularists all they want and establishes the dominion of the state over the homes and consciences of men, by declaring that "parents as such" have nothing to do with the religious education given to their children in the public schools. Of this, therefore, the state is to take sole control and is the absolute judge. It is only fair to say that the great bulk of even the Passive Resisters have not given express adhesion to this position; but acts speak more effectually than words, and it is to pure secularism that they all tend.

And now we hear that even the Anglican allies of the Catholics are talking of compromise; at least some of them. Unfortunately the political theories generally adopted all tend to the support of the position taken up by the Nonconformists. Those who pay the taxes have a right to control the expenditure, and therefore all schools supported by public money ought to be completely under popular control. The teachers are civil servants, and therefore no religious test of any kind ought to be imposed upon the teachers. Anglicans as well as Dissenters have to a large extent adopted these maxims, and are therefore placed in a false position. The outcry, too, of persecution, raised by the Nonconformists, has affected the imagination of large numbers of the electors. Some churchmen even, in making appeals to the electors, declare that they are in favor of the abolition of what they style sectarian tests for teachers, and for giving complete control of the schools to the ratepayers. Important members of the government, it is said, are admitting that Nonconformists have grievances. In return for the abandonment of these safeguards of religious education—religious teachers and religious control—it is proposed to offer to all religious denominations what are called "facilities." This

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is the right of entry into all schools; so that the representatives of every denomination may enter to teach their own children. This would involve the loss of the religious atmosphere, which does as much to form the character of the children as the religious teaching itself; on the other hand, it would give access to some three millions of children who are now in the provided schools, and are getting nothing better than undenominational instruction. It would abolish the dual control which now exists; would make all the schools of one type. For England it would be a step downward; for this country it would be a step upward, and is worth striving for. Catholics in England, however, will fight against it; for they will not recognize the principle of popular control, and it is thought that they will by their firmness secure special privileges. The strong position which the Catholic schools hold is due to the Irish members, who are proving themselves staunch defenders of religious education; and the Nonconformists are dependent upon them for the success of their own schemes. How true to religious education Anglicans will prove a few months will show, for the question will come to the front at the impending general elections. The Liberal party is united in demanding complete popular control of the schools and the abolition of all religious tests for the teachers.

Meanwhile the eyes of many are being turned to Germany. There a system of instruction under state control exists which is just both to Catholics and to Protestants. The progress of the United States in commercial prosperity is perhaps greater than that of any other country, but Germany is not far behind. There are those who attribute this country's prosperity to its schools. To others this seems a confusion of cause and effect; the schools of the country are but an outcome of the energetic character of its people—a people determined to succeed in whatever they undertake. At all events the German and the American systems are diametrically opposed, and yet material success has been attained by both. The Germans have thought out their whole system, and they have deliberately included as an essential part what has been as deliberately omitted by the formers of the American system. The elementary school of Germany includes, as one of its necessary functions, the religious training of the young. The primary objects kept in view are to form the character and conduct of the children.

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It is as strange as it is gratifying to see that Germany, the home of the Reformation, has yet not so far reformed itself as to have got rid of all religion. In fact, the organizers of education there have practically recognized that of conduct and of morality religion is the indispensable foundation; and further, that if religious education is to be effective it must be dogmatic. They have not, therefore, attempted to lop off parts of the Christian religion in order to please the parents, but have established separate schools for the Catholics and for the Protestants, except where there are not enough children for a separate school. In this case, where the schools are mixed, the children receive religious instructions from teachers of their own faith. So far from forbidding definite religious teaching, so far from enacting conscience-clauses and Mount-Temple clauses, the law ordains that instruction should be definitely religious; the state pays for it, and leaves the choice of the religion to the parents, providing even for Jews also separate schools. The German system as a whole deserves careful study. The ninth volume of the Special Report on Educational Subjects, published by the English Education Department, is devoted to this system and contains the best account yet published.

Of course the circumstances of our country differ so much from those of every other, that a servile adoption or advocacy of other systems is neither feasible nor desirable. But the study of these systems is a good, in fact a necessary, means for the improvement of our own; of the truth of this the Mosely Commissions on Labor and on Education are the recognition. And when it is seen that worldly success is associated with, not to say consequent upon, a system of education which recognizes the supremacy of higher interests, and when the more thoughtful minds in this country are coming to recognize that political corruption and the many other evils which are rife have not been eradicated, to say the least, by the secular education given in our public schools, it seems to be a duty to look for a remedy wherever it may be found.

Within the last few weeks Germany has taken a further step in recognition of the claims of religious education, albeit a small one. This consists in the repeal of a part of the legislation which goes under the name of the Kulturkampf. Even yet, however, the repeal is far from being complete. It is only

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the second clause of the law passed on the 4th of July, 1872, to the abrogation of which the Federal Council has consented. This clause enacted that individual members of the Society of Jesus and kindred orders might, if they were foreigners, be expelled from the territory of the German Empire, and might, if they were Germans, be compelled to reside in certain districts or prevented from residing in others. The first clause remains still in full force. The Jesuits and other religious communities as corporate bodies are still excluded from the German Empire.

The second clause has never been enforced, and powers still remain to expel foreigners of every sort, and consequently of all the religious orders independently of this law. So the concession amounts to very little. Small as it is, however, a great outcry has been raised, not only by extreme Protestants but also by those who inconsistently call themselves Liberals. The latter discern, in the step taken, a tendency on the part of the government to allow orthodoxy, whether Catholic or Protestant, a wider influence than is consistent with the speculative freedom characteristic of most of the German universities. We welcome it as an evidence of how little power these German universities possess at home, and as a proof, however small, of the power of the church for good. It is a concession far less than the Catholics of the Empire are entitled to, for the Centre is by far the most numerous and the best disciplined of all the parties in the Reichstag, and has leaders of great ability. If Germany were ruled consistently on constitutional lines, giving to Parliament its due supremacy, the Catholics would have it in their power to obtain more complete justice.

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THE CODE OF HAMMURABI.
By Robert Francis Harper, Ph.D.

A thousand years before Moses Babylonia* was the seat of a great empire and a marvellously developed civilization. While still the Beni-Israel were a little group of nomads picking their way north-westward from Ur, the Babylonians possessed populous cities, an extensive commerce, a complex legislation, an immense literature, and in general all the interior resources and external splendor of a mighty state. We can readily imagine the wonder of the Hebrew clan on its way to the land of the Chanaanite, as with its goats and sheep and asses it passed one after another of the busy Assyrian towns, Ur, Erech, Babel, Tello. These Hebrews themselves had no cities, and in our modern sense of the word no definite civilization. They were pastoral in habit and patriarchal in government. They detested the artificial constraints of an organized state. Their ideal was the *sheikh* sitting before his tent looking out upon fertile fields and prosperous flocks, and surrounded with men-servants and maid-servants, and gladdened by the sight of many children, the richest blessing of all that God could give. The tribe, not the state, represented their social conceptions; the grave, calm freedom of wide pastures, not the nervous delight of urban highways, answered to their ideas of the value of the individual life. Not till centuries later did the Beni-Israel become a state, when, having escaped from Egypt, they were fashioned into strict constitutional form by Moses and the law, and became fixed therein when Saul began to rule them as king.

But Babylon was old when Israel was young. Babylon was a nation of huge power when the nomadic Semites were a shepherd-clan. Babylon was learned, having arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, a scientific calendar, and codified law, when the children of Abraham were still without rabbis, scribes, or doctors. Greater in age than Israel, and vastly superior in civilization, Babylon lacked one spiritual possession cherished immemorially in the little tribe, and because of this possession,

* *The Code of Hammurabi, King of Babylon.* Text, Transliteration, Translation, Glossary, Index of Subjects, etc. By Robert Francis Harper, Ph.D. Chicago: University of Chicago Press.

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belief in the one true God, namely, the simple *bedouins* live to-day in posterity, while the empire which overshadowed them is only a reminiscence of antiquity. And certainly it is curious that now we are eagerly, almost frantically, studying the remains of that empire for the predominant purpose of discovering its relations to and influence upon the Hebrew herdsmen. These latter stand in the forefront of history, and other ancient nations derive their chief importance for us from their dealings with them. A reversal of historical expectation this is, which has its cause in a providential and divine disposition of the affairs of men.

The search into the extant records of Babylonia, a search chiefly interesting, as we have said, from the light it is expected to throw on the early history of Israel, has led to some of the most brilliant achievements of modern scholarship. The deciphering of the cuneiform alphabet is equally glorious with the solving of the mystery of the Egyptian hieroglyphs. And the patient labor since bestowed upon the buried treasures of Babylonian antiquity, the labor of excavation, of translation, of commentary and compilation; a labor which has put before us a detailed history of the Chaldeo-Babylonian states, accurate grammars and lexicons, even profound monographs upon Assyrian coins, weights, and measures, has been carried on with an ardor, a disinterestedness, and a disregard of difficulties at first sight insuperable, which will shed immortal lustre upon the intellectual history of our time. The names of Rawlinson, Smith, De Morgan, and of the great Dominican Assyriologist, Father Scheil, will live for ever among the great pioneers of this new continent of learning, and will be an inspiration and a comfort to future scholars who may have in their turn to cut hard and lonely paths through unexplored provinces of science.

Two years ago the devoted expedition under M. De Morgan, while excavating at Susa, made the greatest single discovery that has yet rewarded Assyriologists. This consisted of a block of black diorite, somewhat over two metres high and about one and a half metres broad, on which was chiselled the code of laws of King Hammurabi. Hammurabi, who lived about 2250 B. C., reigned for fifty-five years, and deserves certainly to be called one of the world's greatest men. He led his armies to successful wars, established peace within his empire, and devoted an extraordinary political genius to the safeguarding of his

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people's welfare by wise and equitable laws. The prologue to these decrees of his declares that the gods Anu and Bel called him "to cause justice to prevail in the land, to destroy the wicked and the evil, to prevent the strong from oppressing the weak, to enlighten the land, and to further the welfare of the people." These exalted aims appear predominant in the two hundred and eighty-two regulations which comprise his code. There is, naturally, much in them also which is utterly shocking to our Christian sense, and some of the enactments are far beneath the morality of the Levitical legislation. But taken as a whole these laws are wonderfully just, prudent, and practical. The people are protected against corrupt or tyrannical judges; children are given legal recourse if their parents are inhuman; women are accorded rights and privileges which are liberal almost beyond belief. Not only their property-rights are recognized, but their reputation comes under the severest sanctions of law. One of the ordinances reads: "If a man point the finger at a priestess or the wife of another, and cannot justify it, they shall drag that man before the judges, and shall brand his forehead." On the other hand, the housewife must behave circumspectly herself, for "if she have not been a careful mistress, have gadded about, have neglected her house, and have belittled her husband, they shall throw that woman into the water." Children too, in that ancient state, had to keep their proper place: "If a son strike his father, they shall cut off his fingers." And as for physicians, their arm certainly was shortened in old Babylon: "If a physician operate on a man for a severe wound with a bronze lancet, and cause the man's death, they shall cut off his fingers." Other laws forbid the oppression of inferior officers by those in higher authority; others secure the small tradesman from the greed of his wealthy competitor; still others lay down the legal rate for the hire of wagons or boats; and so on throughout the various interests, great and small, of social and political life. Wonderful it is to read this document of remote antiquity and to see in it so evident a preoccupation to promote justice, good order, and religion. It is a striking proof of the great age of the race, and of the persistence of our race-ideals. It makes a fascinating chapter in the history of civilization, and almost a religious study in the nature of man.

The edition of the code of Hammurabi which lies before us is from the pen of Dr. Harper, of Chicago. It is done in a

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manner that will bring distinction to American scholarship. We have in this volume the cuneiform text, a transliteration and translation into English, a glossary and an exhaustive index, which is simply priceless. We cordially congratulate the editor upon his fine scientific achievement. It must have cost him long and painstaking labor, and much of that acute anxiety which only a conscientious scholar can feel. He promises a second volume, which we shall await with eager expectation. This will deal with the delicate question now agitating many of the learned, as to how far the laws of Hammurabi have influenced the laws of Moses. Between the two codes there are assuredly striking resemblances. Possibly, just as the Hebrew cosmogony seems to have selected certain features from the religious *sagas* of Babylon, the children of Israel may have profited in the matter of legislation also by the wisdom and experience of the same mighty state. This would be perfectly according to the natural course of things, and would not in the slightest degree set aside God's special guidance of the Hebrew people. The ordinary law of cause and effect holds in sacred as well as in profane history, and in the end the divine activity which works through secondary agencies and normal occurrences is just as clearly seen as that much more rare activity which breaks out into isolated prodigies and leaves behind a miracle as the vestige of Deity. But of this question—an exceedingly difficult one, as we have said, both from a religious and a critical point of view—we trust we shall have something further to say when Dr. Harper's second volume appears. So far as this edition of the laws is concerned, we repeat that Dr. Harper has done a great service to American Biblical and Oriental students, and has notably added to the fame of himself, his university, and his country,

ST. COLUMBANUS. By Bispham.

In reading Mr. Bispham's account of St. Columbanus * we found ourselves constantly wondering why an author apparently so familiar with the sources of his subject did not give us a complete biography. These "notes"—to use the word of the title-page—are in themselves valuable, but they are exasperatingly meagre. If only the matter hinted at in sixty pages were ex-

* *Columban: Saint, Monk, and Missionary.* Notes concerning His Life and Times. By Clarence W. Bispham, M.A. New York: Edwin S. Gorham.

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panded to five times the length, we think that we should have an excellent biography of the great Irish saint. Columbanus' life covers a momentous period of church history, and is the centre of many an acrimonious controversy. For a long time the monastic rule, brought from Ireland to Bobbio by Columbanus, contested for the primacy of Western monasticism with the rule of St. Benedict. It yielded to the great patriarch's code at last, chiefly because of the fierce austerity of the Irish legislation. Columbanus was of opinion that the backs of monks were made not only for burdens but for lashes, and his disciplinary regulations are pitiless in their disregard for such infirmities as sickness and old age. They were men of iron those ancient Irishmen, who flocked to Europe as missionaries and cenobites, and their history, so well typified in Columbanus, reads like a romance of valor. Naturally, they were outspoken as well as austere. Columbanus asked pardon of a pope, to whom he wrote, assigning as an apology for his blunt speech the natural freedom and fearlessness of his race. Would that some of that apostolic intrepidity would come again! Would that their detestation of servility had not diminished with lapse of time! And naturally, too, non-Catholics, in studying men like Columbanus, mistake the motives and reasons for this liberty of speaking. Mr. Bispham concludes from it that the Irish monk had no knowledge of Papal Supremacy. But in this he is entirely in error. In the celebrated letter to Pope Boniface, Columbanus, in the first place, is more than merely bold; he is rash, impulsive, and, to use his own phrase, writes like "a foolish Scot." For, according to his own admission, he knew hardly anything of the theological question on which he pretended to give advice. And, in the second place, he is thoroughly loyal to his allegiance to the chief see of Christendom. He says: "We are bound to the Chair of Peter; for however great and glorious Rome may be, it is this chair which makes her great and glorious among us. . . . Rome is the head of the churches of the whole world." He calls the Pope the pastor of pastors, and the chief of the chiefs of the church, whose duty it is to march at the head of the army of God. No, it is as impossible to make Columbanus anti-Papal as to pretend that St. Bernard was anti-Papal because he wrote *De Consideratione*. A glorious hero of Catholic sanctity is what just history recog-

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nizes Columbanus to be; and as such his biography should be written for this age. We need the example of his dauntless courage, all-conquering faith, and magnificent manliness. But a Catholic pen should do the work; for even so fair-minded and scholarly a non-Catholic as Mr. Bispham would find it all but impossible to take a just and adequate view of the great Irishman, and of the theological interests that cluster about his life.

SERMONS.
By Dr. MacDonald.

Dr. MacDonald's two volumes* of sermons will be very useful works, each in its own field. The dogmatic sermons on the Creed will be acceptable to many priests who would preach a series on the chief articles of the faith; and the twelve discourses on the Sacred Heart will be fit spiritual reading for fervent members of the League. Possibly some critics would resent an occasional suggestion contained in these latter sermons; for example, that devotion to the Holy Trinity or to the Holy Spirit is an impractical luxury; that the spiritual intercommunion of the faithful on earth was in a rather imperfect condition before the establishment of the League; and that the morning offering compensates for the old-fashioned saying of daily prayers, and is thus a timely adjunct to salvation in these days of hurry when devotion must make the best terms it can with business. But such criticisms, should they be made, will avail nothing with most League-members, and will rather augment than diminish in their judgment the value of Dr. MacDonald's production.

THE SUFFERINGS OF JESUS.
By Catherine Emmerich.

The revelations concerning our Lord's Passion, written by that remarkable mystic Catherine Emmerich, have been brought out in a much abridged and very convenient form.† They furnish good matter for meditation on a subject which will always touch Christian hearts most deeply. To read them in a prayerful spirit is to be brought near to Christ, to be inspired with loyalty to Him, and to have the whole religious nature elevated

* *The Symbol in Sermons.* Twenty-five Short Sermons on the Articles of the Creed. By Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D. New York: Christian Press Association.—*The Mercies of the Sacred Heart.* Twelve Sermons for the First Fridays. By the Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D. New York: Joseph F. Wagner.

† *The Sufferings of Jesus.* By Catherine Emmerich. Translated by a Sister of Mercy. New York: O'Shea & Co.

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and chastened. And this effect is quite independent of whatever view we take as to the objective reality of these visions of a holy soul. Whether they are only the interior processes of Catherine's piety, or whether they actually contain something miraculously vouchsafed to her, we are perfectly free to regard as we will. But even though we choose to see in these spiritual experiences nothing more than a subjective state of a soul powerfully acted on by God's grace, we still must feel their winning and subduing influence, and must share in a degree their author's vehement and gentle affection for Him who was bruised for our iniquities.

A BISHOP AND HIS FLOCK.
By Bishop Hedley.

Bishop Hedley is so well known to all that keep in touch with Catholic literature, that no extensive comment is needed upon this collection* of his pastoral letters. His familiar style and spirit, the one so clear and simple, the other so zealous and devotional, which have given him an eminent place in spiritual literature, are especially apparent in these earnest admonitions to his flock. However homely the counsel he imparts, his way of putting it arrests attention; however ordinary the subject he treats, his exposition adds to it fresh interest and new light. And so we read these thirty-two letters, which cover practically the entire matter, both dogmatic and moral, of the Christian life, letters on Baptism, Penance, the Holy Eucharist, the Priesthood, Zeal for Souls, the Christian Home, Kindness, Intemperance, and other timely subjects, and feel that we have scanned the mind of a thinker who can lead us to wisdom and a pontiff who can conduct us to God. We rejoice that the right reverend author was persuaded to publish this work, which, in its field, is as fit to become a model as "Bishop Hedley's Retreat" in a somewhat different department is universally recognized to be.

GLIMPSES OF TRUTH.
By Bishop Spalding.

Bishop Spalding's clear, keen visions of spiritual truth, and the incisive style in which his intuitions are expressed, have made him eminent among the writers of the present day who aim at illuminating minds and stimulating wills. He is an inspirer, a giver of courage, a guide upon Alpine peaks calling vigorously to the

* *A Bishop and His Flock.* By John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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climbers below. His principles are deep and true: We are made for God; life is infinitely beautiful, and infinitely able to grow; whatever makes the heart more purely love, and the mind more truly know, is good and god-like—hold it fast; whatever feeds the merely animal and fleshly is base—beware of it. This is the substance of the bishop's message, a message which he clothes in new and attractive raiment in his latest book of aphorisms.* And a message it is which the age needs and for which, therefore, the world stands in his debt. Not the least attractive feature of these wise and forcible sayings is their catholicity of spirit. Wherever the bishop sees an admirable thing he admires it, though sometimes it be not found in familiar places; and whenever he has an opinion to express which accords ill with conventional modes of thought or quasi-official formulas, he is not the man to fear expressing it. As a result his writing breaks into originality often, and is charged with the spirit of true culture. No other essayist that we know seems to us so capable a teacher of a sturdy, sane, and hopeful life-philosophy.

THE SCHOOL OF THE HEART.
By Margaret Fletcher.

This time Margaret Fletcher has given us a still more unusual book than her preceding *Light for New Times*. The volume, entitled *School of the Heart*,† is composed—think of it!—of plain, sensible, sympathetic discussion for Catholic girls of love and marriage. It does seem as though the little volume enters upon a very considerable task, for we might run over a long, long list of Catholic books without coming upon many that even attempt to discuss these subjects in a clear, thoughtful, serious way, and yet not a few Catholic girls would be interested in and profited by some such reading.

"We tell girls how to behave decorously and gracefully during life's game; we exhort them to win, to remain on the side of virtue and of God, but we wholly omit to explain the rules of the game. Can we continue to shirk this responsibility? . . . In the hearts of some there may linger a fondness for the point of view that has regarded ignorance as the handmaid of innocence; a point of view which is a legacy from the eighteenth century, and which had no place in the earlier days. I would ask these to turn their thoughts to the Virgin

* *Glimpses of Truth.* By Bishop Spalding. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
† *The School of the Heart.* By Margaret Fletcher. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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Mother of God Incarnate and reflect that she, although a maiden dedicated to the service of the temple, showed in the gentle dignity of her answer to the angelical salutation that she had meditated upon the real issues of life, as God intended they should be meditated, in the light of prayer."

Hence the writer goes on to speak of the emotions and attractions experienced at the period when childhood is passing away, to point out the divine and Christian interpretation of marriage and family life, to warn and counsel and instruct in a way that is as pure and delicate as a nun could wish, and to stimulate endeavor after nobility and unselfishness by words and in manner which should be all the more efficacious because they are referred to no distant or impossible ideal, but rather to what the ordinary Christian of serious mind must at once regard as the proper aim of a well-ordered and happy life.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN NEW JERSEY.
By V. Rev. Joseph M. Flynn.

The story of the Catholic Church in New Jersey* from the close of the seventeenth century, when the heroic Jesuit, Father Farmer, and a few other missionaries pursued their journeys through roads that were little better than Indian trails, travelling "sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot, with their sack strapped across their back containing the altar-stone, vestments, chalice, and wine for the Sacrifice—trudging through the forest, over mountains, crossing streams and rivers in the rude dugouts, picking their way through the swamps, at times wet to the skin by the tempests which overtook them, again almost prostrated by the intolerable heats, resting under the shelter of the trees or in some rude cabin," without even the rudest chapel or the meanest home that they might call their own—to the present day, when the State is marked with innumerable churches and rectories and schools and institutions, with two episcopal sees, many priests, and thousands of faithful—is wonderful indeed, and forms not only a glorious tribute "to the dumbly brave who did their deed and scorned to blot it with a name," and to the ever-living power of the church that dies not, but also the most efficacious sort of an inspiration to the living who share both the enjoyment and the care of the inheritance of the past. This history of the church

* *The Catholic Church in New Jersey.* By the Very Rev. Joseph M. Flynn, M.R., V.F., Rector of the Church of the Assumption of the B. V. M., Morristown, N. J.

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in New Jersey, written by the Very Reverend Dean Flynn, has been for the author, as he tells us, a work of love; and well it may have been, for with all the research and care and patience and burden of innumerable details which it required, his heart must have been thrilled with enthusiasm more than once in the chronicling, as he followed the pioneers in their days of suffering and doubt, their few successors in trial and sacrifice and persecution, and then saw the glorious permanent fruit in the thriving prosperity of the church to-day. One lesson more than all else may we derive from such works as this, and it is a lesson as broad as is the church herself—the lesson of hope, of confidence, of optimism. For who reading such a book will give ear to the cheap complaints of the modern Cassandras or the ill-boding lamentations of some would-be prophets whose only office seems that of destruction and adverse criticism.

This same story of New Jersey might be repeated of many dioceses in the country, and it warrants us in the assurance that the Catholic Church not only has a glorious present but a still more glorious and triumphant future in this land of America.

Here we will read of the days of utter destitution, of the poor handful worshipping in some farmer's hut, of the uncared-for immigrants, of the persecution of the government, of the press, of public opinion, of the outrages of Know-Nothingism, of bitter and malicious calumnies; over these the church triumphed; how, the story itself will tell. And while before that same church there are many grave difficulties now, and more to come, still the same missionary spirit and zeal and prudence and tact and sacrifice which characterized our forefathers, will bring a still fuller and stronger chorus of victory and of progress to our Mother the Church.

Space would not permit us to enter into the details of this extensive history of New Jersey. That the work was begun and completed to such a perfect state in the time mentioned by the author, is almost incredible. He has covered the Catholic history of his State from the beginnings to the present day; given the history of every church; obtained personal contributions from many priests; much important matter from the Bishop of Rochester; oftentimes entered rather deeply and learnedly into secular history to make his setting more complete; and, with many evidences of literary taste and classical reading, presented the whole in a style that is entertaining and refreshing.

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While, as a true historian, he had to speak of many who are still living, and touch upon controversies the memories of which are by no means dead, the author, to our mind, does justice to all, and handles mooted subjects with an honesty commendable in him as an historian, and a delicacy that is the first attribute of an unprejudiced critic. Many are the excellent and instructive incidents and conclusions in the volume to which we would call attention. But our space forbids. We cannot but trust that the volume will be the inspiration which it ought to be, not only to the priests of New Jersey but to those of the entire country.

POLITICAL STUDIES. By W. W. Willoughby.

Professor Willoughby's volume* deserves high commendation. It is the work of a specialist and scholar, who has at ready command all the resources of political science, and possesses as well the ability, not too common among university professors, of clothing a deep and dry subject in clear and popular style. In the compass of less than three hundred pages our author gives an outline of the theories of a state as these theories prevailed in the Greek and Roman world. There are excellent chapters on the social philosophy of Socrates, on Plato's *Republic*, on Aristotle's *Politics*, and on Greek and Roman civic ideals and national characteristics. Brief as these studies are, they are eminently useful for the student of history, politics, or law, and even for the general reader. One feels in reading them that a great work of condensation has been done by an expert, and that one is getting in convenient shape the dominant ideas of mighty epochs and vast literatures. This sentence of the preface could have been more acceptably put, it strikes us: "Doctrines of papal supremacy, of religious persecution, and of natural rights have each had their summer of prosperity, only to be blasted as the general intellectual climate has assumed toward them a wintry aspect."

LIFE OF PRESCOTT. By Ogden.

When William Hickling Prescott wrote his life of Charles Brockden Brown, for the collection of American biographies edited by Jared Sparks, Mr. Sparks' comment on it was: "As a literary criti-

* *Political Theories of the Ancient World.* By W. W. Willoughby, Ph.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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cism upon Brown's genius and writings it is beautiful, spirited, and graphic. There is nothing wanting but more biographical incidents and personal traits." What Sparks said of Prescott's work can be as truly said of Rollo Ogden's *William Hickling Prescott*,* without the limitation. It is "beautiful, spirited, and graphic," but it also abounds in biographical incidents and personal traits. And Mr. Ogden's biography excels the historian's earliest piece of biographical writing in its lack of exaggeration.

Few American scholars have had a more winning personality than Prescott. The affliction of almost total blindness, under which he suffered from his youth, gained for him the greatest sympathy and affection, because of its powerful influence upon his character. As Mr. Ogden says: "No one can read the remarkable record, in his journals, of the way in which he turned from a dim world without to a radiant world within, took himself in hand, and forged laboriously in the dark the tempered weapon of his mind and heart, without becoming persuaded that his strength was plucked from his very disabling." Numerous quotations are given from Prescott's journal during the period when he was endeavoring to find a rule of life that would benefit his health and husband his strength. The systematic study which he made of his diet, required amount of sleep, exercise, recreation, all for the purpose of gaining by plain living the strength to do a man's work, is a practical lesson in self-denial. Nor, as his biographer remarks, does one hint of a dismal consciousness appear in the whole record.

Prescott's journal testifies to the true historical instinct which guided his writing. "Your manuscripts," he noted, "is the only staple for the historic web—at least the only one to make the stuff which will stand the wear and tear of old Father Time." Consequently, the libraries and archives of Europe were searched for material for his books, and only after every available authority had been consulted did he feel prepared to write. Mistakes of judgment in the collating and criticising of his material were not the result of conscious prejudice, for his biography shows him just, tolerant, and charitable.

While Mr. Ogden claims that his book is merely a supplement to Ticknor's *Life of Prescott*, it is a very complete study

* *William Hickling Prescott.* By Rollo Ogden. Cambridge: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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in itself. As the latest addition to the "American Men of Letters" series it maintains the high standard set in previous biographies.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN EDUCATION. By Crooker.

In the preface to this book,* written by Samuel A. Eliot, its origin is traced to the annual meeting (1901) of the American Unitarian Association, when a vote was taken to request the appointment of a committee for the purpose of preparing a report upon the progress of unsectarian education in American schools. After much discussion the Rev. Dr. Crooker, well known for his work in the college towns of Madison, Wis., and Ann Arbor, Mich., was authorized to collate and edit statements from various sub-committees. This preliminary report, thus made, is now enlarged into the present volume, for which the members of the original committee "are not individually or collectively responsible." The conclusions of this book "represent Dr. Crooker's own observation, experience, and judgment."

We regret that Dr. Crooker felt obliged to force so many of his own conclusions upon the reader, while admitting that he has gathered much useful information on the question at issue. He admits that in the United States "our Revolutionary fathers established, not simply universal toleration but perfect religious equality"; yet he contends that the "American Idea" requires us to submit to the intolerant claims of non-sectarianism in our schools supported by public taxation. No endorsement for such an opinion can be found in the writings of George Washington, or Charles Carroll of Carrollton, who were prominent representatives of distinctive American teaching.

Dr. Crooker shows, unfortunately, a strange lack of judicial equity (page 31) in his attempt to state the Catholic demand in educational matters, though he fails to give any authorities. To correct the false statements he has made, it would be well for him to get a copy of the pamphlet published by the Columbus Press—120 West 60th Street, New York City—entitled *Catholic Citizens and Public Education.* Again, on page 195, he gives in quotation marks a very important statement from "the president of one of our great universities," without

* *Religious Freedom in American Education.* By Joseph Henry Crooker. Boston: American Unitarian Association. 1903.

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mentioning his name. Other specimens of unfair statement might be given, did space permit, to show that Dr. Crooker is a most unreliable historian of the religious people in their efforts to assist the work of public education in the United States.

JOHN RUSKIN on the Divina Commedia.

Although John Ruskin will never be recognized as a great student of Dante, his critical appreciations of the *Divina Commedia** are valuable and suggestive. For many years Ruskin was an industrious reader of the great poem, and he had some traits of character and certain intellectual sympathies which would lead him far toward a right understanding of its spirit. Fatal limitations too beset him, of course, and stood between him and an adequate vision of the mighty Catholic creation of the middle age. But Ruskin was of a nature spiritual enough, and of a critical acuteness keen enough, to acquire a comprehension of Dante rarely to be found in a nineteenth century British Protestant. Students, therefore, of Dante will welcome Mr. Huntington's compilation as a stimulating and illuminating book. And the general reader whose eyes are open for thoughts that go beyond the subject on the title-page will find enough in this volume to repay perusal. Ruskin's richly-adorned mind strikes fire in a score of directions in these pages, and sheds light upon many a matter wider even than the *Divina Commedia*. For example: "Depend upon it, the first universal characteristic of all great art is Tenderness, as the second is Truth. I find this more and more every day: an infinitude of tenderness is the chief gift and inheritance of all the truly great men. It is sure to involve a relative intensity of disdain towards base things, and an appearance of sternness and arrogance in the eyes of all hard, stupid, vulgar people—quite terrific to such if they are capable of terror, and hateful to them if they are capable of nothing higher than hatred. I say the first inheritance is Tenderness—the second Truth, because the Tenderness is in the make of the creature, the Truth in his acquired habits and knowledge; besides, the love comes first in dignity as well as in time, and that is always pure and complete; the truth, at best, imperfect."

* *Comments of John Ruskin on the "Divina Commedia."* Compiled by George P. Huntington. With an Introduction by Charles Eliot Norton. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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Library Table.

The Tablet (12 Mar.): Fr. Thurston, S.J., reviewing the volume of the *Cambridge Modern History* which deals with the Reformation, finds in it a confirmation of the positions taken on the same period by Dr. Lingard in his *History of England*, and another blow to the Anglican "continuity" theory.——A translation of the Apostolic Letter of the Pope is given in which are laid down the conditions under which the degrees of Licentiate and Doctor in the faculty of Sacred Scripture may be obtained from the Biblical Commission appointed by the late Pope.—— The Roman Correspondent advises publishers not to be in haste to get out editions of Plain Chant, as there is at present no authorized version of it. He also reports the promise of another reform—that of separating the office of Secretary of the Consistorial from that of the Secretary of the Conclave, of the Sacred College, and of Acting Secretary of State to which it has hitherto been joined during the interregnums.

(19 Mar.): In a leader on the "Last Phase of the Kulturkampf" the abrogation of the anti-Jesuit Law by the German Reichstag is discussed.——The Roman Correspondent chronicles another reform in the Papal household: the abolition of the office of major-domo and the transfer of its functions to the Prefect of the Apostolic Palaces, which will go into effect when the present incumbent is raised to the Sacred College at the next consistory. He also reports that another condemnation of the Abbé Loisy will shortly be pronounced by the Holy Office, as the abbé has shown no disposition to submit fully to the censures passed upon his writings.—— A description of the Centenary celebration of St. Gregory at Westminster is given, with the text of the Bishop of Newport's sermon delivered on that occasion.

(26 Mar.): Under the heading "Illiberal Liberalism in Germany" comment is made upon the adverse criticism of the Liberals on the partial repeal of the anti-Jesuit law by the Reichstag.——Rev. H. Thurston, S.J.,

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contributes an article entitled "That Wonderful American Scholar," which is a quotation from Dr. Jessopp approving the scholarship of Dr. H. C. Lea. Father Thurston traces the influence of Dr. Lea in Principal Lindsay's eulogy of Luther in the *Cambridge Modern History*, denies the justness of the appreciation, and incidentally shows how unscholarly Dr. Lea really is.——The Roman Correspondent gives the substance of the Pope's outspoken censure of the French government's policy towards Religious Orders and Bishops, as given in an allocution to the cardinals assembled to congratulate the Holy Father on his feast-day.——The Correspondent announces that Mgr. Cavallari and not, as was expected, Mgr. Scalabrini, has been selected for the Patriarchate of Venice.

(2 April): The Roman Correspondent, commenting upon the French government's protest to the Holy See on the subject of the Holy Father's recent allocution, says that "it was not of the fire-eating kind that M. Combes would like people to imagine." The Correspondent goes on to say that the Holy Father's policy towards France is that of his predecessor, and that "he wishes French Catholics to support and purify the French Republic; but he wishes also that French Catholics, to whatever political party they belong, should cease all recrimination among themselves and unite their forces for the interests of religion."——The Encyclical Letter of the Holy Father on the thirteenth Centenary of St. Gregory is given in full.——The Newman Memorial Church, the corner-stone of which was laid last week at Birmingham, is to be of the style of San Martino in Rome, according to the wishes of Cardinal Newman.——Satisfaction is expressed over the appointment of Mgr. Fenton to be Bishop Auxiliary to the Archbishop of Westminster.

The Month (April): In his second paper on "Present-Day Protestantism," James Britten, K.S.G., treats of the spirit and method of Protestant controversy. He remarks the unwillingness of the non-Catholic controversialist to see Catholics cleared of charges which are without foundation, and he gives "an illustration of the kind of evidence adduced in support of the Protestant thesis" that Rome

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hates the Bible and does her best to suppress it.—— "A Tale of Mexican Horrors," by Rev. Herbert Thurston, deals with the alleged walling-up of living persons by the Mexican Inquisitors. Fr. Thurston considers in detail the accounts given of these horrors by Drs. Rule and Butler. Though both accounts purport to relate the same story, Fr. Thurston finds that they differ in "almost every essential particular." The reverend writer, furthermore, produces "really valuable testimonies" which show that persons were not immured alive, and "that the whole story of Inquisition horrors hopelessly breaks down."

The Critical Review (Mar.): Rev. James Iverach in this number begins an article on Herbert Spencer. Though the noted philosopher, he says, has, in the minds of many, failed to "bring all human thought into unity" and has put grave obstacles against the theory of evolution by his agnosticism, still he has lived a "great, strenuous, heroic life, worthy of admiration."——Henry Hayman, in reviewing Creighton's *Historical Lectures and Addresses*, considers the volume lively and interesting, and places the addresses on the English character as samples of the author's ability.——The third volume of *The Expositor's Greek Testament*, on the Epistles of St. Paul, in the opinion of David Purves, is deserving of the highest praise "as conservative in the best sense and scientific in method."

International Journal of Ethics (April): Writing on the problem of Teleology, Dr. Felix Adler attempts to prove that there can be no such thing as a single end. The notion of *Telos*, according to his view, is a bond which ties together several parallel causes; an end is a term in a causal series whose existence as an end depends on corresponding or complementary terms.——Mr. J. G. James writes on the ethics of what is known as "passive resistance," namely, the refusal to pay the taxes required by the English Education Act of 1902. The writer holds that the "resisters" can find no ethical justification for their position.——Mr. Du Bois, of Atlanta University, presents an interesting paper on the social development of the colored race in the United States.——Mr. James H. Leuba discusses Prof. James' book on religious experiences and offers proof that the author gives an unfair interpretation

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to the manifestations of religion.——John H. Muirhead advocates a study of Wordsworth's ideal of education; this he believes to be the true way to reform the education systems of the present day.——J. Clark Murray objects to the theory put forth by Prof. Royce in regard to the attitude of the teachers of philosophy toward religion. Mr. Murray holds that it is the duty of a philosopher as such to take an interest in religious work.

The International Quarterly (Mar.–June): Professor Bernard Moses, of California University, discusses the problem of the "Education of the Stranger." The racial ideas and instincts of the Eastern and Western peoples are pointed out, and our educational policy in the Philippine Islands is treated in particular.——We are indebted to Robert Y. Tyrrell, of Dublin University, for a brief but very accurate biography and an estimate of the works of Plutarch.——Paul Elmer More, of New York, notices at length Lady Gregory's novel, *Cuchulain of Muirthemne.* It is the reviewer's desire to make more widely known what Mr. Yeats calls "the best book that has ever come out of Ireland."——"From Leo XIII. to Pius X." is the title of a paper contributed by Marquis Filippo Crispolti, of Rome. The author shows that in the last three conclaves the popes have been selected not because of their politics but for their character; that the courses of action followed by Pius IX. and Leo XIII. were chosen for personal reasons; that the existing state of affairs in Italy has its good and its evil aspects; that the present temporary tranquillity is but superficial, and that the endless contest, now invisible, may break forth at any time. Finally, it is predicted by the writer that the reign of Pius X. will be a pontificate undisturbed by politics, permitting the faithful to move unchecked in their own spheres of action and turning its energies to the reorganization and encouragement of all ecclesiastical life.——Other interesting articles are: "The Future of China," by F. W. Williams, of Yale University; "Nationality and Militarism," by J. H. Rose, of London; "Our Government's Course in Panama," by Joseph B. Bishop, of New York, etc. The last mentioned is a statement of the reasons of our government's action in the

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recognition of the Panama republic, together with a citation of, and an answer to, the main points of criticism against the procedure of the administration.

Dublin Review (April): Dr. Aveling writing on Herbert Spencer says we can hardly fail to recognize in his philosophy a phase of decay rather than growth, of dissolution rather than evolution.——Miss J. M. Stone, after considering recent studies on Luther by P. Denifle, O.P., and P. Grisar, S.J., suggests that the true inwardness of the great heresiarch's psychological complexities may best be found in the theory of his mental aberration.——Summarizing and criticising Dr. Wendt's work on the Fourth Gospel, Dom Howlett says he does not know whether or not the theory that the book in its present form comes from the pen of a disciple of St. John, will commend itself to the Catholic theologian; but "at any rate, when so many not only deny the apostolic authorship but the historical value of the Fourth Gospel, it is satisfactory to find a critic of high standing who maintains that the Gospel is based upon a source written by the Apostle John, that it contains the genuine discourses of our Lord, and that a large proportion of the narrative is based on Apostolic tradition and thoroughly trustworthy."——Montgomery Carmichael sketches the origin of the Rule of St. Francis, and says: "I do not here and now attempt to show whether the Rule really was of divine revelation or not, but I do claim to demonstrate that St. Francis himself thought so, that his friars thought so, and that the church at large thought so."

Hibbert Journal (April): In a very thoughtful article on what he considers, no doubt rightly, an almost wholly neglected, though vitally important, feature of the fiscal question now agitating English politics—its moral aspect—Professor Henry Jones contends that every act of statesmanship has a moral meaning, that "every law inscribed upon the statute-book alters the conditions under which some one lives; it establishes rights, defines duties, and creates opportunities of a better life, or places obstacles in its way." This is all the more true of great and far-reaching public policies in the settlement of which moral considerations should receive a most thorough attention

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and play a most decisive part, for true and lasting material prosperity springs from the character of a people more than from legislative devices.——Rev. Canon Hensley Henson, in an article entitled "The Resurrection of Jesus Christ," discredits the old belief in the physical resuscitation of our Lord. He maintains, however, very earnestly, that Christ survived death not in an "impoverished ghostly state, but in the fulness of personal life." This belief he in nowise finds inconsistent with doubt as to the historical accuracy of the details given in St. Luke's Gospel—the emptiness of the tomb, the eating of the broiled fish and honeycomb by our Lord, and other similar tangible evidences of his resurrection.——The Bishop of Ripon writes with great praise of Mr. Morley's execution of his task in writing Mr. Gladstone's life. "Mr. Morley lifts the veil with as worshipful a regard for his great chief as though he were the priest of the shrine whose treasures he guarded with gladness and displayed with reverent delight. . . . When I read the story of the careful self-vigilance with which Mr. Gladstone watched over the movements and development of the inward life, I see whence he derived the inspiration to believe in life as a great and noble calling." ——Professor W. Jethro contributes a sort of jeremiad on the losing of those convictions which teach the soul reverence and give life the sense of a purpose and a mission—*e. g.*, rank, the family, the mysteries of nature, the sovereignty of God, the divinity of Christ, the existence of Hell.——Mr. Andrew Lang attempts to elucidate (though not to uphold) Mr. Myer's theory of the Subliminal Self, being convinced that there are the seeds of fire in the smoke of testimonies drawn from historical and anthropological witnesses in all lands, as well as from modern instances.——Dr. Hugo Winckler, writing on North Arabia and the Bible, concludes with these words: "It is, however, much to be wished that those who now hinder research should learn to cherish and support it, so that investigators may not be continually called upon to explain historical results which ought by this time to have become the common property of all intelligent men."

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Revue de Lille (Mar.): "The Catholic Church in the United States," by the Vicomte de Meaux, is an article of more than ordinary interest. The vicomte laments the sad state of religion in his own country, and says that the only hope for France is to follow the example of America. He then reviews the conditions under which the colonial Catholic Church of 1789, with one bishop and thirty priests, developed into the magnificent organization of to-day, with nearly a hundred bishops and thirteen thousand priests. He shows that, although many of the causes which contributed to this marvellous growth have sprung from circumstances peculiar to the country, yet there are principles underlying all which, if applied in France, would awaken religious sentiment and insure freedom from political persecution. To the objection that many Catholic immigrants have lost their faith in America, he replies by pointing out two great difficulties with which, in the past, American Catholics have had to contend, namely, the barrier of inherited prejudice, and the scarcity of churches and priests. The fact that these obstacles have been removed and that the Catholic Church to-day is in a most hopeful condition is due, he says, on the one hand, to the efforts of broad-minded, energetic Catholic leaders, and on the other, to the protection of a government founded on the principle of religious liberty.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (Mar.): The clever author of the *Lettres Romaines* has another instalment of his commentary upon the Abbé Loisy, in which he endeavors to give a correct idea of doctrinal development. We must, he says, avoid two misleading conceptions which are prevalent in modern theology. We must abandon the notion that dogmatic development is simply drawing the explicit out of the implicit in the manner in which a theorem of geometry is drawn out of the elementary axioms of that science. For religion is not an intellectual abstraction but a life, and its development is according to the laws, not of mathematics but of organisms that grow. St. Thomas and St. Bernard certainly had examined pretty thoroughly the content of revelation, yet neither of them was able to discover in it the truth of

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the Immaculate Conception. And in the second place, we must beware of thinking that the formulas which now express dogma to us are finally and irreformably fixed. The truth they contain is certainly fixed, but truth exists not in itself and unrelated, but related to human minds. And to penetrate human minds it must be adapted to our ideas. And as ideas and ways of thinking change, the formula, the verbal expression, the vehicle of abiding truth, must also change. Thus, the Jews could understand Christ's divinity only by thinking of him as Messias. The Greeks could grasp the same truth only by the thought-form of the Logos. We are neither Jews nor Greeks, and it is both rational and thoroughly Catholic to hold that the doctrine of Christ's divinity may be expressed in still another formula in order to reach the intellect of our age. To say that the church cannot change her formulas is, first, to deny the plain facts of history, and, secondly, to side with those heretics who cling to the first six or seven councils, and declare that no later dogmatic decree can possibly be needful or true. ——M. Girerd keenly criticises the theories of inspiration maintained by the Jesuit Fathers Prat and Durand.

Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuse (Mar.–April): Paul Fournier concludes his series of studies on the early penitential books. In opposition to Mgr. Schmitz he holds that the prevalence of a Roman penance-code is mythical. In fact there was no such document, strictly speaking; for we find the Roman texts only in French collections.——P. Richard's second article on the diplomacy of Leo X. discusses the opposition of the humanist Bibbiena to Francis I.——P. Turmel treats of the post-Augustinian theology on the question of the condition of infants dying without baptism. Augustine, Fulgentius, Gregory the Great, and Isidore of Seville condemned these infants to positive suffering. Anselm of Canterbury and Abelard led the revolt from this position, and their efforts were crowned by Thomas Aquinas, who held that not only are unbaptized children exempted from suffering in the hereafter, but that they enjoy complete natural happiness. Bellarmine, Petavius, and Bossuet took alarm at these mitigated views and strove to reintroduce the old Augus-

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tinian severity. They failed, however, and to-day every Catholic theologian follows Anselm and Aquinas.

Le Correspondant (25 Feb.): Among the interesting articles of this number are two which merit special attention because of the light they throw on the religious persecution at present going on in France. One article is by M. G. de Lamarzelle, "Pourquoi la troisième République n'a pas dénoncé le Concordat"; the other is "l'Assemblée générale du Grand Orient de France en 1903," by M. Paul Nourrisson. The first shows us that the self-regarding thought which brought about the Concordat under Napoleon was also the cause of the fear which prevented its revocation in 1888, and that the dechristianizing of France, to prepare for the separation of church and state, is a work taken in hand by the ministers of Paul Bert and passed along to Combes.——The second article lets us into the secret of the force which gave the order for the expulsion of the religious congregations engaged in teaching. To expel them from France was the quickest and surest means of dechristianizing the country.

La Démocratie Chrétienne (Mar.): To prove that the principles of Social Democracy are practical, the writer of an article entitled "The Parish of Vieille-Loye" describes a community in which, he claims, they are actually carried out.——A paper on the "Social Movement" tells of what is being done by the advocates of social reform in the region where the great textile strikes occurred last year.——The correspondent from Germany demonstrates the fact that the Volksverein is receiving favorable recognition, not only by the Centre leaders in the Reichstag, but also by prominent non-Catholics throughout the empire.

Science Catholique (Mar.): The Abbé Fontaine takes occasion from the recent well-known work of M. Sabatier, *Les religions d'autorité et la religion de l'Esprit*, to contribute an article on an interesting subject, to which he gives the title "Exégèse Catholico-Protestante." After reviewing the position of "Liberal Protestantism," as set forth by its latest exponent, and contrasting it with the Catholic position, the writer goes on to trace the successive stages in the progressive dissolution of Prot-

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estantism (the latest of which he regards as the natural and necessary outcome of the first), concluding finally with a severe but characteristic arraignment of those "Novateurs Catholiques" who in the field of Biblical Science are, in the writer's judgment, at least, endangering the stability of the Catholic position by the introduction of these very principles, which have so far wrought the dissolution of Orthodox Protestantism.—— M. Paul Gaucher continues his interesting article on "Saint Jerome and the Inspiration of the Deutero-Canonical Books," bringing forward strong arguments to prove that learned doctor's personal and practical belief in the canonical and sacred character of these writings.

Revue du Monde Catholique: The article on M. Vincent Davin is concluded with a discussion of M. Davin's considerations on Bossuet.——"The Clerical Reform in the Eleventh and Twelfth Centuries" forms one of the principal discussions in this issue. The writer declares that the work of Charlemagne was ephemeral, and that the real renaissance began in the eleventh century. The essential part played by the clerical reform in this great renaissance is demonstrated, and the persons and methods employed are delineated.

Revue Apologétique (16 Mar.): Dr. A. Knoch, in an article on "Modern Protestantism," points out the destructive effects of historical and Scriptural criticism upon Protestant dogma. The article is chiefly concerned with Harnack—his methods, his work, and his influence.—— The first article on "The Catholic Renascence in England" is given in this number by A. De Ridder. It deals with the period from 1833–1836, and gives a good account of the influence produced on the church by the Tractarian movement.

La Revue Générale (Mar.): In writing on the organization of labor unions in Germany, M. V. Brants states that the movement received a great impetus from the Frankfort Congress of last October. He predicts that in the near future it will go forward with even greater rapidity, for it is now being supported by many great political leaders, such as Dr. Hitze, of the Centre party.——At a time when the newspapers are daily informing us of

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new methods employed to drive religion from France, it is refreshing to read an article describing the opposite condition of affairs in a neighboring country. Such is the paper on "Catholicism in Norway," by M. P. Halflants. The writer testifies to the liberal policy of the Norwegian government; it is welcoming those oppressed for conscience' sake, and is repealing its own long-standing laws against liberty of worship.——M. Guillaume Verspeyen argues against the proposed law to compel the teaching of the Flemish language in the public and private schools of some sections of Belgium.——An article by M. Gollier Ruelle gives an interesting sketch of the history and the character of the inhabitants of Corea.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (Mar.): In an article on "Artistic Freedom" Fr. Beissel, S.J., shows how the structure and history of the great Cathedral of Freiburg indicate and justify the growing tendency to grant to sculptors and painters great liberty in executing the designs of architects and builders.——Fr. Cathrein points out the absolute necessity of basing all just criminal legislation on the doctrine of human free will, and shows that it is impossible to reconcile the theoretical principles of determinism with the notions of moral obligation and responsibility which enter so largely into the every-day conduct and dealings of the determinist himself.——Fr. Plotzer, S.J., continues his discussion of the question, "Is Anglicanism on its Way to Rome?" devoting the present paper principally to a consideration of the accounts given by noted converts of the causes which are leading many to abandon Protestantism and embrace the Catholic faith.

Rassegna Nazionale (16 Mar.): E. di P. quotes at length from the recent pastoral of Mgr. Bonomelli, insisting that the conditions of salvation are more generous and the number of the saved far greater than some would have us believe.

(1 April): Senatore Tancredi Canonico publishes his eulogy of Silvio Pellico, pronounced on the fiftieth anniversary celebration in Rome.——A. Ciacherri notices a remarkable volume on the trial of our Lord ("Il Pro-

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cesso di Gesù"), written by a liberal, and calculated to emphasize the great influence of the Cross of Christ on the elevation of humanity.

Civiltà Cattolica (5 Mar.): Argues against Loisy that if the Resurrection of Christ is historically indemonstrable it is nothing whatever.——Comments on the evil results of students learning to rely upon the authority of great scientists, who will occasionally step out of their own province and pronounce upon revelation and Christian philosophy, of which they are profoundly ignorant.

(2 April): Indicates the reasons for rejecting Loisy's teaching on the sources of Christian doctrine, and appeals not only to scientific but also to super-scientific proofs, namely, the miraculous incidents in Christian history.

Razón y Fe (Mar.): P. Murillo writes against the critical school's contention, that the present text of the Pentateuch is not a primitive but a restored text, and rebukes the levity, superficiality, and irreverence of the critics towards the sacred books and the inspired writers.

(April): P. Murillo writes on the date of the Pentateuch, condemning Catholics like Schell, who, in the belief that they are rendering a service to the church, approximate to rationalism, and pretend to establish such principles as this, that the date of the Pentateuch is an indifferent matter so long as its inspired character is maintained. The writer further goes on to prove that Cornelius à Lapide, Pereira, and Tirius were not precursors of the critical positions of our own day about the origin, history, and composition of the Pentateuch.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

IN a recent number of the *National Review* Miss Godley invokes protection for Shakspere, the supreme dramatist, from the persistent assaults of a rabid army of Baconians on his reputation. The writer assumes that Shakspere wrote Shakspere; she does not waste a word or thought on the fantastic doctrine which, centuries after the death of the poet and philosopher, ill-directed ingenuity has endeavored to foist on the literary world. For the Baconians, notice is encouragement. When they are pushed from one preposterous argument they settle into another. The only chance is to ignore them altogether. It is from actors and managers that Miss Godley desires to afford Shakspere protection. Shakspere is the victim of the star system. In modern times it is too often the custom to write a play round one actor or actress, and fit on the character and incidents as you would fit on a suit of clothes. The rest are lay figures. It were easy to show—if there were time and space to show it—that to this custom is largely due the decadence of the modern stage. It is for the author to create; the actor to interpret. The one-character play is bound to be a failure. This vicious system has reacted on Shakspere. There are no one-character plays amid the works of the great master. There are no lay figures. Every character, every incident, every line has a power and beauty of its own, and is essential to the purpose of the play. Custom does not require the manager of a Shaksperean company to give more than the most cursory reflection to the original arrangement of the scenes, or the true nature of the persons in the play. No doubt during the last few years we have seen a certain number of Shakspere's characters exceedingly well represented; Mr. Forbes Robertson's Hamlet and Mr. Lewis Waller's Hotspur are two of the first to suggest themselves. Still, in almost every instance, we find the same order of things prevailing; one or two of the principal parts more or less ably played, and a crowd of lesser personages, all reduced to one dead level of monotony; sometimes by the fault of the actors, and sometimes because their speeches have been carefully shorn of individuality by other hands.

Miss Godley does not expect to have Shakspere's plays in full upon the stage. No rational person will raise objections if certain speeches, and even certain scenes, are bodily omitted. What is neither just nor allowable is the prevailing fashion of cutting lines from the very heart of a speech, on no grounds whatever except to gain more time for the arrangement of tableaux and pieces of cheap business. Custom does not as yet allow actor or manager to provide new lines in a Shaksperean play. But, short of that, there is an unlimited license of curtailment and interpolation. Miss Godley rightly asserts that the subordinate characters still have their distinctive features; each one is intended to have his influence on the action of the play, not merely to help towards filling the stage. A speech in Shakspere belongs to the character for whom it was written and intended. It is part of the character. By shifting speeches about anomalies and absurdities are created, and all the distinctive individuality which the master gave to each character is lost.

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But worst of all, perhaps, is the way in which Shaksperean revivals, as they are somewhat inaptly termed, are weighed down with the gorgeousness of stage accessories. Dress, scenery, and pageantry are all carried to the very extreme of realistic splendor. The drama plays second figure to costume. The tableau, with its dumb show, is tagged on, a mere dead excrescence to the live body of the play. It is impossible that the action should move briskly with such impediments interposed. Through the whole progress of the piece the spectator's attention is diverted by the splendor of the stage accessories from the most glorious poetry of passion and feeling the world has ever known. Let these glories of brilliant scenery be reserved for many plays of the modern times. To the right interpretation of Shakspere the simple and plainer is the costume and scenery the better.

* * *

It seems that the origin of the form Shakspere is not to be attributed to the venerable Dr. Furnivall. The editor of Bell's Shakspere (London, 1793) in his advertisement has the following:

The present editor hath presumed to deviate from the usual mode of printing the *Author's* name by the omission of the letter A in the last syllable, viz.: *Shakspere* for *Shakespeare*, but he thinks himself warranted in this alteration by the *fac-simile* of the *Author's* subscription to his Will, as well as by the *invariable* custom of entering the names of his family in the *Register-Book* of the Parish of *Stratford-upon-Avon*. The ancient method of spelling the partial derivation of the name will equally justify the present adoption, if primitive accuracy be preferable to modern variations—as in *Spencer*, where it is written, and explained in the *Glossary*, *spere*, a *spear*.

* * *

A rare and curious book published by Calkin & Budd, London, 1848, is entitled Religious and Moral Sentences culled from the Works of Shakspere, compared with passages drawn from Holy Writ by a member of the Shakspere Society. The compiler observed while visiting Stratford-upon-Avon a large written paper in a gilt frame, termed a copy of Shakspere's will drawn in the Roman Catholic form; purporting to be a faithful copy of the real will deposited at Doctors' Commons. In this will, dated 1616, after invoking the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the most holy and blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, the archangels, angels, patriarchs, prophets, etc., this declaration follows:

I, William Shakespear, an unworthy member of the Holy Catholic Religion, being at this my present writing in perfect health of body, sound mind, memory, and understanding, but calling to mind the uncertainty of life, and the certainty of death, and that I may be possibly cut off in the blossom of my sins, and called to render an account of all my transgressions, external and internal, and that I may be unprepared for the dreadful trial either by sacrament, penance, fasting or prayer, or any other purgation whatever, do in the holy presence above specified, of my own free and voluntary accord, make and ordain this my last Spiritual Will, Testament, Confession, Protestation, and Confession of Faith, etc.

The compiler declares his avowed purpose to show presumptive evidence by the passages from Shakspere that the tenets of the religion which he professed "were not of the Roman Catholic persuasion."

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He that of greatest works is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister;
So Holy Writ in babes hath judgment shewn,
When judges have been babes.

—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

And I will give children to be their princes, and babes shall rule over them.—*Isaias.*

Many good judges agree in regard to Shakspere that the internal evidence of his writings is very strong in favor of his Catholic tendencies and appreciation of Catholic teaching, which includes a knowledge of the Bible.

* * *

Mr. Alexis Irenée du Pont Coleman, the translator of Maeterlinck's *Monna Vanna,* is a son of the Bishop of Delaware. He is of French descent on his mother's side, and is an accomplished French scholar. During the last year of Augustin Daly's life he was official translator at Daly's Theatre, and since that time he has done all the play-translating for the chief agent in this country for German dramatists. Mr. Coleman is also the author of numerous articles in the magazines, and for the past three years has been an instructor in the English department of the College of the City of New York. He is a graduate of Oxford.

* * *

Mr. E. J. Dillon, the author of the recently published biography of Maxim Gorky, a native of Ireland, born of an Irish father and an English mother, began his life-work in Russia, and did his first writing in Russian. His first published articles appeared in the *Petersburgskia Viedemosti* in 1886. The articles were an attack upon the Russian professors who were then bringing out a history of universal literature. For the next few years Dr. Dillon held the position of docent of Kharkoff University. In 1894 he was made doctor of comparative philology and elected professor. Soon after he was elected a member of the Armenian Academy of Venice. He is the only non-Armenian who enjoys this distinction. It was some years later that he began to write in English, his first article being published in the American *Review of Reviews.*

* * *

It was a memorable occasion when the check was presented to the Catholic University, by order of the Knights of Columbus, for the endowment of a chair of American history. The check was drawn on the Union Trust Company of Providence, R. I., for $50,000.

Among the church dignitaries in attendance were his Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, chancellor of the University; Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, Archbishop Farley of New York, Bishop Maes of Covington, Bishop Foley of Detroit, Bishop Garrigan of Sioux City, and the Right Rev. Mgr. O'Connell, rector of the University.

The presentation of the check was made by Edward L. Hearn, Supreme Knight of the order, and Cardinal Gibbons delivered the acceptance and response. Mr. John J. Delaney, Corporation Counsel of Greater New York and a member of the Knights of Columbus, who initiated the movement which resulted in the endowment of the chair of American history, delivered the principal address of the day.

When Archbishop Ryan rose to open the ceremonies with prayer fully three thousand persons were gathered on the broad lawn in front of McMahon Hall, where a grand stand had been erected. The big check, in an immense frame, decorated with yellow and white bunting, the colors of the University, occupied a prominent place to the left of the speaker's stand. The wide stone front of the hall was gay with American flags and yellow and white bunting, and the stand, a short distance away, occupied by the Marine Band, was hidden beneath drapery of the same colors.

Mr. Hearn explained in his presentation speech that the Knights of Colum-

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bus had selected the chair of American history as the most fitting one to endow, as it was considered high time that loyal Catholics should make some effort to protect the Church in history, thus far written chiefly by non-Catholics.

The laity of the church had been too long apathetic in this respect, he said, and as a consequence but little was to be found in the histories of to-day about the part that the Catholic Church had occupied in the upbuilding of the institutions of the North American continent, from the time of its discovery by Columbus up to the present time.

In his speech of acceptance, Cardinal Gibbons said:

I beg to assure you in my own name and in the name of my colleagues of the extremely deep sense of gratitude with which this gift is received. You have presented to the Catholic University of America the munificent sum of $50,000 for endowing a chair in American history. You may rest assured that this amount will be safely invested and devoted to the exact purposes intended.

An able professor will be selected to preserve and teach the truth of American history. To him it will be a glorious and congenial pursuit, and will present the truth to the world and show to all the leading part the Catholic Church has taken in upbuilding this country, developing its resources, and spreading civilization and Christianity among its inhabitants. It is a sacred duty to repel false charges brought against our religion and to vindicate the charges against our church before the tribunal of the American people.

The present year has proved to be one of the most prosperous and auspicious years that have yet dawned on the Catholic University of America. We are cheered by the contemplation of a united episcopate in the United States, marching hand in hand and shoulder to shoulder in the desire to advance the interests of this great institute and cheered by the generous Catholic laity of the United States, who in individual contributions from Alaska to the Rio Grande and from the Atlantic to the Pacific nobly responded to the appeals of their bishops.

During the last few days, in addition to this munificent sum presented by the Knights of Columbus, the Catholic laity have collected and presented to the Catholic University more than $100,000. And we are also cheered by the generosity of the laity in organized contributions, such as were presented a few years ago by the Ancient Order of Hibernians of America, and as presented here to-day by the Knights of Columbus.

Gentlemen, you have done more than present $50.000. You have signalized your interest in a great institution by your presence before me in such vast numbers. We are cheered by the action of Pope Pius X., who recently sent to the Catholic University a letter of sympathy, and who in this respect has followed in the footsteps of his predecessor, Pope Leo XIII. The whole episcopate manifests its cordial support of the Catholic University.

Gentlemen, Knights of Columbus, you do not bear royal titles nor royal purses, but you have shown by your actions that you have loyal Catholic hearts. What may we not hope to see? With the Pope and the Bishops and the laity united, we know no such word as failure, and therefore this University must succeed, and with God's blessing shall succeed. God bless you all. You will have in the future, as you have had in the past, the confidence of the Hierarchy of the United States.

Mr. Delaney apologized for the fact that the Knights of Columbus took occasion to present the big check in such a public manner. He said that it was done in order to set an example to others, and for that reason only, and insisted that if the organization had had its way the treasurer would have sneaked in the back door of the University with the check under his arm, and after dropping it in care of the authorized custodian of the funds would have made his way out the same way he came.

But he hoped the example set by the Knights of Columbus would be speedily followed, and that the good work of endowing the University by contributions from loyal Catholics would proceed without interruption.

M. C. M.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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IMMIGRATION PROBLEMS.

BY J. C. MONAGHAN.

DURING the year ending June 30, 1903, 857,046 immigrants entered the United States. Of these 26,219 came from England, 6,153 from Scotland, 35,300 from Ireland, 5,578 from France, 40,086 from Germany, 24,461 from Norway, 46,028 from Sweden; 136,093 from Russia, exclusive of Poles; Austria and Hungary, exclusive of Austrian Poland, sent us 206,011; Italy, 230,622. The number of aliens, immigrants and travellers, that came into the United States in 1820, the first year in which a satisfactory official record was made of those entering, was 8,385; in 1828 it was 27,382. In 1828 England's contribution to the tide of immigration was 2,735. From Scotland came 1,041; from Ireland, 12,488; from France, 2,843; from Germany, 1,851; Norway sent 10; Sweden none; Russia, exclusive of Poland, 7; Austria and Hungary none; Italy, 34.

The population of the United States in 1820, white and black, was 9,633,822; in 1900 it was 76,303,387, not counting Porto Rico and the Philippines, but including Alaska and Hawaii.

ASSIMILATION.

Grave doubts are entertained by writers on immigration problems as to the country's ability to absorb and assimilate the hundreds of thousands that are pouring into our ports

THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ST. PAUL THE APOSTLE IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK, 1904.

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from places hitherto unrepresented. A glance at the figures will reveal the causes for the alarm. Of the 857,046 that entered in 1903, England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, Norway and Sweden combined, contributed only 183,825. Italy alone sent us 230,622, and Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia together 572,726. Were the 9,633,822 of 1820 better able to assimilate the 27,382 immigrants who came to us in that year, from the countries of northern Europe, than the 76,303,387 of 1900, or the 80-odd millions of 1903, the 857,-046 immigrants who came to us in 1903, largely from Latin and Slavic races? For every 1,000 of the population in 1828 there came in 2.8 immigrants; in 1903 the ratio was a trifle more than 10.7 to the 1,000. Is there danger in this difference? Would the danger be greater or less in case the entire immigration contingency came, as in the early years, from northern Europe, rather than, as now, in such large part from southern Europe?

Alarmed at the enormous increase of the Latin and Slavic elements in the immigration returns, economic and sociologic writers have been asking the country to investigate the immigration problem, with a view to devising means to direct the stream into channels where assimilation will be easier and the results better than those at present in evidence. Careless and inconsiderate denunciations of the present system of regulating immigration have been heard on all sides. Perils equal to those thought to lurk in what some call the "yellow peril" are predicted, unless Congress devises means for correcting existing evils. Luckily, the country has not lost confidence in Congress. It is time, perhaps, to take up the immigration problem. It is time, too, to find out the actual facts in connection therewith, and to ask the alarmists to show cause for the claims they are making. In order to help Congress and the country at large to reach safe conclusions, the Department of Commerce and Labor sent a circular letter to the United States consuls stationed in foreign ports, asking for detailed information regarding emigration from their districts. In this circular letter the consuls were asked all manner of questions. Many of the replies to this circular letter have appeared in the Daily Consular reports, published by the Department of Commerce and Labor, and are well worth careful reading. (They will appear later in a volume of Special Consul Reports.)

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According to the first number of these reports, already published, Germany and the United Kingdom furnished, from 1821 to 1903, 56 per cent. of all the immigrants recorded in the United States returns. Germany's share was 24 per cent., Ireland's 19, and that of England, Scotland, and Wales 13 per cent. During the same period Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Russia, including Poland, furnished 21 per cent. Of these Austria-Hungary furnished 7 per cent., Italy 8 per cent., and Russia, including Poland, 6 per cent. Of those coming in 1903 Germany and the United Kingdom furnished only 12 per cent. Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia, including Poland, 68 per cent. By the census of 1900 the number of foreign-born persons in the United States was 10,356,644, or 13.54 per cent. of the total population.

Is it well for us to get so many immigrants in a single year and to have them settle in great numbers in the large cities of the North Atlantic States? Is it good for them? Is what is good for us good for them? If so, would it not be wiser, much wiser, for us to regulate the stream up near its sources? Is not the best place to direct and filter it the point at which it begins to emerge from the Austrian, Hungarian, Russian, and Italian hills? Can the consuls do much or anything to control the stream? May not the new elements become a menace? There are those who look upon them as a danger. For my own part, I do not; I am willing to trust to time, equal laws, liberty, and education. Lincoln's aphorism about fooling part of the people all of the time, all of the people part of the time, "but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time," is as applicable to Italians, Russians, etc., as it is to native Americans. There are those who seem to think that the millions of foreign born and their descendants are the part that can be fooled all of the time. They cannot. Moreover, boasting until we prove ourselves better than the people who have given the world Tolstoi, Turgeneff, Gogol, Sienkiewicz, et al., is out of place. What Italy was we are not now, never have been, and may never be. The countrymen of Dante and Petrarch, Angelo and Raphael may contribute much to keep the commercial spirit subordinate to the higher, holier, and nobler lines of life. Anyway, it is best to be sure that one is right before he arraigns a whole race or people; such an arraignment has never been done successfully.

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CHARACTER OF IMMIGRANTS.

Most of the immigrants who enter our gates are honest, thrifty, sober, industrious, law-abiding and peaceful. At one time, and for a long time, the people coming to us in the steerage were the pick of the class to which they belonged. It was largely because of this fact, says our consul, that the newly established industries of the United States came to the front almost at a leap; they had the cream of the expert labor of Great Britain and Europe.

There are several reasons to account for what is generally admitted to be the fact as to the lowering of the standard. Formerly it required great strength of character, and almost courage, for a man (especially if poor) to travel to the United States in search of employment and to found a new home. It was generally only the best class who made the venture; the weaklings, as a rule, were afraid. But the conditions of travel have been made so easy and the prospects in the United States are now so attractive, with all conditions more comfortable than formerly—and then so many prospective emigrants have friends and relatives already established across the water to smooth the way—that a greater number of inferior men join the never-ceasing procession of those who abandon the old for the new land. This latter class is probably yearly proportionately increasing, and thus it is that the general standard is being lowered. Still, the United States continues to drain Great Britain and the Continent of much of the very best of its farming and artisan population. A great many Scandinavians go to the United States via Liverpool. They cross the North Sea to Hull, and thence go by rail to Liverpool. As a rule, they are a fine, sturdy people—healthy and thrifty-looking. The wonder is frequently expressed how their fatherland can stand this constant drain of depopulation.

Of the 305,236 immigrants coming in via French ports in the years 1893–1903 (first ten months) 83,791 were skilled workmen, 168,794 farmers, 1,680 professional men, 18,419 servants, 32,557 of no occupation, including women and children. Expressed in another way, 55.4 per cent. are farmers; 27.4 skilled workmen, men who have learned trades; 10.7 per cent., including women and children, persons who have no occupation; 6 per cent. domestic servants, 5 per cent. professional people, actors,

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doctors, dentists, etc. It would be well worth our while to encourage immigration could we count on any such average of value as is indicated by the foregoing figures. Still, the average of intelligence is not so very low. As a rule it is above the average of the classes out of which the immigrants come. Of those coming to us from Italy, Austria-Hungary, Bohemia, and Poland a great many—in fact, by far the larger part—are farmers. To travel to this country is easier now than it was in the days of sailing ships and long voyages; still, it requires considerable courage to come even now, and the class that does come consists in great measure of eager, earnest, courageous workers, people who are willing to take the bad with the good, to undergo hardships if only they and theirs may better their fortunes. As a rule they do, and this is one of the very gratifying features connected with immigration.

REASONS FOR EMIGRATING.

While many reasons are given for emigration, all writers, consuls as well as independent correspondents, are agreed that chief among them is the desire of the emigrants to better their social and financial conditions. Facts and figures prove that the United States is still the Eldorado of the emigrant's dreams. Neither Canada nor Australia, South Africa nor South America, can compare with this country in attracting immigrants. *The Outlook* says: "The quickness with which working people in this country (United States) inform their foreign relations whether work here is plentiful or scarce is clearly portrayed in the following immigration records of the fat and lean years of the past quarter of a century: 1878, 138,000; 1882, 788,000; 1886, 334,060; 1892, 623,000; 1895, 279,000; 1903, 857,000."

Here are the real reasons. The chief cause of this attraction are the wages paid to workingmen and working-women. It matters not that the wages will not always equal Europe's; measured by the amounts produced per capita, the laborer here can earn large amounts, live on much less than he is paid abroad, and be able to put by a fairly large percentage for the rainy day that inevitably overtakes him.

All this is urged upon those at home by those who emigrate. The thousands who go back to visit the old lands carry letters of credit or hundreds of dollars, often in gold, in their

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pockets. A hundred times I have seen the Americanized German watched by his former associates as he would pull out and "plunk" down twenty-dollar gold pieces on the beer-saloon tables in Germany, when boasting about the United States and its infinite possibilities.

CONTRACT LABOR.

Most consuls agree in exonerating American manufacturers from making labor contracts beforehand with parties about to emigrate. The history of our industries offers instructive data to those interested in the problems presented by our population. In the old days the work of the country was done by the natives, the men of New England and the North. In the South it was done by negroes. Then came the English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh. Later there was an invasion of French Canadians. Into the West came the Chinese. As the English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh worked upwards newer *laminæ* were added to the heterogeneous mass. The peoples of Italy, Bohemia, Armenia, Greece, Poland, Austria-Hungary, and Russia began to pour in, and are pouring in every day. The splendid thing about it all is the generous way in which American labor meets it. American labor asked for protection, it is true, of a certain kind; but never, except in the case of the Chinese, for prohibition.

It is easy to understand that an economic argument might be advanced against the indiscriminate admission of Europe's masses—certainly against Asia's. The millions that came and the millions coming must certainly affect labor, even in its strongest citadels and entrenchments. The labor history of New England, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana will show this. Is there a danger line, and are we anywhere near it? When I had the honor to serve as United States consul I came in contact with cases in which the agents of American concerns were contracting with European labor to come here. I remember a large hosiery company securing and bringing over a large number of expert knitters, dyers, and finishers. It was held that this was not the kind of contract labor that came within the exclusion clauses of the contract labor law. It was expert labor, the labor that was needed to organize and introduce the knitting industry into the United States. That the decision was wise, even if not exactly right, according to the

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strict letter of the law, no one who has watched the development of America's knitting industries will deny. What is true of the knitting mills is just as true of the silk mills. Not only laborers come to us but capital, engineers and expert managers came and still come. Whether families under contract from Chemnitz or Lyons, now that the knitting and silk-weaving industries are fairly well established, ought to be excluded, is a question. Of course there are thousands coming to whom some kind of a promise of work has been made. Perhaps after all it is best that it is so.

Some say a danger lurks in the discontent due to the introduction of alien labor that is ignorant of our institutions and the spirit of our people. The industrial history of our coal mines is full of significance along these lines. There are those who think that the Russian, Lithuanian, or Pole, who was paid sixty dollars for a year's work at home, will not find it hard to work for less than would tempt a Welshman, Irishman, or Scotchman. It would certainly seem so if the men who have been used to living and working on a diet of potatoes, bread, and a little milk, who never or seldom tasted meat at home, will come dangerously near ousting the meat-eating miners of Pennsylvania, if they have not done it already. Wages in Russia, Austria, and other parts of Europe run from 15 cents to a trifle over one dollar a day. After one has secured such facts as these, one gives up wondering at the ability of Austrian and Hungarian immigrants to send back $10,000,000 every twelve months to those left at home. It is here that the immigration problem presents its most interesting and dangerous phases. If the Pennsylvania, Cripple Creek, or other Colorado miners assume an attitude of defiance, it may be due to misdirected doubts about the real meaning of what we call American democracy. If Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Ohio have had hours of doubt and danger, the causes may lie adjacent to those operating in Colorado. Day after day discontent seems to increase among the miners. What is the cause? The walking delegate is not to be held responsible for anything but a very small part of it. May not a large part of it be due to the lies under which thousands of immigrants are made to labor—the lie under which they are paid a pittance compared with what they soon learn to think their work is worth. Is a dollar or two dollars a day a fair wage for miners?

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In regard to protection against unlawful and undesirable immigration Consul-General Howe concludes his report in the following words:

"Under the existing regulations of our government, and as far as any surveillance exercised by the Belgian authorities is concerned, there is absolutely nothing to prevent any discharged convict, anarchist, or other disreputable character from any other country of Europe, 'on being provided with a ticket,' embarking at Antwerp for the United States. Of what surveillance is exercised by the authorities on arrival at New York, I, of course, can have no knowledge; but I do have knowledge of the fact that the failure of our government to examine and discriminate at the port of embarkation is very satisfactory to the steamship companies and that no change is desired on their part."

Of the thousands embarking at Antwerp only a very small percentage—less than three per cent.—are Belgians.

The attitude of the Belgian government would seem to be indifferent, neither encouraging nor discouraging emigration, and I know of no discrimination as regards classes. The government of Belgium assumes the right to military duty of those living in the country.

It would be hard to find a good reason why Belgium should oppose emigration, particularly the kind that puts it in the power of Antwerp, her chief port, to compete with Bremen, Hamburg, Liverpool, and Havre. The 178,350 that embarked on the Antwerp boats left from $5 to $25 each in Belgium before sailing. This did not include their passage money. But it is easy to understand the efforts of others to restrict emigration, for the countries in which the emigrants begin their journey have a right to find fault. It is hard for them to view with equanimity a movement that takes from their ranks bone and sinew and brawn needed at home. Although the arable land of the German Empire is limited, that empire views with pain the emigration of its children. If they would go to the empire's colonies rather than to the United States or to the colonies of Great Britain, the pain would not be so intense. If Italy is ever tempted to put obstacles in the way of the thousands that now wander down from Lombardy, Piedmont, and Tuscany to Genoa, or up from Sicily and Calabria to Naples, who will blame her? Sicily is beginning to suffer as

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Ireland suffered. Yet there are many sides to the problem. Could the people of the old world not come; were laws enacted to restrain or restrict emigration, what a cry would go up from the "lovers of liberty," who are now offering opposition to the tide of immigration that has set hitherward! No one will deny the right to a nation to keep out objectionable immigrants. Self-preservation is as much a law of nations as it is the law of nature. The bill to limit the number of immigrants to be admitted in any one year to 80,000, may make for as much or even for more evil than for good. Whatever is done should be done with the greatest care and only after all the facts have been examined.

POLITICAL EVILS ASSOCIATED WITH IMMIGRATION.

The political evils associated with immigration are innumerable, and apparently irremediable; at least it looks as if they might be for a long time. The greatest evil is the building up of political factions named after the nationalities to which the members belong. Every large city of the country has its foreign vote: its German vote, Irish vote, Scandinavian, Italian, Polish, French, and other foreign votes. This is un-American. The men who take advantage of the opportunity to make the foreigners vote in bunches are enemies to progress, traitors to all the country's traditions and ideals. So deep-rooted is the evil that it is hard to see just how it is to be avoided. It was with us away back in the early years of the nineteenth century, and it looks as if it would be with us when we will say good-by to the twentieth century. The lack of anything like complete success in our institutions is largely due to the presence of this political parasite. If we are the laughing stock, at times, as we are, of the old world, even of the Orient, it is because of the way the foreign-born voters were bought and are bought to defeat progressive legislation. No one is willing to oppose a man because he is a foreigner. On election day there should be no question of nationality. The only tests should be ability, patriotism, and character. A.-P.-Aism is the worst ism that was ever introduced into the country, but bad as that is it is only a little more vicious than the habit of voting foreigners in bunches.

A few years ago—not twenty—the Lutherans of the West were organized into a compact political body. After election

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they laid claim to a large number of offices due to their efforts. The claim was allowed. Several Lutheran clergymen were rewarded by being sent abroad as representatives of the United States government. I cite this for no such thing as captious criticism, but to show that even very good men are not above using their political power to secure political patronage. The one great evil in this connection, one to which the attention of all patriotic citizens ought to be called, is the fact that a very large number of those who corrupt the foreign vote, who seek to control it, are native-born Americans, graduates of our high-schools and colleges. They come from Yale, Harvard, Brown, Columbia, Cornell, etc., etc. The humblest artisan that comes in at our gates is in favor of what is highest, noblest, and best in politics. It is only after he lands that he learns the monetary value of a vote. The vicious voter, the man who does violence to the principle of liberty, is innocent compared with the college graduate, the intelligent citizen, who buys or pays for his vote. Until society sets its hand and face against the so-called "successful" politicians, the bribers of voters, the iniquity will continue. The evil is as wide as from the far East to the far West. Connecticut is as corrupt as California. It is in the North and it is in the South. Minnesota has as much of it as has Mississippi. It is the one great, inexplicable evil. It is a poisoning of the wells, a tearing down of the dikes.

RELIGION OF THE IMMIGRANTS.

The religious element is accorded very considerable space in conversations, lectures, and articles concerning questions of emigration. Perhaps it ought to be accorded more. The circular letter sent to consuls calls for a statement of the religious convictions of the different emigrants. The Irish, Italians, Bohemians, Belgians, and French are almost all Roman Catholics. Of the Germans who come to us quite a large number are Lutherans, a large part Roman Catholics, a few Jews, some agnostics or "non-religious." Nearly all of the Scandinavians who come are Lutherans.

If it were possible to put the peasant into the hands of priests and ministers educated in this country, it might not go so hard as it does now with hundreds of these poor people. Many of them hunger on Sundays in the first years of their

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exile for the familiar accents of their home language. Few if any clergymen ever come to us in company with the immigrants. The result for some is often a long period of religious drought. Luckily the old people are, as a rule, well grounded in the doctrines of their faith. They follow it as they were wont to follow it at home, fondly, faithfully, and sincerely. At times there is a sad falling off from religious life and communion. Opinions differ as to just what this falling off should be attributed. Its presence and its progress are certain. The problem of its cure is one well worth the most careful consideration. Not infrequently clergymen are found who warn their people against the loss of their language. "Lose your language," I have heard them say, "and you lose your faith." This may be heard from the pulpits of Catholics and Protestants. These are men, however, who seem to look upon religion as a national or lingual institution rather than as a universal message alike to Jew and Gentile. Some go so far as to say that a marriage between the members of their flocks and persons of another nationality is no better than "mixed marriages," that danger lurks in a love that leads to such unions. The fact is that such marriages are, as a rule, eminently successful. Fewer failures are recorded among them than a general average would warrant. Physiologically such marriages are considered favorably. Assimilation under existing circumstances is slow. If the marked tendency of turning the immigrants into localities already crowded with their countrymen is continued, assimilation will be very slow indeed. One has only to go carefully over the facts and figures to see whither the streams tend and where, like a mighty river, they ravage the land, and where they make the land blossom as the rose. To return again to the religious part of the problem, it might be better for us all if a little greater leeway or liberty were left to Americans in the matter of religious legislation and discipline. European church organizations that have branch organizations here should recognize the great need of church legislation designed and fitted for American institutions and environments. The environments and institutions under which people live for a long time are mighty influences in their lives.

Whatever Rome may have been in the days of Paul and Peter, or London in the days of Elizabeth, the one is now temporally, only the capital of Italy, and Italy is hardly to

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be compared as a world force with one or two other countries; the other is far from what it was even fifty or one hundred years ago. A little less fondness for the non-essentials and greater fondness for the things that are essential would work wonders.

Some consuls urge that parties preparing to emigrate should be compelled to furnish a certificate of morals or good character to the consuls or emigration inspectors. This might mean something were we to set up a standard of morals to which foreigners would have to conform or subscribe. It is to be hoped that we will do so. Such a substitute ought not to be hard to find. That it is needed is well known. Confucius, Buddha, Plato, Marc Aurelius, even Christ, might be improved upon by an American standard. Perhaps, some day, the moral substitute will be set up. We are leading the world in so many ways—at least we think so—that a little thing like a moral standard should not disturb us. In connection with the moral character of emigrants from Italy the United States consul at Naples says:

"It can be said that the average emigrant from this port is a fair representative of the Italian peasant. Intellectually he is willing and quick to learn, but is deplorably ignorant. In 1867 the proportion of Italians who could not read was 78 per cent.; and in 1881, when the census was made, it was 67 per cent. This shows an increase in education which is in all probability due to increased educational advantages in cities, a condition which does not concern in any important degree the Italian emigrant.

"The improvement is much more marked in the north of Italy than in the south. The great majority of the emigrants are Roman Catholics. It is believed that there are very few paupers or beggars among the Naples emigrants. They are generally poor people, who earnestly desire an opportunity to earn an honest living. As to their morality, it is that of the ignorant and emotional lower classes of their race. It is, however, difficult for any criminal to leave Naples for the United States. The Italian emigration commission exercises a rigid control of this matter. The proportion of married persons among Italian emigrants is very large."

In writing about Norwegian emigrants, Consul Bordewich writes from Christiania to say that "Many Norwegian emigrants are Mormons. Mormon priests have during a number of years

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—as far back as the sixties, and probably earlier—made regular visits to Norway in efforts to stimulate emigration to Utah, at the same time making proselytes for their religion. The Mormons have their own church in Christiania. This is tolerated, as Norway enjoys religious liberty, but polygamy is prohibited by law. Mormon emissaries still make visits to this country."

Between the Sicilian's ignorance and the Norwegian emigrant's proneness to Mormonism, with its predilection towards polygamy, lies a moral morass. Besides, the moral measurements of the East, Boston and Bangor, are very different from those of Seattle and San Francisco. The morals of Michigan and Minnesota may not be the same as those of Texas and Tennessee; indeed we are often told that they are not. The less we look into the so-called moral make-up of our immigrants, say some, the better—for us. There are so many sociologic, economic, hygienic, and other problems connected with immigration pressing for solution, that the moral questions, as affected by religious beliefs, may well be left to the sanctimonious societies that are constantly finding motes in the eyes of Europe's millions, but fail to take any notice of the beams in their own and in the eyes of those about them. There is too much cant in our efforts to convert people already Christian, and too little Christianity in trying to keep the flocks to which we have been called by—the church trustees. In passing, it is well worth while to call attention to the stupid efforts to "rescue" the Italian and Bohemian immigrants from Rome. The systematic and studied method of insulting such a very large number of Christians is stupid, degrading, and dangerous. The "convert" who gives of the golden armor of Glaucus for the brazen armor of Diomede is soon sick of his bargain. What is the result? Agnosticism, indifference to all religion resulting in downright atheism. As wave after wave of irreligion washes over the land the dull-witted bigots will wish they had been wiser in their day and generation.

The economist and sociologist who seeks safety in religion from the dangers of socialism turns invariably to the Church of Rome. A day is to come when here, as elsewhere for the throne, the best bulwark for the republic's safety will be the brave breasts of the men brought up in her doctrines. The fastest runner may read even now the need of just such security as she, and she alone, offers.

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If it be true, as it undoubtedly is, that races have distinct racial characteristics, it may be the very best thing in the world for us and for our future that the tide of immigration is no longer from the northern parts of Europe, only from the so-called Anglo-Saxon lands, but also from the Slav and Latin races. If Greece gave the world the arts, æsthetics, literature, and philosophy; Rome, law, ideas of government, administrative and other models, may not their descendants give us a renaissance in the arts, literature, philosophy, law, and government? The assertions made against the Italian or Slav immigrant—arguments they cannot be called—are pitiful. They remind one of the pettifogging lawyer who was taught to abuse the opposing counsel just as soon as his case took a doubtful turn. Now, this does not mean that efforts to improve the lot of those coming in at our gates should be given up or neglected. Nor does it mean that steps are not necessary for self-protection. It simply means that the danger is not only not very great, but that there is very little real danger until the emigrant has entered our gates.

The mean-spirited attacks upon the Italians and Slavs is akin to the kind of rubbish that we used to hear about the Irish away back in the forties and fifties. A time has come when the stone that the builders wanted to reject is become a strong part of the arch upon which the republic rests. Before the war of '70-71, Hans, standing for his German Fatherland, had to apologize for being here. To-day the nation rejoices in the millions that came to it from the banks of the Liffey and Shannon, the Danube and the Rhine. Fifty years from now we will be saying the same of those who come to us from the banks of the Volga and the Bay of Naples. If the Celtic element has done half as much as Sir Edwin Arnold says it did for England, and English art, life, and literature, surely the Latins and the Slavs, virile and artistic, can hardly fail to contribute much towards making us what we ought to be, strong in all that the world has ever had. Surely the seeds of Athenian and Roman greatness were never lost. The potentialities are only dormant. A renaissance is bound to come. The conservation of energy calls for it. The Calabrian, Sicilian, and Neapolitan, the countrymen of Tolstoi and Sienkiewicz, will teach us to love the flowers and the fruits, the True and the Beautiful. Behind these the Good will follow.

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"DOWN THE COURT."

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

IT lay deep down—this East End Court—and it smelt of the earth earthy. A row of tiny, damp hovels crouched together below the level of the adjacent street, and seemed to hide from the eye of Heaven.

Sometimes a nursing sister flitted through the court on some errand of mercy; or a priest hurried down to shrive a stricken soul. The police found it prudent to go in a body; for this was Mark's Place. I remember my first visit there. It was in the morning, when the men were at the docks, and the girls away at the factory and the women out "char"-ing for the Jews, and the alley looked forsaken of God and man.

Half way down a solitary woman emerged from a hovel. A brown shawl was drawn over her head, which partly concealed a black eye—mute witness to last night's fray. Actuated by socialistic principles, I accosted her as an equal; after which we had some desultory conversation. Then she paused.

"This ain't no place for you, miss," said the shawled figure fragmentarily. "Yer oughter go 'ome."

From this I judged that my appearance was against me, and I anticipated instant dismissal, for the alley did not stand on ceremony—neither did it do anything by halves. At least, I reflected, I can make a bid for tolerance.

"What is the matter with me?" I asked in all humility.

"W'y," said the woman, "it ain't in yer line no 'ow, as any one kin see! Besides," and she gazed at me pityingly, "yer looks too young fur it."

"Being young is bad enough," I admitted; "but would you have me a deserter as well?"

My critic scanned me with her available eye. "A deserter?" she queried.

"I am under orders from Westminster," I explained; "so you had better write to the Cardinal." And I laughed.

"Glory be!" was the awe-struck reply. "Then the Cardinal 'as 'eard o' the alley; an' Gawd 'elp us!" said she, "for

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the wickedness of it is beyond tellin'. Did yer never 'ear o' the priest's curse?" she asked.

I shook my head.

"I dunno' ef 'tis true or not," she began; "but they sez so. 'T was of a Saturd'y night, years ago, when the alley 'ad 'ad a drop an' the divil was in 'em. An' wot with the singin' an' the dancin', an' every one rushin' up an' dahn the court yellin'—w'y, yer would n't b'lieve the row! Then they begins a-cursin' an' a-fightin', till the neighbors was afeered o' murder an' some one run fur a priest.

"An' the priest 'e come an' 'e talks to 'em solemn-like. But the drink was in 'em an' they would n't 'eed. So 'e walks the length o' the alley callin' to 'em all to remember the judgments o' the Almighty. But the alley on'y laughed an' swore the 'arder. So the priest—Gawd 'elp us!—w'en 'e'd got ter the top o' the court, 'e turns round an' 'e looks down the alley. An' 'e 'ears the men an' the women—yuss! an' the little childer—all blasphemin' an' a-cursin'"—the woman paused—"an' 't was like listenin' outside o' the gates o' Hell! Then the priest o' Gawd, 'e stretches out 'is 'and; an', sez 'e: 'May the curse o' the Almighty be upon this alley! for 't is the wickedest place on the earth.'"

The dishevelled figure drew her shawl closer and glanced over her shoulder in fear, while the wind sobbed through the eerie court as though chanting a requiem over lost hopes. "An' the priest's curse," she whispered, "is still on it, fur theer ain't no more luck in the alley." And the woman shivered.

"So this is the worst place in the neighborhood?" I said tentatively.

"Well," was the cautious reply, "I don't go so fur as that, fur they do say these times as Tin Pot Alley is a bit roughish."

I nodded comprehensively.

"Wot? yer knows it?" she asked.

"I ought to," I said diffidently, "after three months."

This time she surveyed me with more approval.

"Yer 'll do," she said with finality, and opening the door of her hovel, she invited me in.

Thus did I obtain a footing in the "devil's alley"—the foul court that lay under Heaven's ban.

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"AN' 'T WAS LIKE LISTENIN' OUTSIDE O' THE GATES O' HELL."

In time we became friends—Mark's Place and I; and its denizens would sometimes confide in me.

I was in the depths of the court one day, sitting by the Brannigans' fire, when suddenly a woman passed by the half-open door.

"Theer she goes!" said the rough factory-hand fiercely as she called the attention of the other—a rope-walk girl, who stood by the fireplace.

"An' if she ain't a wicked old woman," said the factory-girl with vehemence, "thin may the Lord forgive me fur sayin' it!" I looked up casually, and was only just in time to see the flutter of an old skirt as it went by. But that fluttering bit of skirt told me that the wearer was Mrs. Mullins, and my heart sank. For Mrs. Mullins had done time already. "Seven years hard" was her last sentence, and it was in the prison

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that little Henry was born. According to the code of the alley there was nothing detrimental in this, but it was considered etiquette to ignore such incidents.

To have the entrée to the house of Brannigan was a privilege to be appreciated, for the Brannigans could love as they could hate; and the alley being wise in its generation, had the fear of the Brannigans ever before its eyes. So I accepted their friendship in a grateful spirit, and Mr. Brannigan taught me Irish. He was not enthusiastic as to my intellectual capacity; but once, in a sanguine moment, he said that if I were to come sufficiently often, he thought in the end I might learn something. The prospect of acquiring knowledge being so dim, I used to digress from pure faint-heartedness into the English tongue and common topics.

Mark's Place might have been in the Sahara—except for the neighboring sign-post of the "Bubble and Squeak" and other like marks of British civilization, which proclaimed that we were in the vanguard of progress and dwelt in the centre of the universe. In the East End we lived a life apart; a life of toil and of dreariness. Of this world's wealth, or of the glories of nature; of the beauty of life or of the mystery of suffering, we knew nothing. Each day brought its own struggle, which was more than enough to fill each mind, until we forgot that there was anything else in the universe but sickness and death, sorrow and crime. For that was all we saw. In the alley we knew nothing of time—neither of days nor of dates; nor of politics, nor of passing events, for we lived outside the lines of the daily newspapers and beyond the border-land of knowledge. An occasional poster would sometimes attract the eye, though it rarely instructed the mind—because the local tragedies were already known to us. News from the outer world penetrated with difficulty, and travellers' tales were sometimes told in the courts and alleys of the East End of what was happening to the nation in Westminster.

It was about the time of the Protestant demonstrations, I remember, when Mr. Kensit led the party riots. There had been a disorderly scene in a certain High Church which had terminated in the rout of the Low-Church party. The newspapers were full of it. But the alley always mistook the attitude of the press.

"Be jabers!" said Mr. Brannigan from his stool by the

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"MY MOGGIE WAS A-READIN' IT OUT O' LLOYD'S."

fire, "an' did yer be readin' in the paper about the great shindy?"

"What was it about?" I asked.

"W'y! 't was about the Cath'lics an' the Protestants."

"Never heard of it," I replied. "Who told you?"

"My Moggie was a-readin' it out o' Lloyd's," said he.

I knew Moggie's reading. Like the Scotchman's joking, it was done with difficulty.

"Tell me about it," said I.

"Well, ter be shure," he began, "ye must know that theer was a mighty to-do among the Protestants fur the reason that we do have crucifixes to show how the Gawd o' Heaven died

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for us. An' so, as we won't furgit as He had a Blessed Mother, we puts up a statue ter remimber the same. An' sez they, 'Shure, 'tis worshippin' idols!' sez they. 'An' divil a bit ev we'll let 'em,' sez they. 'So let us pull 'em down an' disthroy the mimory (ev we can),' sez they. Wid that," said Mr. Brannigan excitedly, "off goes the Protestants, jes as if the old boy was after 'em, to the chapel over beyant."

So my friend continued, and I listened breathlessly, until finally he rose up in his wrath, and denounced the occupant of the See of London for his religious intolerance.

"But," I remonstrated, "he never did anything to the Catholics. He is a fine man," I added warmly.

"Is he indeed?" said the Kerryman with scorn; "thin I'd be likin' him all the betther if he did n't talk agin' us."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"'What did he say?' sez you!" demanded Mr. Brannigan hotly. "Shure! and is n't it enough that he said 'To the divil wid em!' sez he? And be the same token," continued Mr. Brannigan, "and ter prove it ter yez! Was n't it then that a man be the name of Gillighan, as come from me own County Kerry—and shure is n't he the boy to do it!—rushes in ter the church, and another Irishman along uv him, wid a shillalagh in his hand?—and, 'Be dad!' sez he, 'who'll sthop us,' sez he, 'in a chapel of our own,' sez he, 'from havin' what we likes in it, and what we dislikes out uv it'; and wid that," said Mr. Brannigan, "he threw out the Protestants, and there was a reg'lar shindy! Shure! 't was a great time entirely! I do be surprised you did n't read it in the papers."

The situation was so complicated as to be almost hopeless, and I hesitated a moment what to say. "Look here!" I said, "you've taken it up wrong. The Bishop of London never said anything about us; the Catholics were n't in it; the man's name was n't Gillighan and he did n't come from the County Kerry; and Mr. Kensit, who rushed into church with the shillalagh in his hand, was as good a Protestant as ever grew in the Black North." Mr. Brannigan turned round in his chair, speechless, and stared at me in amazement.

"Is that the truth?" he asked slowly.

"That is the truth," I said.

"Thin, be the hokey!" said the completely bewildered Mr. Brannigan, "I don't be understandin' the fight at all, at all!"

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The next time I went down the court the place resounded with passionate cries—two girls were at war. "'Tis on'y thim Brannigans!" said the devil's alley, and the children continued their play.

The door of 36 stood open, and within were two factory-girls facing one another, their eyes blazing with passion. A pail of water had been upset over the half-scrubbed floor, and the water poured out into the court. Clearly my arrival was only in time to prevent black eyes. For a girl with a black eye was not uncommon; but to remark upon it was considered in the East End as a want of *savoir-faire*. My sudden appearance, coupled with my silence, had an unexpected effect. It seemed suddenly to paralyze them, for their bare arms dropped nerveless by their sides, the flashing eyes were lowered, and they hung their heads in shame.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Nellie wint and walked acrost the flure while I was a-scrubbin' it!" said Moggie; "and it ain't as if she never knew! Fur she knows as I can't abear any one walkin' over me flure whin it ain't dry," added Moggie in extenuation.

"And I suppose you thought it was worth fighting about?" said I.

"Yuss," said Nellie doubtfully.

Nellie had been my special charge, so I drew her aside. Any appeal to Nellie's better feelings was usually listened to; but an appeal made through Nellie's faith invariably answered.

"Yuss! I'll do it," she said, by way of atonement; and refilling the pail, she went down on her knees and finished Moggie's work.

"Come, Moggie," I said, "we'll sit outside"; and Moggie, bestowing an angry scowl on Nellie, joined me in the court, where we sat on the window-sill and discussed her love affairs.

I remember the first time I ever saw Moggie. There had been dissension among the Brannigans that day too, and it was a fearful picture of uncontrolled human passion. This girl and her brother had already broken a window, and were then battering at the door to force an entrance, while another sister and brother kept the door barred within. The court re-echoed to the sound of curses and imprecations, and the sight of the factory-girl, with dishevelled hair streaming down her back, her dress ragged and torn in her rage, and her hoarse sobs of

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"SHE DISCUSSED HER LOVE AFFAIRS IN THE COURT."

absolute passion as she hurled herself recklessly against the resisting door, was like the picture of some wild fury let loose from Hades. For passion grew and throve in the devil's alley. And being herded together like cattle, they forgot, these human beings, that there existed any laws, either human or divine.

Many months later I was staying in a neighborhood far

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removed from the East End. And as I walked along a fashionable street my eye was attracted to an old flower-woman who was resting her basket against the iron railings while she rearranged her flowers. She was almost enveloped in an old brown shawl. It was of an East End pattern, and I wondered idly if I was likely to know the owner. Then I caught sight of an East End nose under the old crape bonnet, and the nose was the nose of Mrs. Mullins, of the devil's alley. Whereupon the said Mrs. Mullins almost capsized her basket of flowers with the warmth of her greeting. "'Tis little I thought," she ejaculated, "that I'd be seein' yez this blessed day! And ain't yer comin' back to us no more?" she asked.

"As soon as I'm allowed," I answered.

"To be shure," said Mrs. Mullins sympathetically. "And ye did be lookin' bad befure ye left, and ev ye'd stayed theer till now 'tis a corpse ye'd 'a' been!"

"Oh!" I said, laughing, "I'm much better. Now tell me about yourself!"

"Whirrah! whirrah!" sighed Mrs. Mullins mournfully, "me heart do be heavy wid me throubles. Did yez hear o' me bein' away in Wormwood Scrubbs?" she asked.

"Yes, I heard," I said. For did not Moggie Brannigan write to me at intervals those wonderful epistles wherein each member of the Brannigan family sent his or her quota of news or greeting, to the evident bewilderment of the scribe, who whenever she penned a sentiment of her own had perforce to label it with the outrider, "i Margreat Brannigan sez it"? So Moggie wrote laboriously of the fracas in Mark's Place; and of how she was stabbed, and of the scene in the police court, where, as she wrote, "she was afeered; niver 'avin' been in sich a place befor"; and of the verdict: six months for Mrs. Mullins.

"Yis," said Mrs. Mullins as the tears poured down her cheeks, "and thim Brannigans to kiss the Book and to swear me life away, and me to hev six months in Wormwood Scrubbs! I hope the Lord may forgive thim; fur I can't," she added bitterly.

"Listen," I said; "be at this address in half an hour, for I want to buy some flowers and to have a chat."

Half an hour later Mrs. Mullins presented herself at the

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"I 'M THAT STHIFF!" SAID MRS. MULLINS, "I MIGHT AS WELL HEV TWO WOODEN LEGS ON ME!"

given address, where the cook had had instructions to see that she made a good dinner.

"Well!" I said to Mrs. Mullins afterwards, as, basket in hand, she painfully made her way upstairs for the promised interview, "you seem tired."

"I'm that sthiff!" said Mrs. Mullins, "I might as well hev two wooden legs on me!"

"Did you make a good dinner?" I asked.

"Shure the dinner was beautiful," she replied.

"But did you eat it?" I persisted.

"Musha!" said Mrs. Mullins, "and how kin I eat, wid me heart overflowin' wid me throubles?" And her eyes filled with tears.

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"Is it your son?" I asked.

"Achone! 'tis me son!" she said; "five weeks come Friday he died!" And as she told of the death of her boy the great tears ran down her face and splashed onto the yellow daffodils in her basket. "Whirrah! whirrah!" she moaned, "was theer iver sich throuble as come to me??" And, with her arms resting on the handle of the flower-basket and her head on her arms, she rocked herself to and fro in her grief.

"Tell me about the quarrel in Mark's Place," I said presently. "How did it happen?"

"Ter be shure," said the old flower-seller, drying her eyes. "Ye do be remimbering me little Hinry," she began, "as is now at school—and may the Lord keep him from all harm!—well, I was cuttin' him out a pair of breeches in me own little room, whin all of a suddint ev the door was n't broke in, and a Brannigan girl fell into me room along o' the door! Wid that I ups and afther 'er. Like a flash I run down the alley—me scissors was in me hand, d'ye mind? and wid it I sthruck at Moggie Brannigan! And whin I was in the dock and the Brannigans was kissin' the Book and swearin' me life away among 'em—fur, sez they, 'twas a knife she done it wid'; and Hiven is me witness—here Mrs. Mullins appealed from me to the company of the saints—'t was the ol' scissors as I was cuttin' out Hinry's breeches wid. The dock, ye must know," she explained inconsequentially, "is a great sthand, as high mebbe as the room, and from theer I looks down into the court where the Brannigans was, and sez I, shakin' me fist at Moggie: 'Moggie Brannigan,' sez I, 'ev I cud get at yer now, 'tis more I 'd give yez!' Thin the judge he asked ev I 'd anything to say to the gintlemen o' the jury. 'N'er a word,' sez I, not knowin' no more 'n yerself who was the gintlemen o' the jury; and wid that he give me six months!"

"Poor Mrs. Mullins! that was a very hard sentence," I said, "and it will make it all the harder to forgive what you can never forget."

But as I was Moggie's friend I had to plead for her, even though Mrs. Mullins turned a deaf ear. "Child," she said finally, laying her hand on my arm, "don't ask it uv me!—to forgive the Brannigans wud be agin nature!"

Looking at Mrs. Mullins my thoughts flew back to other

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"THE CURSE O' THE ALMIGHTY IS UPON MARK'S PLACE."

times, when the verb to forgive was lost in the pages of the world's history; when the faction cry of "A Guelph!" or "A Ghibelline!" in the Tuscan streets, was followed by a clash of arms, and the hands of the rivals met but in death! Those were the days when the waters of the Arno ran red with blood and the fair "City of Flowers" mourned for her sons.

And though Mrs. Mullins knew nothing of the history of Tuscany, she knew her own limitations when she folded her arms leisurely and said with decision: "Divil a bit will I forgive."

It was to me one of those human touches that make the whole world kin.

Seeing that nothing could avail to-day, I pressed her no

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further. "Well, any way," I said, driven at last into the open, "you can cheer up and make a fresh start."

"Arrah!" she replied, "'tis wishin' to die I am."

But knowing something of the Celtic temperament, where the pathos and the humor are only divided by a partition of tears, I said: "Why? Is it because of the old age or the villany?"

She looked up quickly; and answered, with a twinkle in her eye, "Shure! and mebbe 'tis both!"

"And now," I asked, for Mrs. Mullins was about to go, "how is Mark's Place?"

Mrs. Mullins stood erect. With her flower-basket resting on one hip, she stretched out a hand in solemn warning: "Niver throuble yer head about the court," she said slowly, "nor about thim as lives theer! Fur the curse o' the Almighty is upon Mark's Place, and 'tis the divil hisself as owns the alley!"

And with a muttered supplication that Heaven would protect her against the power of the Evil One, she traced with her thumb nail the sign of the Cross on her forehead.

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HERMAN JOSEPH VON MALLINCKRODT,

THE CHIEF FOUNDER AND FIRST LEADER OF THE CENTRE PARTY.

BY REV. GEORGE F. WEIBEL, S.J.

II.

THUS far we have traced, for the better guidance of our reader, the general outlines of a life simple in its way, yet productive of the grandest results. We shall now essay a brief sketch of those phases in it which raised Mallinckrodt to a niche in the hall of fame, and which perpetuate his memory in millions of Christian hearts.

Masonry and Carbonarism had encircled continental Europe with their fatal coils. The throne of St. Louis, still reeking with innocent blood, a second time tottered and rolled in the dust. On the barricades of the modern Babylon a faithful shepherd was laying down his life for a wayward flock, with the sacrificial prayer "that his might be the last blood spilled." The supreme Pastor of Christendom, driven from his own Rome, wandered a fugitive to hospitable Gaëta. All the larger cities of German tongue became vantage-points for socialistic and revolutionary propagandism. It was in the midst of this chaotic scene of crumbling crowns, tottering thrones, and fugitive sovereigns, when virtue was a crime and injustice an honor, that Herman von Mallinckrodt, for the first time, loomed into public view.

Quiet Paderborn, in Westphalia, had been shocked at witnessing within its walls riotous meetings of deluded citizens, and hearing the wild harangues of raving demagogues. By a common instinct of self-preservation, the saner portion of its inhabitants banded together to beat back this dangerous element of social disintegration. Living in the immediate vicinity of that ancient city, foremost in loyalty to church and country, the two Mallinckrodt brothers naturally became leading spirits in the "Constitutional Club," a patriotic association formed for the preservation of peace and order. At an open

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MALLINCKRODT IN HIS STUDENT DAYS.

session of this club, Herman, then only twenty-seven, gave special indications of latent parliamentary powers. There was more than a sprinkling of socialists present at the assembly, in hopes of using for their own purpose their opponents' exceptional prestige. In the course of the debates one of the leaders went so far as to offer open insult to the conservative president. Herman von Mallinckrodt jumped to his feet to vindicate the honor of his chief. So vigorously did he apply the cutting lash of logic and satire that the disturbers were hooted down and driven from the hall in utter discomfiture. Mallinckrodt had won the day.

During those same troublous days King William of Prussia,

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under the strain of political events, granted his subjects the boon of a constitution—a true burnt-offering of a spurred Hohenzollern at the shrine of Liberty. After a minute discussion in the second session of the legislature, it had been duly promulgated and solemnly sworn to by the sovereign. This constitution was a sort of Magna Charta for Catholicism in Northern Germany. Not extorted by the Catholic population, in a moment of transitory influence, but honestly won by loyal support of the throne, it contained clauses of vital importance to religious interests. In its twelfth article it granted "freedom of conscience, liberty for religious associations, and of worship both private and public." It was expected to inaugurate in the realm a new era for Catholic life and development. The following years, however, semi-official decrees and instructions of the ministers of the interior and of worship to provincial functionaries, along with odious pamphlets inspired by members of the ministry, all of which, offensive in tone and coercive in tenor for men and things Catholic, showed indeed that there existed a written charter of liberty, but that no spirit was quickening it into life. Then came the elections of 1852. Party spirit ran high. Was the much-lauded constitution to remain a dead letter, or was it to energize, in the kingdom, for the benefit of all—even Catholics? Such was the question that perplexed every honest, thinking mind. The Catholic Prussians, roused from their lethargy by previous revolutionary storms, and highly incensed at the late ministerial provocations, united for common action. At the opening of the "Landtag"—the Prussian parliament—sixty-three Catholic representatives, "strong in their electors' implicit trust and support," stood in serried ranks before the astounded administration, as a new political party—"The Catholic Fraction." Herman von Mallinckrodt, now thirty-one, was one of their number. They had come to vindicate the disregarded rights of two-fifths of Prussia's population. Well might their electoral patrons look up to them with a feeling of legitimate exultation. A truer corps of parliamentarians never entered hall of law-giving assembly. If inferior in numbers, they were the peers of all for distinction and ability. And how high they bore the banner of their religious profession! The *Deutsche Volkshalle*, their organ, gives us a preliminary resolution from their programme:

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"Whereas, Without the assistance of God's grace all human endeavors are of no avail; and

"Whereas, On the other hand, the Lord of Heaven, if He so will, can achieve great things even with weak instruments:

"Be it resolved, That, every Saturday, one of the priest-representatives offer up in honor of the Most Blessed Virgin the Holy Sacrifice, at which it will be the duty of the other members to assist, in order to implore the intercession of her who is the Help of all Christendom, and the Protectress of all Christian warriors."

Such was the Catholicity of men who, without so much as a thought for personal interests, now entered the lists to do battle for their Mother, the Church.

As might have been expected, a storm of virtuous indignation greeted the Catholic representatives at their entrance into the House. The devoutly Protestant or professedly infidel majority protested against a body of men who were foolishly mixing up religion with politics, or sneered at their mediæval simplicity. There were Catholic temporizers, too, who openly expressed their sorrow at this inopportune manifestation of zeal. In the meantime our representatives set to work with true Teutonic determination and tenacity of purpose. To-day, friend and foe gaze in reverential wonderment at the work of which they laid the foundation.

Mallinckrodt had in nowise worked for his election. In the heat of the campaign he penned the following lines to his friend Linhoff, who had offered him a nomination in Beckum-Ahaus: "I neither seek nor care for a seat in the House. Because of this abstention of mine, and because I fully realize what responsibility and burden attach to a mandate, I declare to you, in all candor, that I shall accept a seat only if it is offered by electors of political views similar to my own." Once seated in the House, Mallinckrodt's independent spirit knew but one line of action—that of honest duty. A Catholic of the best type, elected by a Catholic vote for the defence of Catholic interests, his place was in the Catholic Party. In taking so decided a stand, he knew full well that he forfeited a pending promotion to a desirable post in the civil service. This mattered little, so long as he remained true to his engagements.

From the very start, the parliamentary doings wholly

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absorbed our representative's attention. With keenest eye he followed every step and move, in his own as well as in the enemy's camp. Ere long he was able to venture on appropriate remarks, especially in vexed questions concerning the order of the day. The President of the House, it is said, was well pleased whenever Mallinckrodt took the floor for this purpose. Neither his position before the general public, nor the esteem of the Catholics for their party and its constituents, affected in the least the incipient parliamentarian's modesty and self-control. "I do not set store by the poetic effervescence of your friend Micus," he wrote to a priest at Paderborn. "In general I think there ought to be less fuss made about the Catholic Party; for we do not give any occasion for it. Thus far our successes have been quite modest. Really I do not see why we should be considered as heroes, unless you consider that an occasional use of the favored weed smacks of the heroic."

The remarkable talent of our young parliamentarian could not, however, remain hidden under the bushel for any considerable length of time. The very second session, side by side with veterans in politics, he was chosen to a special commission detailed by the House for an examination of Catholic grievances. Immediately after this election a member from an opposing party grasped Mallinckrodt's hand and, congratulating him on his appointment, remarked: "I have nothing at all against Catholics in general; but I do dread the Jesuits." Mallinckrodt smiled at this naïveté. A few days later we find him at Dortmund, following, during the Easter recess, the exercises of a mission preached by the celebrated Father Roh, S.J. Evidently, although not educated by them, he was not so much afraid of those dreadful men. He was so well pleased with the spiritual fruit gathered in that mission that on subsequent occasions he made several retreats under Jesuit directors. It was also from personal knowledge that he was able, in "Kulturkampf" days, to sound their praises in the face of the Iron-willed Chancellor.

In order to keep in proper touch with their electors, the Catholic Party hit on the wise plan of issuing an occasional bulletin of their transactions in Parliament. These accounts took the shape of reduced and popularized Congressional Records. On devoted representatives fell the task of preparing

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these pages for the public. Mallinckrodt took his full share of the burden. The conclusion of the first of those accounts originated wholly from his pen. In it the writer reviews the entire situation, and in his own plain and thorough manner gives expression to several causes of joy and hope for Catholics in Prussia. ". . . Catholics may even rejoice more at the union and harmony reigning in their midst," he writes, "than at the beginning of fairness in Protestant representatives.

THE NORDBORCHEN HOME.

. . . The many-voiced 'Yea' and 'Nay' of a compact Catholic body in Parliament in the cause of religion is in itself a fact of historical significance. It shows that anything like a division of forces into liberal and ultramontane has ceased to be a reality in their ranks. It entitles them firmly to believe that, for Prussian Catholics, the stand-point of liberal Catholicism in France, Belgium, Sardinia is a thing of the past. This same unanimity of sentiment and vote has given a strong and far-reaching testimony to the honor of the most antagonized orders and institutions of the church. In fine, it will react on seven millions of Prussian Catholics, quicken them to renewed efforts and encourage them to new hopes."

His new field of action was entirely to Mallinckrodt's liking, or, to use a homely saying, it was altogether in his line. A distinguished Catholic, head of the newly created Department of Catholic Affairs in the Ministry of Worship, wished to

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secure our parliamentarian's services for his branch of the administration. He thought, as he expressed himself in a letter, that Mallinckrodt had not yet found his calling in life. Ere long, however, this vocation became manifest even to the dullest eye. Evidently Mallinckrodt's battle-field was the Parliament; his vantage-ground, the rostrum. It is true he was only at the starting point of his life-work. And already journals of all political colors began to mention him as a prominent member, a leader of his party. Every session of the House now only served to place the modest and plain-dealing man higher and higher on the roll of fame.

There was hardly a nook or corner in the vast field that the law-makers of his country entered, where Mallinckrodt was not on more or less familiar grounds. Now his former manifold occupations proved indeed to have been a blessing in disguise. Naturally, as his many-sided talent broke through an inborn reserve, work came pouring in on him from every quarter. Long sessions in the House, preparatory meetings of his party, special researches for one commission or other so filled in his hours, that for entire days he was unable to take the most necessary relaxation. Indeed it required herculean strength, endurance, and will-power to suffice for it all. Particularly was there need of an inexhaustible store of disinterestedness to a man who could not boast of great wealth, and to whom his parliamentary labors brought no remuneration, and even entailed a considerable drain on his private means. Mallinckrodt was equal to the occasion. Duty was his watchword; his strength, spirit of sacrifice, devotion to his cause.

Unable as we are in a simple sketch to follow our hero through the many years of toil and endeavor and success, we beg to be allowed to take a glance at him here and there, as he ascends the tribune, the true lay-apostle's pulpit, for the defence of more important measures touching religious interests.

During his second term a bill on divorce was brought before the House. Although of some advantage from a Protestant point of view, it was by no means considered useful in Catholic circles. It presented even positively objectionable features, in as far as it forced on Catholics an implicit recognition of Protestant principles. Mallinckrodt and Reichensperger fought the measure with all the superiority which their religious stand-point afforded them, especially in this question. Its dis-

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cussion swelled into a series of brilliant debates. The entire kingdom was held in suspense for several days. Mallinckrodt became the hero of the hour. His clear, unadorned, but vigorous logic overcame every obstacle, unhinged all arguments to the contrary. For once truth prevailed over prejudice; reason over passion. In spite of royal wishes, in spite of ministerial pressure, in spite of preconcerted plans, the obnoxious bill was defeated by a large majority. When in the following term a similar measure was proposed for the acceptance of the House, Mallinckrodt again entered the lists. This time he struck at the root of the evil. He denied the legislature all competency in the matter. His words, a correct and strong exposition of Catholic teaching, might well be repeated nowadays in many a legislative assembly. In answer to an opponent, he exclaimed: "Certainly marriage is the basis of the family. But it is more than a mere civil contract, just as the family itself is more than a simple state-institution. Marriage is more than a mere moral action. The true Christian marriage is essentially a religious relation. Persons contracting it do not simply perform a civil act, with a religious aspect, if you will; no, they perform an action altogether religious, in every sense as religious as the reception of any sacrament deserves and obtains that appellation. I repeat it, the core, the essence, the innermost shrine of matrimony lies in the domain of the church. Nothing save civil relations and consequences incidental to the religious act falls within the sphere of state legislation. Therefore I maintain, in opposition to your commission, that the way of civil marriage is utterly impossible, in as far as you thereby intend to establish a true matrimonial relation. Civil marriage thus sanctioned by law is no more than the 'matrimonium' in the pagan sense of the word. It is, let me say it, purely and simply concubinage regulated by law."

We might aptly quote from the splendid discourses which he pronounced at this period, when championing the necessity of religious care for schools and prisons. A few lines will show his lofty stand-point. With regard to prisons, a Catholic representative, not of the Centre Party, and of any but Catholic views, had remarked that moral improvement was not directly the scope of the state in the establishment of jails and penitentiaries. "Neither do I," replied Mallinckrodt, "consider the care of a moral training the sole purpose of the state

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in this matter. But I must confess that I hold it for one of the most important duties devolving on the management of such institutions; a duty that cannot be performed except on a religious basis and with religious means. Again, since means of a religious character are required, it is self-evident that denominational means are of absolute necessity. For religion that is undenominational is no religion at all. Hence, if the scope of the criminal administration is to be fully realized, such measures must be adopted as are most conducive to that end —care of religion, of denominational religion."

This same religious principle rendered our parliamentarian impartial to all. Jews, Protestants, Dissidents, all were to receive their due consideration. Justice on constitutional grounds was to be accorded to all. Were there different religious creeds professed in a community, each was to have its own place of worship, each its own schools for the training of the young. To an education without religion Mallinckrodt's mind was perfectly impervious. In his eyes it was a chimera. In this spirit he would ascend the rostrum and vindicate the inalienable rights to a school of their own creed of a dozen or so of Protestant children interspersed in a Catholic community. At the same time he would take advantage of such an occasion to remind the Protestant majority in the House and the Minister of Worship that hundreds of Catholic children were cruelly denied that fair treatment which he thought it his duty to claim openly for members of the Protestant creed.

Thus session succeeded session, term followed term—each proving a new stepping-stone to distinction and honor for the Catholic Party. Its high reputation for sincerity and integrity was on all, even Protestant, lips. Among its members Mallinckrodt, by common consent, had long since been numbered as the foremost. The bold device written in bolder characters on his parliamentary banner, he had lived up to with a fidelity beyond suspicion: "Etsi omnes, ego non." It sounded so strange on the lips of a man whose ability and renown were equalled only by his modesty. Yes, even though all others should sacrifice to selfish opportunity, never shall he kneel to Favor. We have mentioned several instances where his straightforward honesty seriously injured his advancement with the government. Many more occasions might be chronicled, in which even a simple abstention from voting would have suf-

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ficed to insure the success of friendly efforts in his behalf. At times, well-meaning persons besought him not to recklessly spoil his chances, as they were pleased to style them. Mallinckrodt could not bring it upon himself to remain neutral from such motives, because "to abstain from casting a vote," he wrote to his brother George, "simply means to give one vote to the enemy and likewise one to my own party, when I know that both belong to the cause of justice and truth. No, I cannot allow such influences to shape my line of action." Again he kept true to his motto, when taking the floor, one day, he opened with the following words: "Gentlemen, I am in the perplexing condition of occupying to-day an almost entirely isolated position, differing as I do both from my personal friends and the other representatives from my own native Westphalia. This very isolation of mine imposes upon me the duty of giving here an account of my views." On another occasion he ushered in his strong plea for a just but hopeless cause with the noble remark: "To-day I stand before you, gentlemen, not with the assurance of achieving victory, but with the full conviction of meeting with defeat. Still, I think it my sacred duty in the face of failure to proclaim the justice of my cause and to call for its recognition."

It was a fundamental rule of the Catholic Party never to oppose any measure in the legislature simply for the sake of opposing or of showing their power at favorable moments. We may add that in the course of time the strict adhesion to this self-imposed law proved the safeguard of their ascendency in Parliament, as it is the corner-stone of the Centre Party's power at the present day. In this matter Mallinckrodt's noble example was a guiding star for all. During the earlier portion of his public life, measures originating with the government had been brought before the House against which Mallinckrodt, time and again, thought it proper to object. In one stage of the discussion he so vigorously opposed a ministerial clause that it was defeated by an overwhelming majority, and Mallinckrodt's amendment substituted in its stead. Without awaiting the close of the session, a Liberal leader approached the victor and warmly congratulated him "on now having at last burnt the ship behind him," implying of course that Mallinckrodt had by his action given proof of a complete break with the government. Evidently he knew little of the sentiments of the great

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parliamentarian in his triumph. For the latter wrote confidentially to Boeddeken: "The governmental proposals touching the arrangement of municipalities in Westphalia have entailed a series of defeats for the ministry. This whole affair gives me less joy, I believe, than any other man here." If to-day he had to co-operate so effectually towards a humiliating failure of a minister, to-morrow, in some sounder measure, the administration found no stauncher defender of its cause than Herman von Mallinckrodt.

In the light of the foregoing remarks, it is needless to state expressly that Mallinckrodt was a power in the parliamentary circle at large. A word about his influence in the narrower sphere of his own party. To say that Mallinckrodt was of the greatest use to the Catholic Party, both by his noble example and by shedding upon it all the lustre of his personal prestige, is simply to enunciate a self-evident fact. But his was especially a directly strengthening and guiding influence from within. In that galaxy of men, several of whom enjoyed a national reputation, the necessary harmony of sentiment and action could be maintained only at the sacrifice of individual views and opinions. The harm resulting from possible internal dissensions and conflicts would have proved all the more disastrous, as external agents in every shape and guise were untiring in their effort to ruin the Centre Party. Perfect union of minds in essentials was therefore to be preserved at any price. Many a time, from motives of peace, men of Mallinckrodt's stamp, and following in Mallinckrodt's wake, refrained even against their better convictions from imposing their personal opinions on the party. Many a time also, Mallinckrodt informs us, the spiritual guides of the party had to preach down the more reckless of its members.

At the beginning of the term of 1859 the very existence of the Catholic Party was seriously endangered. Representatives were of opinion that they should abolish its name and adopt a less pronounced religious platform; voices were even heard advocating complete dissolution of a denominational party in politics. To Mallinckrodt's forbearance, tact, and prudence are due in great measure the credit and praise of having brought the threatened organization through that perilous pass. For it was he who at the critical moment proposed for official title the appellation of "Fraction of the Centre" instead of

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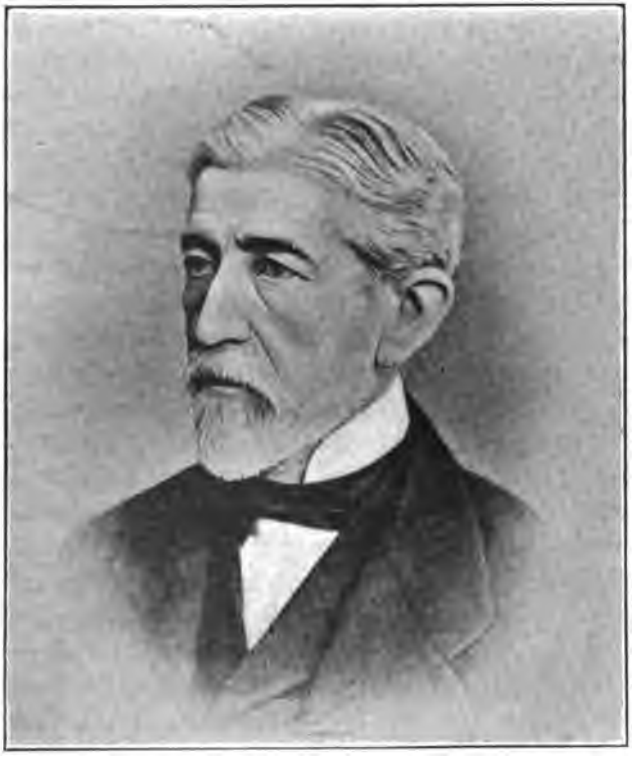

HERMAN JOSEPH VON MALLINCKRODT.

"Catholic Fraction," thus riveting his memory to a name destined to become synonymous with everything sound and honest in modern politics. It was Mallinckrodt, too, no doubt, who, as leading member of a committee charged with this work, was instrumental in drawing up new statutes for the party which met with such general approbation.

As the years rolled on, Mallinckrodt became more and more the great exponent of the Centre's principles. His influence naturally increased in a proportionate measure, until in his last years, when he steered their political course, the members of the present Centre Party in the new German Empire looked upon him with more than mere admiration. They revered him as patriot, leader, and Christian.

All who consider Mallinckrodt's intellectual eminence and rare qualifications of character are forced to admit that he was one of the greatest leaders of modern times. Yet we can safely assert, without fear of seeing our statement challenged, that his

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soul sought for inspiration in regions far above all that is commonly understood by party-spirit. So broad were his principles, so lofty his views, that each and every member of the legislature might have adopted them for his own, had all been animated with that singleness of purpose which shaped Mallinckrodt's life in striving to secure the common welfare.

A German in the truest sense of the word, a Prussian fired with the purest flame of patriotism, he certainly wished Germany to become one of the leading nations of the world; but her path to greatness was to lie on the immutable basis of right and justice. Every deviation from that eternal norm of all rectitude, the Law of God, brought the blush of shame to his cheek and wrenched his very soul. "The political events of 1866," says one of his companions-in-arms, "deeply wounded his sense of justice; after 1870, the onslaught against the most elementary rights of the church literally broke his Catholic heart." How could he remain a silent spectator of such criminal proceedings? "Etsi omnes, ego non." No; no unholy connivance was to seal his lips. Immediately after the war of 1866, whilst an unscrupulous administration and the immense majority of Prussian politicians, in the intoxication of triumph, were casting about for new military laurels, like a thunder-clap in a clear summer sky, the bold and unexpected denunciation of the unjust methods for Prussian aggrandizement burst from the lips of the most patriotic of Prussian citizens. Before a time-serving House, in presence of the German Warwick who had dethroned kings in the hope of rearing an empire, Mallinckrodt stigmatized Prussia's policy as an embodiment of that abortion of a principle: "Might is Right." He solemnly declared that he, for one, would for ever adhere to the God-given principle: "Justitia fundamentum regnorum"—Justice is the foundation of kingdoms. He deeply regretted not to have seen this principle at the cradle of the newly organized North-German Alliance. Prussia, he continued, had waged a war without cause or provocation. The brilliant success of her arms, it is true, had dazzled for the time the popular sense of justice; as for him personally, he could not but cling to his innermost conviction, that the eternal laws of right and justice should be the standard and rule not only for private individuals, but for governments as well.

This speech was one of the greatest oratorical efforts ever

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yet made by Mallinckrodt. Bismarck, the deified hero of the day, never attempted a direct refutation. By some skilful manœuvres he endeavored to divert the attention of the House. The numerous worshippers of the idol of success, for a vindication of their course, fell back on personal insults, calling in question Mallinckrodt's love for the Fatherland, even accusing him of French sympathies. Bismarck himself, in high-sounding phrases and pedantic allusions, spoke of dangerous Coriolanuses in Germanic lands, who waited only a call from modern Volscians to throw off the mask. All this, however, was not able to obliterate the impression of Mallinckrodt's oration on the public at large. From one end of the realm to the other congratulations, individual and collective, came pouring in on our fearless defender of justice. Within a few days over a thousand such letters accumulated on his desk. Foremost and most enthusiastic with their felicitations were his own Westphalians—the brave Tyroleans of Northern Germany.

Whilst boldly denouncing unjust conquerors at home Mallinckrodt, a true son of the church, and in fear for her temporal power, whenever occasion permitted, would vehemently inveigh against Prussia's connivance with the encroachments of the Sardinian robber-king in the Apennine peninsula. The cabinet's attitude, countenancing the sacrilegious advance of Garibaldi's infamous hordes under the flaming banner of the Revolution, seemed unpardonable, because in flagrant opposition to Germany's, and for that matter, to every nation's most sacred interests. "The abortive efforts," Mallinckrodt exclaimed on a given occasion in 1859, "have engendered in Piedmont a chronic depression of spirits. The Iron Crown of Lombardy was the goal of the royal father's ambitions, ten years ago; his worthy son to-day aims at nothing less. The father, to secure the coveted prize, threw himself into the arms of the Revolution; the Revolution has become a fit helpmate to the son." Later on he pointed out in unmistakable terms the scope of this connivance on the part of Prussia. He openly declared that the creation of a precedent was the end of it all. Those spirits, ever on the alert for aggrandizement, were bent on helping the "Italian Prussians" in this dark business of a unification of Italy, in order to give a coloring of legality to the aims of "German Sardinia." Elsewhere having spoken in a similar strain, he thus concluded his remarks: "Gentlemen,

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I care little to know on which side your sympathies are; of one thing I am fully convinced: if you put your hands on your hearts you will have to own that there is one man in Italy for whom you have more respect than for all his opponents from London to Bologna; and that man is—the Pope."

At the occupation of Rome by the Piedmontese invaders, he pleaded in vain for the maintenance of previously guaranteed rights; in vain, with over fifty Catholic representatives, he besought King William to intervene in behalf of the Vatican Captive.

This extraordinary man thus spent the vigor of his manhood in the defence and support of legitimate authority in church and state. Regardless of personal interests, he had sacrificed in former days renown and honor and popularity on the altar of duty, buoyed up by the noble expectation of achieving proper freedom, both civil and religious, for all citizens alike. And now he was forced to witness, both abroad and in the home government, the triumph of principles against which he had always combated with all the energy of inspiration, and which he abhorred of necessity as a frivolous tampering with the pillars of civil and religious society. Now came the crucial test of so disinterested a career. To fight for justice in hope of success may be noble and heroic; to rise on shattered hopes and strenuously battle against all hope borders on the divine. Such was to be the part of Mallinckrodt's closing years.

For some time the political atmosphere had been charged with the subtle element of destruction. Dull and leaden it weighed on governments and legislatures. The threatening storm suddenly burst upon unhappy France. By the hundred thousand scions of glory-crowned crusaders were swept to a premature grave—a saddening hecatomb fruitlessly immolated by the third Napoleon in his inglorious fall. Surrounded by reeking battle-fields, amid the thunders of deadly cannon and the wails of grief and distress that echoed from the Vosges to the Pyrenees, a new empire rose near that same Paris where the first Napoleon had heaped indignities on the august Vicar of Christ.

The hard-won laurels were still fresh on the warriors' brows in their Northern homes when a conflict of a more dangerous nature broke out in the very heart of the new empire. Catholics and Protestants had stood shoulder to shoulder under the

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murderous fire of the French mitrailleuse; their hearts' blood flowing in common streams had fecundated Gallic soil, from the fertile plains of Alsace and the vine-clad hills of Champagne to the basins of the Loire and the Somme. Thousands and tens of thousands lay in brotherly embrace bedded in common graves at Woerth, Gravelotte, and scores of other fields of death. Their sorrowing families, proud in the consciousness of their sacrifices, might at least expect, in recognition of their sorrow, to be allowed the peaceful enjoyment of the never-failing comforts of religion. But the man of blood and iron who stood at the helm of the ship of state was more than proof against all such suggestions of tender pity. He had pressed the imperial crown on the brow of an aged Hohenzollern, and held in his powerful grasp the destinies of a continent. Why not constitute the same old man Pontifex Maximus? The creation of a national church, broad enough in its creed to absorb both Catholic dogma and Protestant tenets of every shape and description, such was the vision that haunted the slumbers of that son of fortune. A church with an emperor-pope and a chancellor-vicar, the spiritual and temporal sword wielded by the same hand—verily the goal was worthy any man's highest ambitions. With iron will and iron hand the man of iron set to work. He conjured up the "Kulturkampf"—in very truth a war of civilization, in which the leagued powers of modern pagan culture were hurled against the Church of Christ, the prolific parent of true civilization. On the one hand were arrayed for fierce battle the mightiest man of his time, the world's resources at his command, empires and kingdoms at his feet, and as sworn allies Old Catholicism, Protestantism, Judaism, and the world-wide Masonic Atheism. On the other, a handful of Catholic men in the Parliament, a score of bishops and several millions of helpless and partly crushed Catholic people. But the God of might was watching over his little flock. Against the modern Antiochus and all his pride and arrogance he pitted his faithful Machabees, foremost among them Mallinckrodt.

Our hero had foreseen the storm. When asked during the Franco-German war to apply for a vacant post of provincial counselor near home, he declined on the plea of "not wishing to be officially manacled at a moment when the future lay before him extraordinarily veiled, not to say entirely shrouded

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in darkness." And a little later, writing to his brother George, he remarks: "In fine, Berlin too longs for peace with France; but little or nothing is left to guarantee our peace at home."

Long ere the new Reichstag was actually convoked providential men, with Mallinckrodt, Savigny, Reichensperger, Mueller, and Kehler, had planned the creation of a Centre Party for the newly constituted German Empire. At first doubtful with regard to the issue of so grand an undertaking, for the union of the Catholic representatives from the various sections of the empire was fraught with knotty difficulties, Mallinckrodt soon threw into the balance the whole weight of a life's experience and the influence and prestige of his universally esteemed personality. This energetic proceeding was crowned with consoling results. At the first session of the Reichstag, in March, 1871, sixty men of brawn and brain, all determined never to yield an inch in the defence of justice and right, rallied around those revered veterans, Mallinckrodt, Windhorst, Reichensperger, and others. Elected with several of his illustrious colleagues both to the Prussian House and the Reichstag, Mallinckrodt was vested with a double legislative capacity, corresponding to what here in the United States would be a simultaneous membership in a State Legislature and the Federal Congress. If we keep in mind that as an employee in the civil service he was obliged at the same time to devote several months of the year to the performance of his official duties, we shall be able to form some idea of his capacity for work.

As early as January 27, 1871, an eye witness wrote from Berlin concerning Mallinckrodt and Windhorst in the Prussian legislature: "Windhorst is with Mallinckrodt one heart and one soul: they are the nerve of the party, which without them would dissolve into incoherent elements. In the session of the 16th inst. Mallinckrodt has been awarded the victory from all sides of the House. His discourse has been of substantial help to us, both in the House in general and within the party itself." In the speech referred to Mallinckrodt, after refuting some charges made against a member of the cabinet, had laid bare the whole plan of the campaign against Catholics. "Gentlemen," he remarked, "I do not wish to assert that you intend to rob the people at large of all religion; but one thing I do assert: you are bent on robbing the Catholic people of the Catholic religion. The proof, gentlemen, is most

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PAULINE VON MALLINCKRODT.

easy; in fact, there is no need of any further proof. My predecessor in the tribune has given full proofs. I call on you all as witnesses: what was the main burden of his discourse but an extremely violent and hostile attack on what Catholics cherish as their dearest interests? . . . There is one point, however, I cannot pass over in silence, but must give it some attention. Gentlemen, I do not think that this assembly is fit to discuss matters of the Vatican Council. In my opinion these are purely dogmatic questions. In touching them you

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deal with affairs wholly internal to the Catholic Church. Please, gentlemen, leave those questions to us Catholics; we shall be able to settle them for ourselves. I begin to believe that you are in fear lest we should reach too easily an amicable settlement. If there is no lurking feeling of that kind, please, gentlemen, what cause have you for ever poking in the fire and fanning anew the dying embers into a blaze of discord? Again, gentlemen, please leave those matters to us Catholics." In these words Mallinckrodt had touched the core of the infamous warfare: separation of German Catholics from the Mother Church, the first step towards the contemplated amalgamation of religions in the empire. The late definition of the papal infallibility had given the spur to the aggression.

On July 8, 1871, the Catholic department in the Prussian ministry of worship was suppressed—a measure, as Parsons justly remarks, which was equivalent to a declaration that thereafter the government would pay no attention to any grievances which the Catholics might suffer. Then followed blow upon blow, each and every one of them aimed and dealt at the very heart of the church with a precision and determination well-nigh infernal. This is not the place to rehearse the sad story of the "Kulturkampf." At its beginning a representative of Bismarckian inspiration uttered the Voltairean battle-cry: "Écrasez l'infâme!" the distant echo of the primeval shout of rebellion: "Non serviam"—I will not serve! Higher and higher rose the storm-lashed tide; louder and fiercer howled the gale; darker and darker frowned the heavens. But at the helm of the much-imperilled bark stood Mallinckrodt with the courage of a hero, the perseverance of a martyr, the faith of a thaumaturgus.

The more effectually to attain their diabolical end, the vandalic civilizers started the conflict simultaneously in the Prussian and other state legislatures, and in the imperial diet. Mallinckrodt and his brave companions-in-arms were forced literally to double their sorely tried energies. Day after day, week after week, now in the Prussian House, now in the Reichstag, they would ascend the rostrum and, in the face of an overwhelming hostile majority, defend with sublime efforts their down-trodden rights. It is true they were not able to prevent the passage of iniquitous measures so well calculated to stifle the last breath of Catholic spirit; but no law, no

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section, no single paragraph was allowed to pass without being held up to the scorn and reprobation of all right-minded men. And thus every seeming defeat was but a new moral triumph for that little band of heroes.

First came the so-called "Pulpit-paragraph," placing the divinely commissioned teachers of God's word under Protestant or infidel surveillance. Then the schools were withdrawn from the influence of religion. The members of religious orders were banished from their native land. Then followed the iniquitous May Laws, whereby the training, the formation, and the appointment of the Catholic clergy practically passed into the hands of a Protestant minister of worship; episcopal jurisdiction with regard to refractory priests was equivalently suppressed; the door to wholesale apostasy from the faith was thrown open; a few thousand "Old Catholics," for refusing to recognize and admit the Vatican Council, were granted legal existence and rights denied to several millions of loyal Catholics; the clergy were pressed into military service and the anything but Christian atmosphere of the barracks; civil marriage was made obligatory for Catholics; even the administration of sacraments and the saying of Mass forbidden under severe penalties. Paragraphs of the constitution granting equality before the law to Catholics and Protestants alike were abrogated in order to allow the persecutors a freer hand in their tyrannical work. These and a hundred more vexatious measures were the means resorted to in order to asphyxiate—we use Bismarck's expression—the Body Catholic. The scientist Virchow, the originator of the term "Kulturkampf," and a staunch supporter of the Iron Chancellor's policy, admitted in a cynical discourse that the May Laws were "arbitrary in the extreme, and dangerous to liberty; but," added he, "since we need not fear that the Centre will soon attain power, and since these arbitrary laws injure the Catholic Church alone, we ought to adopt them."

All these tyrannical measures—for we cannot call them laws—led to numerous condemnations of bishops and priests, who preferred to obey God rather than Cæsar. Fines, prison, official deposition from ecclesiastical offices, and banishment, such were the penalties inflicted on those confessors of the faith. Up to 1879, therefore, during the space of eight years, nine bishoprics were without bishops, six having been deposed

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by the government and three having died; over one thousand parishes had been deprived of their pastors, and more than two thousand priests condemned to heavy fines or cruel imprisonment. Still, during this new "Reign of Terror" the Catholic spirit increased and intensified. The voices of Mallinckrodt, Windhorst, Reichensperger, and other champions echoed far and wide over the desolated land, sending a thrill of enthusiasm through every loyal heart. Meetings of Catholics were held in every section of the country for mutual consolation and encouragement. Whenever their manifold duties permitted, the leaders hurried from place to place, everywhere exhorting the people to patient endurance, and spurring them on to renewed efforts. Every year the "Katholikentag," with its untold influence for good, whilst bringing into a common channel the otherwise scattered energies of the Catholics, became the yearly review of the Catholic forces and a powerful stimulus of Catholic action.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

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PROGRESS IN PRAYER.*

BY REV. JOSEPH McSORLEY, C.S.P.

MORE convincing than many a theological argument for original sin is our experience of the unfailing certainty with which evil follows hard upon the advent of good—as Satan, they say, raises a chapel by the side of every house of God. Even that holy instinct which impels the human soul to sympathy and tenderness is full of danger; even the inspirations of our Saviour's teaching and the examples of the saints are made into occasions of wickedness; and among the very saddest scenes of history is that of men and women who have begun with aspiring to climb the mountain of perfection and have ended in the paths that lead to the lowest hell.

So in spiritual science there has ever been a chapter dealing with the illusions to be feared and shunned. St. Teresa censures those who fancy that mere human striving can attain to contemplation; Lallemant rebukes directors for implying that the highest graces of prayer are at the disposal of all men indifferently; Boudon of Evreux quotes a warning given to some who pretended that familiar acquaintance with God's deepest secrets might be enjoyed without incessantly striving for holiness of life. It all reminds us that one who treads the way of perfection must pursue his quest with the sure eye and the steady foot of an Alpine climber; and that those who quail at the mere thought of falling will never get far in such an adventure as this.

Historically, we can perhaps best verify the need of spiritual caution in the records of the seventeenth century. It happened then, that a number of erroneous conceptions drifted together and formed a system of piety which came near to attaining an international European vogue. The unhappy notoriety of having stood sponsor to the system attaches to the name of Miguel Molinos, a Spanish priest, who settled in

*This article is taken from Father McSorley's preface to a new volume, *Progressive Prayer*. Translated from *Instructions Spirituelles*, par Père Caussade, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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Rome about 1667, at the age of forty, and gained great repute there as a director of souls. Laity and clergy alike sought his advice; and one of his many distinguished friends was Cardinal Odescalchi, afterwards Pope Innocent XI. In 1675 Molinos published his *Guida Spirituale*, a book which, within six years, passed through twenty editions in various languages and became a sort of spiritual manual for groups of his disciples scattered through the different cities of Europe. The new school aimed at being more lofty, more free, more affectionate than the common run; some of its adherents preferred to reject ecclesiastical forms and institutions as useless vanities; and the vision of a purely spiritual and internal religion began to dazzle many with the promise of speedy perfection.

The Jesuits were the first to sound the alarm. In 1681 Father Paolo Segneri undertook the examination and refutation of Molinos in a treatise called *Concordia tra la fatica e la quiete nell' orazione.* A tremendous outcry was raised—but against Segneri. Denounced as blind, ambitious, envious, and the calumniator of a saint, he barely escaped death; and for the moment Molinos was raised even higher in the general favor. But the storm had not all blown over. In 1682 Cardinal Carraccioli, writing from Naples, complained to the Pope that unsound spiritual doctrine was spreading through the kingdom and that its upholders went so far as to condemn the practice of meditation, vocal prayer, and the spiritual exercise of the imagination; to dispense with all preparation, plan, or consideration of subject in mental prayer; to abstain from the use of the Rosary, the Sign of the Cross, and sacramental confession; to communicate daily at will; to obey no one; and to believe every thought of their own a divine inspiration. A sense of uneasiness began to affect the authorities; and a second book, which Segneri published in 1685 met with better success than his first. The officers of the Inquisition arrested Molinos, together with sixty-six persons of Rome, including the Count Vespiniani, his wife, and a number of nobles, and several hundred others throughout Italy. Investigation showed that the new school had taken deep root. Nearly all the religious communities of women in the country seemed to be infected; and Cardinal Cibo, in the name of the Inquisition, addressed a letter to the princes, bishops, and ecclesiastical superiors of Italy, exposing the dangers and errors of "Quiet-

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ism," ordering the dissolution of all societies made up of followers of Molinos, and instructing that great care should be taken to prevent convents being attended by confessors imbued with the novel spirituality. Finally, in 1688, Pope Innocent XI. published a Bull confirming the Inquisitors' condemnation of 68 propositions considered close enough to the teaching of Molinos to be called his by implication at least.

Clothed in penitential garb and mounted on a platform in one of the churches of Rome, Molinos was required solemnly to abjure his errors. He remained in prison until his death in 1696; and later traces in Italy of his teaching are unknown.

Whether or not Molinos had ever really taught the gross abominations often ascribed to him, certain it is that in many places Quietism took on such a form and tone as to succeed in attracting many really noble souls. In the following words Fénelon describes how the new school made its way in his country: "Beneath the show of perfection, the detestable teaching of the Quietists was spreading like gangrene into various parts of France and Belgium; and writings of a character either erroneous or suspicious were exciting rash curiosity amongst the faithful. For several centuries previously this error had been favored, unwittingly and inculpably, by various mystical writers who, though themselves holding fast to the doctrines of the faith, made mistakes due to an excess of tender piety, combined with a very pardonable knowledge of theological principles and a lack of caution in the use of terms. This fired the zeal of certain illustrious bishops, and together with me, they compiled 34 articles and passed various censures on some little books containing passages which, if taken in their most obvious sense, were deserving of condemnation. It is rare, however, that men fly from one extreme without rushing into the other, and, contrary to our intention, this action of ours has by certain persons been made a pretext for ridiculing the love of the contemplative life as a wild chimera." *

The baneful teaching to which Fénelon alludes betrayed itself principally in the tendency to regard true love of God as a mere synonym for an uninterrupted state of passive prayer, and consequently to recommend the suppression of all distinct acts of faith and hope, all petitions, thanksgivings, and reflections. Chief among the pious booklets circulated in France at the

* Letter to the Pope, 27 April, 1697.

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time were those written by Mme. Guyon. Born at Montargis in 1648, this lady, wedded at sixteen and widowed at twenty-eight, had entered a religious community at Gex by the invitation of the bishop. After her exit she visited various cities of France, returning finally to Paris in 1687. But her two books, *Moyen court et très facile pour l'oraison* and *L'explication mystique du Cantique des Cantiques* excited such suspicions of heterodoxy that Mgr. Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, had her arrested and examined as to her spiritual doctrine. After various accusations and debates, the matter was handed over to a commission made up of Bossuet, M. Tronson, superior of Saint Sulpice, and Bishop de Noailles of Châlons. During the course of some six or eight months these three met frequently, to discuss and formulate the Catholic doctrines on mystical prayer; and, after Fénelon had become Archbishop of Cambray, he also attended their meetings. The result of the discussions finally took shape in the thirty-four articles of Issy, published March 10, 1695. Already Mgr. Harlay had condemned the books in question, and Bossuet and De Noailles, on returning to their dioceses, repeated the condemnation. Bossuet then began the writing of his famous *États d'Oraison*, in order to expose the errors of the false mystics and to spread a knowledge of the true doctrine of the church concerning contemplative prayer. As originally projected, the work was to contain five treatises. Rather unfortunately, however, only the first of them was published. The second remained in manuscript up to the year 1897, and the other three were never even so much as written out.

The effect of the treatise published was noticeable enough. Backed by the authority of the most eminent churchmen in France and, to all appearances, doubly reinforced by the outcome of Bossuet's unfortunate controversy with Fénelon, it exercised an influence that, on the whole, was rather too far-reaching and profound. Anxious as the Issy conference had been to safeguard the church's real doctrine on prayer, and determined though Bossuet was to follow up his attack on the false mystics with a defence of the true, yet the inevitable reaction which set in carried nearly every one off solid ground. Henceforth, partly because contemplative prayer suggested Quietism and partly because the suspicion of a taint might lead to a residence in the Bastille, none dared to breathe even

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the name of contemplation. As a controversialist, indeed, Bossuet had been crowned with success; but the consequence of his victory was that the finest flower of Catholic spirituality lay in danger of being crushed utterly out of existence.

The next generation of Catholics grew up to look upon contemplative prayer and the teaching of the mystics as things girt round with danger, and very carefully to be shunned by all who held spiritual or even temporal safety in any regard. Naturally enough, this condition was irksome and unsatisfactory to deeper minds who appreciated the immense importance of the truths thus discredited by error, and who perceived the consequences certain to follow a general suppression of mystical aspirations. To correct the evil tendency, however, was neither a simple nor a safe undertaking. So most of those who might have stemmed the tide that was sweeping Catholic spirituality down to such low levels contented themselves with quietly fostering the higher life in their own souls and holding entirely aloof from discussions.

Such was the condition of affairs when Père Caussade came upon the scene. English readers to-day know this man almost exclusively through the precious little book *Abandonment*, published at Le Puy, in 1861, by Father Ramière, after astonishing exertions, re-edited a number of times in at least five languages, and introduced (in part) to the American public by Miss Ella McMahon at Father Hecker's suggestion in 1887. But the writer of *Abandonment* during his lifetime did other good work, too. Admitted to the Jesuit novitiate of the Toulouse province in 1693, he became professor of grammar at Auch three years later, lived at Nancy for awhile, was stationed at Albi as rector, and died at Toulouse in 1751; and, though but scant information is at hand as to the way his time was spent, he has left behind him a glorious and enduring monument in the brief record we do possess. While at Nancy, Father Caussade came into close contact with the religious of the Visitation there, and in the volumes of *L'Année Sainte** we find abundant evidence of the powerful influence he exercised over souls aspiring to lives of holiness. Among the nuns were some whose vocation had been decided with his assistance; and, at the convent, all considered his conferences,

* *Année Sainte des Réligieuses de la Visitation de Ste. Marie.* Annecy: Ch. Burdet, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871. (12 vols.)

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his private counsel, and his letters of direction to be among the very best aids to perfection that the community possessed. One of the nuns, Sister Marie Anne-Sophie de Rottenbourg (who died in 1775 in the seventy-ninth year of her profession), collected a number of letters received from Father Caussade into a little treatise; and this treatise it is which to-day goes by the name of "Abandonment to Divine Providence"—a phrase ever on the author's lips and pen, and truly significant of the abiding disposition which he tried to awaken in souls under his care.

At what particular source Father Caussade had drunk in his enthusiasm for the contemplative life, we have no means of knowing; nor can we tell how he had first been drawn to the reading of the older spiritual teachers, to the pages redolent of that mystical odor so eagerly sought and so gladly welcomed by souls like his. Perhaps it was Suarez' treatise on Mental Prayer that first set him thinking; or maybe a chapter by St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, or Le Gaudier, or De Paz. Possibly it was Da Ponte's Life of Balthasar Alvarez, or Lallemant's doctrine on the Holy Spirit, or a book by Rigoleuc, or Surin, or Guilloré that burst into his life and swayed his path towards new ways of thought and prayer. But wherever the first impulse came from, it introduced him to a kind of literature which his soul, thereafter, always loved to feed upon. Lastingly grateful for his treasure-trove, he determined that those around him should enjoy further instruction in the science of the saints than had hitherto been accorded them. His heart was heavy with a sense of the wrongs endured by Catholics shut out from their priceless birthright of spiritual doctrine; and he recognized that the church was suffering serious harm from the prevalent tendency to belittle contemplative prayer or to speak of it only for the purpose of uttering warnings against it. To Caussade it was as if these speeches had been warnings against the abuses attaching to frequent communion or to devotion towards our Blessed Lady. Independently of all question about good or bad intention, such words were, he considered, merely an indirect method of decrying precious things.*

So Père Caussade set himself resolutely to the task of improving the situation. In his letters we find how continually

* *Instructions spirituelles*, pt. I. dial. 16.

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he strove to hold up mystical ideals to the veneration and imitation of his spiritual children; and *L'Année Sainte* gives much evidence of the striking success that rewarded his efforts. But to influence the souls with whom he came into immediate contact would not suffice; and he decided, by means of an explanatory comment on Bossuet's famous book, to provide an effective and permanent instrument for the upholding and spreading of the sublime teaching that had come down from Catholic antiquity. Dividing his treatise in two parts, one doctrinal and technical, the other practical and popular, he put it forth under the shelter of Bossuet's authority, as an explanation of contemplative prayer and a protest against the disposition to ignore those fields of spiritual activity which lie outside the confines of formal meditation. At the first he judged it wise to conceal his authorship; and the original edition of the Instructions on prayer was published at Perpignan, in 1741, as the work of Père Gabriel Antoine. Antoine was a Jesuit writer, already well known as the author of several spiritual books (one of them, *Courtes Méditations*, republished by Poussielgue, Paris, 1882), and of a *Cours de Théologie Morale* which Benedict XIV. introduced into the Propaganda. Antoine had been with Caussade in the novitiate and, doubtless, they were confidential friends, for it was no small favor to accept the paternity of the new book "in order to give it greater credit with the public."* By way of further guarantee, the work bore the approval of two official censors, M. Saunier, Docteur en Théologie, ex-Professeur, Chanoine, Pénitencier, Archidiacre, Official et Grand Vicaire, and R. P. Amanrich, Prieur du Couvent des Frères Prêcheurs de Perpignan, Docteur en Théologie, Professeur royal, Doyen de la Faculté et Examinateur synodal. An interesting detail in the warm recommendation given by these censors is, that they extend approval all the more willingly "because the theologian responsible for the publication has shown himself worthy of esteem and approbation by his various treatises of scholastic and moral theology so generally approved in France." Then followed an endorsement by the Jesuit provincial of Champagne, certifying that the book had been submitted to the censorship of three theologians of the society and might lawfully be printed. Finally, came the authorization of the Procureur Général du Roi.

*This being the motive for the selection of Antoine's name, according to the Pères de Backer: *Bibliothèque de la Compagnie de Jésus*, s. v. Antoine.

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Thus, armed and armored, the little volume commenced a career destined to be truly remarkable. Within a few years a second edition was published at Toulouse, still without the true authorship being disclosed—a wise enough precaution for a man who valued peace as much as did Caussade, since there were many ready to spread most uncomfortable reports about the book and its author. It wanted but a few years then of the time when—he being dead and his connection with the volume known—the Jansenist writers of *Les Nouvelles Ecclésiastiques* should set down the Instructions on prayer as "an attempt to insinuate Quietism under the name and authority of the great Bossuet." * But by this date Caussade was beyond the reach of calumny, and whether or not his ears had once been wounded by such like denunciation we cannot easily tell.

The subsequent history of the book is the best testimony to its real merit. Time and again it has been recalled from oblivion to carry its message of comfort and inspiration to generation after generation. The third edition (Perpignan, 1758) contained only the practical portion of the book, the editor alleging that the technical defensive part had already served its purpose, since theologians universally recognized the soundness of Caussade's doctrine, and since the average reader cared for the practical portion only. Subsequent editions followed this precedent, as at Paris (1810), at Anvers (1824), at Tournai (1852), at Rheims (1891), and at Paris (1892). The one exception to this was the edition of Avignon (1825) prepared by "G" † and reproducing, with some verbal corrections and a few notes, the whole of the original publication of 1741. To M. Bussenot, the editor of the Rheims and Paris editions, Cardinal Langénieux wrote that the work of re-editing Caussade's book had been "truly inspired." Both these editions were quickly exhausted and the work is now again out of print, though but temporarily, of course. Meanwhile, at the instance of Père Ludovic Besse, ‡ a Capuchin and an ardent admirer of Caussade, the long-forgotten doctrinal part of the work has been re-edited by M. Bussenot (Paris, 1895).

* *Table Raissonée et Alphabétique des Nouvelles Ecclésiastiques, depuis 1728 jusqu'en 1760 inclusivement.* The entry states pointedly: "cinq de ses confrères participent à l'impression."

† M. Levesque of Paris, directeur au Séminaire Saint Sulpice, informs us that "G" stands for M. Gosselin, once the superior of the seminary of Issy and editor of *Les Œuvres de Fénelon.*

‡ His recent publication, *Science de la Prière* (Paris, Oudin), is well worth reading.

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II.

Father Caussade composed his treatise out of a deep sense of the harm due to lack of acquaintance with the Catholic teaching about prayer. He felt that the want of proper instruction was holding many a soul back from the realization of its truly noble possibilities; and he published his pages in the hope that they would be read widely in a spirit at once studious and religious. Hence readers will do well to prepare their minds by a consideration of certain familiar truths bearing on the soul's relationship with God.

Reason and revelation alike tell us that the ultimate destiny of the human soul is union with the Deity; and that this union is to be attained by the exercise of faculties and the play of tendencies set by the Creator in the nature of man. The highest operations of a rational being are to contemplate truth with the intellect and to embrace good with the will; and by grace these powers have been exalted to such a degree that they surpass the range of a mere creature's existence and share in an activity which by nature is the proper life of God. In consequence, man has been destined to see God with a clearness and to love him with a fulness transcending all human conceptions. Once this blessed vision and blessed union have been attained, perfect happiness will possess the soul and man's spiritual hunger and thirst will be satiated so completely that in an eternity he can never want.

Ideal existence on earth would mean a life of growth toward this final consummation, a life in which man's noblest powers should retain their due supremacy, God being contemplated and loved as the perfect Truth and the perfect Good, and each faculty helping to establish and to perfect the soul's union with Divinity. As a matter of fact, however, man in his fallen state finds life strangely discordant; his mind will persist in going astray; his animal nature rises up in rebellion; and lesser goods contest with God the right to engage the supreme interest and affection of the soul. This strife disturbs the peace of man's spirit; the movements of life swing him hither and thither, more often away from than toward his end of being; and heroic effort is required to reduce the unruly passions to order and enlist them in the cause of right. Ex-

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ternally, he has to overcome the numerous obstacles that make against the faithful observance of the whole natural and positive law. Internally, he has to conquer his own soul in order to bring it into Godlike contemplation of infinite Truth and Godlike love of infinite Good. Mere instinct and spontaneous impulse will not suffice. Resolute effort must be added, and the influence of grace superadded, that he may lead a life which will truly resemble God's, and be, in a real sense, a preparation for and a growth toward the destined life of heaven.

Of the two fields of struggle, outer and inner, the latter is by far the more important, both because of its greater intrinsic nobleness and because it exercises a dominant influence over conduct. Hence the primary need is a right ordering of the internal activities.

It is at the securing of this that spiritual exercises aim. Prayer, for instance, means that for the moment a human soul is living somewhat as it will live eternally in heaven, mentally contemplating and voluntarily loving the Supreme Object of thought and affection, though now that Object is seen but dimly and loved only insecurely. Each exercise of true prayer renders the soul a little more like God and leaves it a little less unfit to abide eternally in his presence and to live the life he lives.

But we find it hard to pray. Not all the philosophy in the world can make it easy for us to turn away from the sensual things that solicit us and to begin communing with God. To set aside distracting thoughts and for the moment to forget all selfish interests, to rise in spirit above created things and to contemplate the Creator of them, to resign cheerfully the objects for which body or soul is hungering and clamoring, and to do all this, as it were, off-hand and on the instant; this is not given to man even by grace. Herein, as elsewhere, he lies under the law of labor. Toil and struggle, effort and pain must precede attainment. Only after the expenditure of tears and blood shall he be able to stand at liberty and to speak with God as one who knows and is known, who loves and is beloved.

The big issue of life, therefore, is this: How shall a man set about the winning back of his lost birthright? What means had he best adopt in order that once more he may possess the

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privilege of communing with God and once more enjoy the liberty of God's children?

Man's highest power is the power of willing. By the habitual attitude of his will he is classed as noble or base; and by the acts of his will he is saved or lost. To will rather than to know is the splendid gift that differentiates man from brute. Whether or not external success has been achieved, the one who goes down to his grave with a will set unflinchingly on good, carries with him the deepest heart-worship of his fellows; and a child that has the will of a hero is reckoned a greater glory to the race than the wisest scholar.

Yet we must recognize that the will is largely a dependent faculty and that it has to be directed by a mind which is contemplating truth. In a sense, all goodness is bound up with wisdom; and to dazzle or distract the mind is to interfere thus far with the perfect action of the will. If the intellect view the world in a false light, or a wrong order; if the perception of God's relationship with creatures be distorted or imperfect; then there is a likelihood of the will's directing its activity in opposition to God, thus rendering itself sterile and its energy of no avail. When Essential and Absolute Truth is seen clearly, as in heaven, the will, of course, darts swiftly and infallibly at the Good; but, outside of heaven, the chances of right action vary with the soul's greater or lesser success in conceiving of the world of things under true relations. Hence the schooling of man's spirit must consist largely in his learning to look upon God so constantly and attentively, that with ever growing ease he may pierce through all disguises and instantly recognize Truth and Beauty and Goodness, wherever they exist—properly estimating the value of each finite thing, and exactly realizing the measure in which it will aid or hinder him to make progress towards perfection. On the other hand, it is only by ignorance of one sort or another that he can be prevented from going straight to God. Only when he fails to see are his feet enmeshed in snares or turned toward pitfalls. So what he must beg for first is light.

Oftentimes, it is merely an ignorance born of inattentiveness that troubles the soul. Then the correction is to be found in a concentration of thought which will bring us to see things in their true perspective and to realize their exact worth. Herein lies the value of meditation, an exercise in which the soul's

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powers are employed upon some truth or fact for the purpose of developing and impressing on the mind the spiritual significance contained. The memory is made to recall the subject; the imagination is stimulated to an extent befitting the character of the meditating mind and the matter in question; the intellect proceeds to analyze, to discuss and to compare; until, under the spell of truth thus made vivid, the emotional nature awakens and the will is drawn strongly to the choosing and embracing of the good. The efficacy of meditation as a help to prayer is proportionate to its power of revealing or clarifying truth, and of thus eliciting response from the will; and the measure of a good meditation is the measure of strength and reality in the consequent movement of the soul towards God. It serves much the same purpose as the chafing which makes penmanship possible to benumbed fingers, or the preparatory exercise which limbers muscle for a trial of strength. As a man who dwells upon the memory of an insult will rouse himself to anger, hatred, and the desire of revenge, so one who contemplates the things of God will be moved to sorrow for sin and new longing for holiness—a principle to which St. Ignatius drew the world's attention so successfully that it can never again be excusably ignored.

Meditation, then, is based on a recognized psychological law—the permanent element common to all the various methods employed by different individuals or suggested by changing circumstances. At any given time the best form is, of course, that which most efficiently moves the will towards intimate union with God. The practice of meditating is necessary whenever, and in so far as, the will requires it; but, when not needed to induce or to intensify the act of the will, it may properly be dispensed with. In form, it allows of indefinite variations both as to plan adopted and subject dwelt upon. Necessarily so; since the mind in question may be that of a sodden sinner unused to any good thought, or the holy mind of an innocent, shrinking child; and since the influences to be counteracted may be such as play on the will of a poet or of a tradesman, or again of a mathematician; while each meditation is to combine the intellectual, emotional, and practical elements in proportions suitable to the requirements of the particular case.

From the preceding it will appear that meditation is well-

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nigh indispensable for all who, while aspiring to close union with God, are distracted from sustained attention to him either by inordinate liking for, or teasing solicitude about created goods; and that the need of meditation is greater or less, accordingly as the mind is wont to picture hazily or vividly the supreme desirableness of God. Under favorable conditions, meditation should, of course, be but a temporary stage of the soul's growth in divine likeness. Allowing for variations, such growth should in general follow the ordinary laws of mental development; for progress up to and beyond this point requires only ordinary grace which will never be wanting. Hence fervent souls, fitted by disposition and circumstances for a higher form of prayer, may look to acquire the power of communing with God more perfectly than can be done in a formal meditation. Spiritual writers give us to understand that the average person, after a reasonable time spent in the practice of meditation—not to mention those rarer souls who even at first may dispense with tedious discursive processes—can get the fruit of meditation without meditating; that is, can elicit acts of praise, thanksgiving, trust, love and other affections habitually, easily, and independently of preceding consideration. This means that by degrees the intellect acts less and the will more; that the mind grows satisfied more quickly and with a lesser variety of thoughts. So the exercise can no longer be regarded as an intellectual one or be called meditation; because the play of affection and will has been substituted almost entirely for that of the discursive powers, and analysis is replaced by contemplation.

This advance in prayer is marked first by the will's readier response to the suggestions of each doctrine or fact presented. As progress goes on, less and less study is needed in order to produce the mental illumination that precedes every movement of the soul. In other words, the activity of the will increases; and, in a proportional measure, the range and activity of mental work lessen.

That movement by which the soul leaps toward God, upon the suggestion offered by a vivid realization of his desirableness, is called, in the language of Catholic writers, an affection of the soul. And when there has come a noticeable decrease in the amount of mental labor prerequisite for the eliciting of such affections; when they come easily, quickly, almost spon-

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taneously; then the soul is said to have passed beyond the first stage of progress, to have exchanged meditation for affective prayer, and to be entering upon the "illuminative way,"—illuminative in a double sense, since the affections in turn perfect perception, just as our senses grow keen to detect the presence or the voice of one we love.

In due time these affectionate movements of the soul become still simpler. Some one particular affection rises out of the crowd and acquires predominance, and to this the soul recurs by preference again and again; or rather, a supreme affection, which appears to sum up and include the others, commences to satisfy the soul as being the simple expression of all its sentiments. A phrase like *Deus meus et omnia*, whether spoken or unspoken, exhausts and sufficiently voices the thought of the mind. With little or no meditative reflection, this affection is now elicited, quietly and almost constantly; for though the soul cannot, indeed, at every instant be multiplying and carefully repeating its act of worship, it can and does acquire a disposition, a habit, an attitude, a temper which is practically permanent and abiding.

Catholic teachers of spirituality often call this kind of prayer "acquired contemplation," and tell us it is the highest state which man can attain without a grace quite beyond the ordinary. At the same time they teach that common souls who are industrious, consistent, and wisely guided, may lawfully desire and reasonably hope to advance as far as this. As a matter of fact, too few, it is said, venture to mount as high as God wishes them to go. A little more confidence in God; a little more forgetfulness of self; and there would be many souls enjoying closer intimacy with their Creator than they have ever dreamed to be possible. Indeed, the prayer above described may very properly be considered as a humble attempt of some on earth to imitate that blessed life for which all are destined in heaven. It is less a formal exercise than a lover's vision. It is the loving soul's responsive attention to the stimulus of the divine presence. "He is here": the memory recalls, the intellect contemplates, the will desires and chooses and reaches out toward the Beloved.

It was the encouragement and direction of souls in prayer of this sort that Father Caussade had in view when he wrote

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the treatise before us. No doubt such prayer can be and indeed often has been practised by persons unacquainted with the principles concerned in its acquisition; just as people frequently profit by sanitary laws of which they are totally ignorant. Yet it is of no little value to be instructed in these matters and to understand something about the various phenomena of the soul's growth into fulness of stature, as in any field of knowledge it is helpful to be conversant with the experience of others and to know the methods and expedients that one's predecessors have found useful. This is why we may anticipate that the same motives which induced Father Caussade to compose, will lead many others to approve and to recommend his treatise.

The Knock.

BY JOHN JEROME ROONEY.

BEHOLD, I stand at the door,
I stand at the door and knock:
If any man shall hear my voice
And open to me the lock,
I will come in to him!
I will come in to him!

The night is bleak and chill,
I faint, I droop, I fall:
If any man shall hear my voice
And answer to my call,
I will sup with him!
I will sup with him!

I stand at the door and knock—
My love is my only plea:
If any man shall hear my voice
And open his heart to me,
I will abide with him!
I will abide with him!

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"MORE LASTING THAN BRONZE."

BY T. B. C.

IT was in '65, on one of my rambling hospital-tours, that I ran across old Pierre. He was an inmate of the aged-cripple ward in Les Invalides; and I was so much impressed on first sight of the old fellow that I determined to make his acquaintance. You see, I have for a number of years been fond of wandering through hospitals, and picking up friends whom I should never know except on their backs or in the depths of invalid chairs. I have liked especially to frequent the wards for the aged, where the quaint, withered old "specimens," in the most placid ease and quiet, are paying out slowly, as if reluctantly, the last years of a long store. I used to try, too, very frequently, to get their histories from them; and I would sometimes even give myself up to a long, toilsome siege of persuasion, mingled with every artifice in the endeavor. They often—nearly always, perhaps—had nothing extraordinary in their histories to tell. Just a life of struggle and hard work for a poor living with the usual share of joys and sorrows, good and bad fortune—all in a dull, unromantic way.

But it had a charm for me that never grew old. There was so much in the strange contrast! This story of busy days and nights, of toil and sweat and jostling life, told by a lean old fellow with a whistling treble and a child's smile, who seemed as if he had never had anything more to do than just to look cross or comfortable by turns.

But now I've told you enough about myself and my pursuit. Let me say something about Pierre.

He was just one of those old "codjers" of whom I have been speaking, with little to distinguish him from the rest, except that he was much more impervious to questioning. It was like prying out a nail to get a word out of him. He would simply sit and mumble half sentences; and the hard, drawn expression never left his face. But it was just this

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expression that made me more eager to hear something from him. It was the expression of one who has lived for years with Pain, and in the closest companionship; lain down with him at night, sat with him alone through days of sun and rain, and yet has not learned to fear him or to shrink from him, but has only become hardened and inured in the long trial, hardened and made more dogged and unyielding, and even defiant. All this I saw in the lines of that lean, pale, old face, with a small white growth covering the lower lip and chin, and making the face look even leaner. And so I toiled on and coaxed him in my visits and brought little presents of fruit and flowers in my patient endeavor to loosen that old tongue of his.

I gained during the succeeding days in which I passed in and out of the ward a few pieces of information about Pierre. They were meagre enough it is true. First, from the head nurse in charge, I learned from what a very distant period the old man had occupied his berth in Les Invalides. His arrival dated long before her own, and she had been on duty now for more than twenty-five years. She remembered hearing the nurse whom she succeeded—an old woman who had worn out a long life in this work of mercy—speak of Pierre as having come there in her early days.

So he was an old settler indeed. After this I had a talk with the visiting surgeon. He supplied me with some details of somewhat keener interest. He said he had heard that Pierre was one of the soldiers of the First Empire, having been wounded serving under Bonaparte. This was as far as his information went in this direction—nothing more definite. But he spoke of Pierre's wound and said that, for an old wound, it was one of the worst he had ever met with in all his experience of surgery.

"He was evidently," said the doctor, "struck by a grape-shot, or a fragment of a shell. It met his hip-bone just at the point of it; and it shattered the entire socket, making it like a bag of dice. Nothing but the iron, wiry constitution of a French peasant would have lived through it, especially with the bungling army-surgery of those days, which did no more than extract the ball or fragment of shell, pick out the pieces of broken bone, and then bind up the wound, leaving the man with a hole in his side big enough to build a nest in."

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Then, on my asking him whether he thought there was any permanent suffering from the wound, he replied with more emphasis, "Pain! why, I don't believe that during the last fifty years—which is about the time we surmise old Pierre has had lodgings yonder—he has been a day without it. You see his spine is affected, and that causes a constant dull twinge which seems all over the frame. Just think of that for fifty years! It would kill some men. It would drive others stark crazy. But Pierre has managed to live through it and keep sane too. It is wonderful—wonderful!"

Now that I had some data of information concerning Pierre, I felt even more anxious to make him talk. I kept up my attentions and gifts, but for a time it seemed with no signs of progress, though he did seem to warm towards me. His old gray eyes would brighten when he saw me coming. He would awkwardly put out his hand from his chair to welcome me. But that was all. Not a word out of him except a grunt or two of thanks for my fruit or tobacco. One day, however, came when he did talk.

I had come to see Pierre on the evening of a very rainy day. The streets of Paris were wet and glistening. The air was heavy with dampness. I had always noticed that Pierre was more restless on these damp days; and I was sure now since my talk with the doctor that his uneasiness came from his wound, which the dampness irritated. There we sat together, Pierre in his invalid's chair, which creaked gently every now and then as he shifted in it, close to the big window where he used to bask in the sun during the day. We could look out across the roofs of the city growing dim now in the gathering dusk. For some time we sat without a word. The quietness of the hour inclined one to silence and musing. But my project to make old Pierre say a word about himself never left my mind; and so, after a few minutes, I began to stir him up cautiously, as I had so often tried to do before.

The doctor's information that Pierre had served under Bonaparte gave me new material with which to bait my questions. I began, half carelessly, to observe something about the late Napoleon; what a poor imitation he was of his brilliant uncle; and how foolish it was that a house should lay claim to the throne of France merely because of the personal achievements of a single man, however glorious these may have been.

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I was mistaken, however, in thinking that this would rouse Pierre. He merely glanced up in a sleepy sort of way and muttered something about this "new order of things," "which no one could understand,—new people, with old names,"—and so on. And then, when I ventured to question him somewhat closer, asking him whether he thought the great Bonaparte really benefitted France by his reign and his victories, he grew somewhat more animated than I had ever seen him before, but it was only to pipe out in a peevish tone: "What do I know, monsieur, about benefit to France?—Benefit to France!—All that I see of France is this patch of roofs here, or a piece of Paris sidewalk when I can push my chair close enough to the window."

"But," I said insistently, "he was certainly a great general. You should know, Pierre; you served under him." This was the boldest stroke I had yet dared.

"Who was a great general? What is this you say, monsieur? Of whom are you talking?" The quaver of impatience was strong in his tone. It was the highest mark of interest he had yet given.

"Why, Bonaparte," I said, "General Napoleon Bonaparte. Surely you remember him."

As I sounded the name in his ears a change came over Pierre's face. The light of some strong memory was certainly kindling there. How strangely it seemed to flicker where all had been so dull and lustreless before! Pierre stopped his uneasy motion and settled back rigidly in his chair, as if he were gathering all his breath and energy for an effort. He began to talk half to himself, but the tone was very clear—a touch of suppressed excitement in it.

"Bonaparte!" he repeated, "General Bonaparte!—How we all had worship for him! How we would follow him, rush before him like mad!" He repeated these sentences with little alteration a number of times.

Then I made bold to put in an inquiry. "Your wound, Pierre, I said. "How was that?"

"Wound! Wounded!" he repeated in the same tone. "This has been with me for a long time, and I remember the day so well:—the battle that morning on the plains of Italy. What a spirit burned in us men! How we had learned to trust our lives and our very souls to young General Bonaparte. He

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was everything to us. We could have conquered the world with him."

Could this, I thought, be sleepy old Pierre? But on he went talking, like a man in an excited dream.

"Yes! that morning's battle I remember it so well. There was that bridge, with the earthworks just above it. The General, our Bonaparte, said it must be crossed;—victory depended. I saw a whole line of grenadiers blown off their feet before they were half way across. It was awful—that deadly fire. But the General—our Bonaparte!—the next moment I saw him there before my eyes—half way across the bridge. He held a color staff in one hand; his black hair was blown about his face, his eyes were bright, and he turned and waved to us. I heard a terrible shout. The whole army must have cried out at once. Then I started with all my might towards the bridge. My whole soul was bent on getting near that young figure—our Bonaparte. I could hear the rush of feet and the rattle of accoutrements all around me. But no one reached the bridge before me. And just as I reached the other end of it came that fearful blow on the hip. I fell and my senses left me. And then it seemed but a few moments—I cannot say how long it really was—when I opened my eyes again. I lay on some kind of a bed with a blanket over me. My whole body was alive with pain. I felt as if I had been shot in half. But there was a figure bending over me. I could not make it out at first because of the mist in my eyes. As I peered it became plainer. I recognized that young form—and the uniform. I saw the dark, flowing hair, and the eyes were still bright as when I saw them last. He stood there for some moments and then I felt him press my hand, and he whispered in my ear: "You are a soldier—my true soldier!" A quiver ran through me stronger than the pain of my wound. Then everything left me again and I remembered nothing more—nothing. Then came a new life which has lasted ever since—of being nursed and wheeled about, with always that burning pain that never leaves me but only grows milder and sharper by turns."

Here Pierre came to a sudden stop. It was like an old clock run down. It was some time before I could say a word. It had all been so vivid to me. I seemed to pass through the rapid action of it all.

But as I thought of the ending of it, his reference to the

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"life that had lasted ever since"—fully fifty years of invalid's life!—I could not help saying, after a silence for some time: "But see, Pierre, do you still cherish a devotion to Bonaparte? What has he done for you? He won a few brilliant victories and then vanished out of France for ever. All that he has left you is this terrible wound which has made you painfully crippled for life. Surely it was not worth while."

There was a pause for a few moments, and then Pierre answered me. He was looking straight forward with the same dreamy stare. But he had understood me perfectly. Not only his sympathy had been aroused, but his intelligence too seemed to brighten wonderfully.

"Monsieur," he began slowly, "I have indeed had a rough time of it. This wound of mine has been no gentle companion. I was young when it came, and all the brightness left my life, all my young hopes and ambitions. Then too it has taken all my manhood away from me and left me helpless on the hands of others. This is hard. And then the pain—it has been with me always like a fire that burns now lower now higher. Sometimes it has kept me awake at night, and there was no getting away from it, no finding an easy side to lie on. And it has sometimes set me thinking; and I have thought, monsieur, I have gone over it all again. I have stood on the bank of that stream with my youth and my health, and I have looked down on that bridge before me, half splintered by the cannon-shot that was pouring upon it. And I have seen the young figure there—our General—our Bonaparte—with the flag in his hand. And I have felt the fire rise again within me as I plunge forward. And then I have cried out to myself: 'But, Pierre, do you know what you are rushing to, and do you still rush on? Do you see those long years of a cripple's life—of wretched dependence; those hours and hours of burning pain that never leaves you?' And I answer, I shout back to myself: 'I see it all, and I still rush on. I would not turn back, I would not pause for it all.' Then I lie again in the hospital-tent and see dimly that young figure bending over me. I hear the sound of his voice. I feel the touch of his hand!—He spoke to me!—He touched my hand, monsieur!—And then I cried out to myself: 'Stop your grumbling, Pierre, you have been well repaid for all—all the days and nights and weeks and years, all, all—yes, Pierre, you have been repaid, well repaid, for all!'"

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Here the old man's voice died down slowly, and for some seconds I could hear him whispering to himself, and then he was silent altogether. And I had no more questions now. I was effectually silenced. I sat with my head between my hands gazing on the floor, while all the strong, deep feelings that had been stirred up in me held me motionless. Surely there is something more than selfish human nature in a devotion like this. And oh, Bonaparte! Bonaparte! How is it that you did not conquer more than half the world with a power over men as was yours? It is true you strived; but how sublime was that power you wielded! which is stirring yet in this distant day, when even the strong curses of the nations that hated you have died away. Then my thoughts took a sublimer trend. I thought how it was a devotion like this—a personal, living devotion to another Leader—which has made men whom we call saints strong to lead lives all filled with labor and sacrifice and pain. I say it is a devotion like this; for the human heart is the same whatever be the cause it serves. Its wonderful gifts are raised and beautified but never changed. And all this seemed strangely intelligible to me as I sat there. I felt that I understood it all.

I must have mused there for a long time; but I was roused at length by a gust of cold, damp air on my cheek. I turned and looked out the open window. It was fully night now; and the lights of the city dotted the darkness everywhere. Some one brushed in front of me. It was the head-nurse.

"Too much of this night air is not good for our rheumatic patients, monsieur," she said, as she drew down the window. I stood up ashamed at my carelessness, and began to stammer out an apology, but she checked me with an assuring gesture.

"But, monsieur," as I was turning to go without a word, "Aren't you going to say good-by to poor old Pierre?" There was a touch of pathos in her tone. Pathos is rather rare among these professional people. Not that they are not kind; their lives are one act of charity. But most sensible feeling must be worn off by their long familiarity with affliction and sorrow in all their forms. I looked up rather surprised. And then, turning half mechanically towards the invalid's chair, "Good night, Pierre."

"But he is sleeping," I added aloud, as I saw the closed eyes and the features rather rigidly set.

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"No, he is dead, monsieur," said the nurse.

"Dead!" I exclaimed. "No,—it can't be! Could it have been my fault? I hope I did not excite him."

"No indeed, monsieur," she replied; "it is most usual. Nearly all our old cripple-patients drop off in this way. And Pierre was the very oldest we had. He died very quietly too. See the smile and the relaxed look. But I thought you knew he was dead, monsieur. You were sitting here looking down with your face covered. I thought you were weeping for him."

I was standing while she spoke with my eyes fixed on the old white face. "No, I was not weeping," I answered without turning, "I was only thinking. I was reflecting on something he told me."

Then I turned away silently and went from the dimly-lighted ward, down the stairs and out into the street.

At Complin.

BY THOMAS B. REILLY.

TEARS for languor of the way; but these—
How can they touch the heart; alter a fate
Into that other and diviner state
Of sorrow and remitted memories?

Oh! ask not all for self His charities;
But for that absent one gone overlate
Into the shadowy camps that fascinate—
Into the groves of specious destinies.

Give thought beyond your own deep happiness;
With Christian recollection bind your prayer.
Grace, like influential rain, again
May lure from mould of death and barrenness
The miracle of Spring upon the air—
Lilies and a pleading Magdalen.

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THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN ENGLAND.

BY REVEREND JAMES M. REARDON.

AT the beginning of the present century Justin McCarthy wrote as follows in the *Independent:* "I am glad to learn that the reign of the new King is to see a fresh and most important effort made for the promotion of some legislative action in the cause of temperance." This statement was, no doubt, evoked by the following paragraph in the King's speech to the first Parliament that assembled after his accession to the throne: "Legislation has been prepared, and if the time at your disposal should prove to be adequate, will be laid before you, for the prevention of drunkenness in licensed houses or public places." This explicit promise of temperance reform has to some extent been fulfilled; and as it is but one phase of a national awakening that augurs well for the cause of sobriety, it may be of interest to consider the present status of the liquor question in England, and review some of the more important steps that have been taken to remedy the deplorable condition of English society due to drink.

About twenty-five years ago Canon Farrar declared that "the national sin of England is drunkenness; the national curse of England is drink." And those who are in a position to know the true state of affairs in England to-day reiterate this statement. Notwithstanding the efforts put forth during these years to better the condition of the people, they have not yet been thoroughly aroused to an appreciation of the dangers that beset them because of this evil. The chains of bondage forged by the task-master, Alcohol, on the slaves of intemperance have become more galling year by year and threaten to destroy the life of the nation itself. The victims of this degrading habit are almost hopelessly ensnared in the meshes of a web woven with consummate skill—a criminal craving that can with difficulty be banished from the land. High and low, rich and poor, prince and peasant, have fallen victims to its imperious sway; and it will require years of persevering, uplifting effort to banish from the homes of the people this spectre of ruin and death that has gorged itself

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with the life-blood of so many of the sons and daughters of once merry England.

The struggle against this crying evil is destined to be a long and fiercely-waged one, for the enemy has at its command almost unlimited resources. King Alcohol will not be worsted without a contest such, perhaps, as England has never witnessed, even in the days when mighty armies threatened her very existence.

It is a well-known fact that, "next to the agricultural interest, the liquor trade represents the largest and wealthiest interest in England." The tens of thousands of people who are interested, either directly or indirectly, in this trade have at their command enormous capital; and those who are actively engaged in the manufacture and sale of intoxicating beverages are banded together in determined opposition to every effort that may be made to place restrictions on their business. They have representatives in all parts of the country to watch the trend of public opinion and to devise means for the safeguarding of their interests. Many of the prominent people of England, who would not think of engaging openly in the liquor business, do not hesitate to invest their money in breweries and distilleries. The influence of their position and wealth is, therefore, given to those who are benefited by the spread of intemperance, and must be reckoned with in every attempt to create a public sentiment in favor of sobriety.

The dawn of the new century witnessed a renewal of the agitation in favor of legislative action to restrict the drink evil; and pressure has been brought to bear upon the members of both houses of parliament, urging them to take measures towards this end. In our own day, as in the days of Cobden, thinking men are convinced that "the temperance reformation lies at the very basis of all social and political reform." The people of England are very anxious to see the government do whatever is possible to remove temptation from the pathway of the weak, and thus diminish the horrors of the drink traffic. Some months ago the London *Tablet* said: "There is a growing impatience all over the country with the present condition of the drink traffic, and an almost unanimous conviction that the people should at least be protected from what may be described as artificial incitements to drink, and this can be done only by absolutely eliminating from the traffic the element of private gain."

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The country will no longer be satisfied with promises. The members of Parliament must show by their deeds that they are in earnest in their desires to do the will of their constituents. There are few people who believe, as Lord Salisbury did, that "the drink problem lies beyond the power of Parliament," and that it is a matter that should be regulated by the public opinion of the community.

'Tis scarcely possible to make men sober by act of Parliament; but much may be done by legislative enactment to lessen the opportunities for over-indulgence. "It is a mere mockery to ask us to put down drunkenness by moral and religious measures when the legislature facilitates the multiplication of the incitements to intemperance on every side. Let the legislature do its part and we will answer for the rest." So spoke Cardinal Manning a third of a century ago, and his words may, with profit, be brought to the attention of legislators in our own times. Human nature has not changed; and human desires cannot be repressed by repeated gratifications. If England does not soon control the liquor traffic, she will be dominated by it.

A work published at the close of the nineteenth century, and entitled *The Temperance Problem and Social Reform*, by Rowntree and Sherwell, gives some idea of the strength, numerical and financial, of the liquor element in England. According to this work, which takes its statistics as far as possible from reports furnished by the trade, the total amount expended for drink in the United Kingdom during the year 1899 was $810,817,370, that is to say, nearly one and a half times the national revenue, or a sum equal to all the rents of all the houses and farms in the Kingdom. This amount was poured into the coffers of the manufacturers and dispensers, and represents the annual receipts of a business in which $1,150,000,000 were invested and in which 7,727 brewers and distillers were licensed to furnish the beer, whisky, etc., consumed. Out of this trade Great Britain derives an annual revenue from excise and customs of about $165,000,000.

The capital invested in the liquor industry is not in the hands of a few but widely distributed among the people, the object being to get as many as possible interested in the production and distribution of alcoholic beverages. Thus, for instance, in five large brewing companies there are 16,604 shareholders. Not only are women not averse to owning stock in

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these concerns, but they are, in one company at least—that controlled by Guinness—more numerous than the men. Next to them in number come peers and titled persons, then doctors and clergymen. None of these, it may be assumed, are in the business for the good it can do to any one but themselves. By reason of these associations and business connections they are personally interested in resisting any interference detrimental to the trade, because it would tend to lower their annual dividends. Brewers and distillers, as well as liquor dealers, are organized for mutual benefit, for the furtherance of their own interests by every possible means, and especially by electing to Parliament men who are at least not opposed to the liquor traffic. This insures immunity from odious legislative restrictions. Justin McCarthy says that many of those who sit in the House of Lords are men who laid the foundation of their fortunes as brewers or distillers and were afterwards raised to the peerage. These men not infrequently wield an influence sufficient to dominate the legislative halls.

In 1896 there were 125,944 public-houses in England and Wales or, on an average, six for every primary school. The holders of these licenses depend, for the most part, on the brewers and distillers, from whom they get their supplies and for whose interests they must vote. This fact was made plain at a trial recently held at the Gloucester assizes, when it was brought out in evidence that of 219 licensed houses in that city only nine were independent. Moreover, it is estimated that twenty per cent. of the public-houses in England are not self-sustaining but are maintained by the brewers. As a consequence of these facilities for obtaining drink, and despite the efforts made by temperance advocates, "the per capita consumption of alcohol in the United Kingdom is greater than it was in 1840, when the temperance reformation was in its infancy."

Temperance statistics show that, during the twenty years between 1882 and 1901 deaths from intemperance increased sixty-six per cent. among men and one hundred and twenty-five per cent. among women. The report of the Lunacy Commission for 1902 states that twenty-five per cent. of the men and ten per cent. of the women who became insane were reduced to that pitiable condition as a consequence of drink. The census of church-goers and saloon-frequenters, taken by the agents of the London *Daily News* on Sunday, December

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27, 1903, in the borough of Paddington, shows that, out of a population of 142,690, 31,331 went to church, and 122,175 went to public-houses! How can these facts be reconciled with the declaration made by Mr. Chamberlain before the temperance party at Birmingham that "the change which has taken place in the national attitude towards temperance amounts to little less than a moral revolution"?

Is it any wonder that the contemplation of the misery, crime, and death produced by this monster evil of intemperance in all parts of the land has alarmed the thinking men and women of England and, as it were, constrained them to seek a remedy for this deplorable state of affairs? Since the beginning of the present century the British conscience has been aroused, more than ever before, to the necessity of some action towards the diminution of this evil, and for the purpose of rescuing those not yet engulfed in the gloomy depths of the whirlpool of intemperance. The laborer in his field, the artisan at his bench, the student at his books, the merchant in his counting-house, the peer in his mansion, the King on his throne—all have begun to realize that England's future depends in no small degree upon the destruction of this octopus that is crushing the people in its slimy folds.

Less than a year ago, King Edward VII. declared that he considered a toast to his health as much honored by those drinking it in water as by those using wine. The King's attitude in this matter will do much to strengthen the hands of temperance advocates in his domain. It will encourage individual abstainers and societies whose members have pledged themselves to abstain, either entirely or in part, to labor more zealously for the enactment and enforcement of laws regulating the traffic. Much has already been accomplished in this direction, and, apart from legal restrictions, various means have been adopted with a view to the diminution or removal of the evils consequent upon indulgence in excessive drinking. Let us glance briefly at the main features of these corrective and restrictive measures and note the effect they have had, and are likely to have, upon the liquor evil in England.

On January 1, 1903, the London Liquor Act, as it is popularly called, went into effect in that city, and after a year's trial has been declared only a partial success. It was introduced into the House of Lords by the Bishop of Winchester as a supplement to the Habitual Drunkards Act of 1879

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and the Inebriates Act of 1898, and, with some modifications, was accepted by Lord Salisbury on behalf of the government. This act embodied many wise provisions coupled with one or two impracticable features. It empowered the police to arrest any person found drunk in a public place, whether he was disorderly or not, and to prosecute and punish him by fine and imprisonment. Three convictions for drunkenness in twelve months constituted a person a habitual drunkard, and placed his name on the blacklist. This meant that his name and picture were furnished all the public-house keepers in his district and rendered them liable to prosecution for supplying him with drink at any time during a period of three years from the date of his conviction. The person blacklisted was also liable to arrest and fine for even attempting to secure liquor during the same period. Habitual drunkenness was declared a cause for legal separation of married persons, and not a few took advantage of this provision to secure release from bonds that proved unbearable because of drunken husbands or drunken wives. This law also protected children by providing a fine of £2 or a month's imprisonment for any person found intoxicated while in charge of a child—a wise enactment in view of the assertion of Lady Somerset that "children are drunk for the first time in their mothers' arms."

This law was productive of good results in many ways. It made public-house keepers exercise more than their usual care in supplying the wants of their patrons. They had to assure themselves that the customer was not blacklisted; that he was not drunk enough to warrant police interference if found on their premises. This latter was a difficult thing to decide, as there was no sure test for drunkenness, and many, rather than run the risk of detection, refused to serve even a sober person when he was accompanied by a drunkard. Many clubs doing a legitimate business, as well as those established for the purpose of evading the license law, were obliged to close because of the rigid enforcement of the regulations regarding registration and other legal formalities, non-observance of which was punished by imprisonment without the option of a fine.

The blacklisting provision, however, proved impracticable, and was abandoned after some months' trial. The police found it impossible to cope with the number of inebriates, and the blacklist of habitual drunkards became too large for the public-house keepers to remember. One license-holder in the

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Strand received 573 photographs of blacklisted inebriates during the eight or nine months the law was enforced. Moreover, this section of the law was rendered inoperative by the facility with which its provisions could be evaded. An inebriate was immune from prosecution in the districts adjacent to that in which he was blacklisted, and even in his own if he disguised himself in any way. There was one lamentable fact brought into prominence by the blacklist; for it showed that sixty-one per cent. of those whose names were placed on that roll of dishonor were women.

The rapid increase of public-houses in England during recent years has given rise to a movement to revoke the licenses of those no longer deemed necessary for the good of the community. The London *Tablet* of January 9, 1904, is authority for the statement that licenses worth thousands of pounds to the holders are given to favorites for nothing. This leads to a multiplication of public-houses far in excess of the number required in a district. And when the magistrates, who are legally empowered to restrict the number of such houses when they think it necessary for the welfare of the community, refuse to renew certain licenses the holders make a demand for compensation on the plea that they suffer pecuniary loss through no fault of their own. The public are divided on the question of the legality and justice of such a demand; some favor the contention of the revoked license-holders, while others are entirely opposed to the granting of any compensation whatsoever. The question was discussed last year in the House of Commons. Mr. Butcher, the Unionist member for York, introduced a "Licensing Law" providing compensation for public-house keepers whose licenses were not renewed. This bill made provision for the raising of a fund of $2,500,000 a year to be devoted to the gradual extinction of superfluous public-houses. It received the support of Mr. Balfour on behalf of the cabinet, and of Mr. Chamberlain, who advocated compensation in all cases in which licenses were revoked in the interest of the general public. It encountered serious opposition from radical temperance workers, like Sir Wilfrid Lawson, "the champion teetotaler of England," who openly urged confiscation.

Another phase of the temperance agitation now going on in England finds expression in the "Central Public-House Trust Association." The object of this association is to oppose

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the granting of public-house licenses to private individuals for their personal gain. It does not aim at the abolition of these houses, but rather at their acquisition and control by a local trust established in each county to lease or purchase existing saloons and acquire the new licenses issued in that locality. When it secures a certain number of licenses in a given district it erects, in lieu of the ordinary public-houses, a single large establishment, or "municipal saloon," built on modern lines, in the midst of pleasant surroundings and well equipped in every way. This house is placed in charge of a salaried manager and the surplus profits, over and above five per cent. allowed on the capital invested, are devoted to public improvements, such as the construction and maintenance of churches, schools, parks, theatres, hospitals, and baths. The sale of intoxicants, though permitted, is discouraged; and the patrons of the house are exhorted to substitute for strong drink such beverages as tea, coffee, cocoa. Refreshments of all kinds can be obtained in these places. The manager receives a commission on the sale of non-intoxicants and food, but nothing on the liquor dispensed. No signs advertising drink are permitted on the premises, while those calling attention to the virtures of tea, coffee, and temperance beverages are prominently displayed.

At present this association controls over seventy trust-houses in different parts of the kingdom and is under the presidency of Lord Grey who, at the annual meeting last December, said that the number of houses in the trust had increased at the rate of one a week. It hopes soon to establish branches in every county of England.

That private individuals have recognized the danger that lurks in over-indulgence in strong drink is manifested by the formation, since the opening of the new century, of a society called "The Semi-Teetotal Association," whose members are not pledged to abstain entirely from intoxicants but to limit their indulgence to a quantity not to exceed one and a half ounces of alcohol per day at meal-time. To understand the full significance of this movement it must be born in mind that the estimated per capita consumption of alcohol in England is upwards of two and a half ounces a day for a man, and about one and a quarter for a woman. That these quantities are greatly in excess of what can possibly be of value to the organism is evident from the conclusions of many medical men, among whom may be mentioned Dr. Parkes who, in his *Manual*

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of Practical Hygiene, says: "It may be considered that the limit of the useful effect (of alcohol) is produced by some quantity between one and one and a half fluid ounces in twenty-four hours." The experiments upon which this statement was based were made on strong, healthy men, and the amount herein specified is very probably in excess of the average when all classes of people are taken into consideration. This view may, therefore, be regarded as the foundation for the belief current among the members of the Semi-Teetotal Association that a small amount of alcohol taken at mealtime aids digestion. They do not believe that it helps people in their work, that it supplies mental energy, or that it produces any but injurious effects when taken into an empty stomach.

So popular is this association among Englishmen that in less than a year from the date of its organization it had an enrollment of 35,000 members, and branches have been established in India and other British colonies. Quite recently the Chief Justice of England, Lord Alverstone, enunciated its underlying principles when he said that it struck at the root of the drinking habit by abolishing treating—the source of ruin and degradation for hundreds of thousands of young men and women—and by securing for temperance those who were not prepared to go the length of total abstinence.

The president of the society is Lord Roberts, who has done so much to restrain the English soldier from indulgence in drink, not alone by his personal influence, but by practical tests in the field. By the latter means he has demonstrated that good health, ability to endure fatigue, and general well-being under most trying circumstances, are more marked when no alcoholic beverages are furnished.

The society is in a prosperous condition, and is doing yeoman service in the cause of sobriety by weaning its members from that over-indulgence which has been the ruin of so many men of talent and energy in every walk of life. The example given by the members of this organization, many of whom enjoy more than national reputations, can scarcely fail to influence their fellowmen and thus hasten the dawn of a temperance era in British homes.

Nor are their lacking efforts to rescue those who have fallen victims to the fell sway of the demon of intemperance. The drink evil is a social evil; and if inebriates would be restored to health and happiness they must be taken from their

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unwholesome surroundings and placed under uplifting influences. It is not enough to raise the outcast from the gutter and then withdraw the supporting hand. He must be taken from the street, away from the source of temptation, and encouraged, in a new environment, to struggle against that craving for liquor that has degraded him. Efforts of this nature—efforts to reform the drunkard by removing him from the haunts of dissipation, by furnishing new ideals, by fostering noble aspirations—have been made by English philanthropists, especially in the case of female outcasts driven to the slums by drink.

Every student of social reform in England is aware of the appalling extent to which drinking is indulged in by women in every walk of life. So universal is this indulgence, so open its manifestation, that women of the middle class think it no disgrace to go into a saloon and lead their little children with them to the public bar. For those who are more self-respecting, who are restrained by a remnant of sense of public decency from flaunting their drunken propensities before the public eye, saloon-keepers have provided private entrances and private bars where they can enjoy the luxury of a drink unobserved by the passers-by.

There is no dearth of testimony to prove the prevalence of the drinking habit among Englishwomen. Sir Thomas Barlow, Physician to the King, says that, though the coarser forms of drinking have decreased among the educated class, drinking is still a national crime, and secret drinking among women a national sin. The Bishop of London says there are "Spirit Clubs" among the factory girls of that city to the maintenance of which all must contribute. "Drink," says Mgr. Nugent of Liverpool, "is making terrible havoc upon the female population of this town—not only demoralizing the young, and leading them step by step into vice and the lowest depths of crime, but destroying the sacred character of family life, and changing wives and mothers into brutal savages. . . . Not a week passes without some one being brought to the prison whom drink has maddened and robbed of all female decency, whose language and actions are so horrible that they seem no longer rational beings, but fiends."

The following is from the pen of the London correspondent of the New York *Sun*, who paints a vivid picture of the liquor-traffiic in London: "Lined up in front (of the counter), elbow

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to elbow with the men, are women of all ages and conditions, tossing down their glass of whisky, gin, or beer. Many hand over bottles or pitchers to be filled. Some are old and tottering and already half drunk. Young mothers lead in their children and give them a portion of their own glass. Mothers sit at the little tables with a baby at their breast, drinking a tumbler of gin or whisky. It is just as common for a young fellow and his sweetheart to stand up at the bar in a saloon and take their beer or whisky, as it is in the United States for them to go to a soda fountain."

The annual report of the Commissioner of Prisons for 1900 contains the following statement: "The sin of drunkenness is not decreasing among women. One-third of the women in prison owe their imprisonment to drink." Lady Somerset testifies that "in England there are more drunken women than in any other nation"; and that "the annals of our police courts show that drunkenness has not only invaded the homes of the poorest of our people, but also that drinking is alarmingly on the increase among women of the wealthy and the leisured class."

Speaking of the effect that such women have upon their offspring she paints a picture that should rouse all true Englishmen and women to concerted action against the curse of drink —a picture from which we would do well to draw a moral, however much we may think that it does not portray conditions in our own country. She says: "Women enter drink-shops with little babies in their arms, and often give these babies a share of the liquor; and the little mouths greedily suck the spoon or the glass that has in it the taste of liquor. . . . Those who know anything of the social life of the people in England have long realized that children are drunk for the first time in their mothers' arms, or cursed with the appetite before they are born."

Is it any wonder, then, that philanthropic men and women have sought to devise some plan to ameliorate the condition of women debased by drink? The places provided for them by the state are utterly incapable of accommodating the large numbers sent there. Julian Ralph, the noted journalist, writes: "The houses for inebriates all over the country are crowded to overflowing, and police magistrates are obliged, daily and hourly, to send women back to the beer dens from which they have

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been dragged by the police, because there is no room for these human offscourings in the places provided for them by an indulgent state."

It is refreshing to turn from the contemplation of this gloomy picture of drink's debasing rule to that of the peaceful, bright, and cheery landscape in which the deft hand of Lady Somerset has sketched the broad outlines of the Farm Colony.

The "Farm Colony" is a picturesque village in Surrey, whither inebriate women are sent, and where they are kept until the fearful craving for intoxicants, which has been the bane of their lives, has been obliterated, and until they are placed once more on the plane of sobriety and self-respect from which drink has dragged them. "It is not a village where family life is lived, but rather one where it is rebuilt." The colony consists of a number of neat, simply-furnished houses where the inmates live under the care of skilled nurses, who make a study of each individual case. The idea of an institution is abandoned entirely. Three principles underlie the establishment and management of this retreat. Its promoters believe (1) that a village is better adapted than an institution for the rehabilitation of drunkards; (2) that outdoor exercise and healthy, normal recreation are absolutely necessary for the benefit of the patients; (3) that each case must be dealt with individually.

The village system approximates more closely than any institution can to home-like surroundings, and does not so radically sever all connections with past family-life and its associations. The home life of the village is made very real and natural by the presence of children, for whom the women care, and who, in turn, exert a beneficial effect upon the women. The children are there, not because they are drunkards, but because they are the children of drunkards, taken for a time from their wretched homes in the poorest slums of the city, and given an opportunity to breathe the pure air, to see the bright sky above them, to enjoy the delights of country life, of becoming raiment, and nourishing food.

When the weather permits, the women are required to spend the greater part of their time in the open air engaged in suitable employment, such as caring for the lawns, tending the gardens, planting seeds and flowers, picking fruit, etc. When the

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weather is unfavorable for outdoor work, they engage in household duties, assort seeds, make embroidery and linen goods. Each one is assigned work in keeping, as far as possible, with the requirements of her case. The individual needs are never for a moment lost sight of, for it is a cardinal principle of the Farm Colony that drunkenness is not only a moral but a physical evil, and in their treatment of its victims they strive to imitate the example of the Saviour, "the keynote of whose gospel is His teaching of the infinite value of the individual."

As a result of this judicious care the physical system is built up and strengthened while the requisite moral and spiritual regeneration is taking place. The shattered, depraved wrecks of a once noble and innocent womanhood that find their way to this refuge among the Surrey hills are restored, as far as restoration is possible, to lives of usefulness and purity. Many of these outcasts, whom the ordinary prison discipline would only have confirmed in their evil ways, go forth after their sojourn at the Farm Colony with their once cherished ideals and aspirations restored, and assume once again the duties of life with hearts chastened and purified, determined to glean for themselves whatever of good the years to come may hold in store.

That the value of the Farm Colony as a factor in the work of social reform has been recognized is attested by the fact that in one year the managers were forced, through lack of accommodation, to refuse admission to three thousand inebriate women. That it serves the purpose its promoters hoped to attain is evidenced by the records which show that sixty-five per cent. of those admitted are permanently cured of their craving for intoxicants, and, after dismissal, lead lives of sobriety and righteousness.

This brief résumé of some of the more important measures adopted by English temperance workers will attain the end sought in presenting it if it leads us, from time to time, to take even a hurried survey of what others are doing to combat the drink evil. Nothing can widen the horizon of our mental vision more than to know and appreciate at their full value the labors of others who are as interested as we in the noble cause of temperance reform.

St. Paul, Minn.

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ELECTRICITY AND ORTHODOXY.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

TO a serious student of the history of science and the lives of scientific men it becomes very tiresome after awhile to hear it so constantly said that science is practically always, and indeed almost inevitably, associated with unorthodoxy in religious views. The frequent repetition of this view has given rise to quite a general impression that men who devote themselves to scientific investigation are almost sure to lose their faith. Of course it is admitted that astronomy, because of the traditions of orthodoxy in the science itself and the supreme impressiveness and grandeur of the objects with the endless immensities of space which are the subject-matter of astronomical study, is not so likely to do this. With this solitary exception, however, modern science is supposed to be distinctly unorthodox in its tendencies, and the name scientist to most people is almost synonymous with unbeliever, or at least that generally recognized though unacknowledged equivalent for it—agnostic.

This is thought to be particularly true for the science of biology, the study of life and of living things, with which are wrapped up so many problems relating to the origin and destiny of man. I have had occasion to show, however, in a series of papers, that the great master minds of nineteenth century biology were far from being unchristian or infidel in thinking. Schwann, the discoverer of the cellular constitution of all living things, who first taught the great cell doctrine, the foundation of all modern biology, was a devout Catholic all his long life, preferring to teach at the Catholic University of Liege, though many flattering offers of professorships in his favorite studies came to him from great German universities. Lamarck, the great modern father of evolution, who long before Darwin taught the development of beings, one from another, not because of extrinsic influences but from intrinsic powers of evolution which, as he insisted, had evidently been

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conferred on them by a provident Creator, was buried from his parish church in Paris at a time when this was a sure sign that he had died a faithful member of the Catholic Church. Johann Mueller, whom the Germans delight to call the father of modern medicine, and who was the first to apply biological methods to medical investigation, was another fervent, faithful Catholic.

There are many others; suffice it to name but two of the greatest. The first, Claude Bernard, to whom modern physiology owes more than perhaps to any other in the nineteenth century. The great French physiologist, after losing his faith for a time, came back to die in the church in which he had been born and brought up. The second, Pasteur, undoubtedly the greatest of modern biologists, the very incarnation of investigating genius, whose intuitions never seemed to lead him astray, the man to whom the world owes modern bacteriology, with all the lessening of disease and the physical ill which that implies, was not only a practical Catholic, but was so deeply imbued with the doctrines of the church that there is about his relations to his family a pious simplicity that reminds one more of the mediæval saint than the modern scientific investigator. His one consolation at the end of life was to have his friends read to him from the life of St. Vincent de Paul, because he hoped that his work, like that of the great father of modern charity organization, would save suffering among the poor, especially among the little ones. Besides these, it must not be forgotten that many of the distinguished biologists who were not Catholics were yet faithful Christians and believers, not only in Revelation but also in all that Christianity means for the solution of our great social problems, present and future.

It is not the history of modern biology alone, however, that furnishes an absolute contradiction to the notion that great scientific attainments, and especially supreme success in scientific investigation, are incompatible with the most perfect intellectual submission to orthodox religious principles. An almost more striking example in this regard than that of biology is to be found in the history of the science of electricity.

It might well be thought that this department of physics, which has now come to be considered as an independent science, is so modern that it must furnish some striking ex-

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amples in support of the idea that science leads men away from that attention to other worldly things, which many seem fain to believe is characteristic only of the poet and dreamer, and takes from them Faith and Hope according to Christian teaching. As a matter of fact, however, the great discoverers in the science of electricity are all of them practically, without exception, devout, faithful, practical Christians. Volta, to whom we owe the original discoveries that made the further investigation of the electrical current possible, and who thus opened the way for the industrial applications of electricity, was always a constant and devout member of the Catholic Church. Galvani, who first pointed out the existence of animal electricity, was almost quixotic in his devotions to Catholic principles and obedience to the dictates of conscience, even at material loss to himself. Ampère, the great French father of magnetic electricity, was quite as faithful a devotee to his religious practices of piety as he was to his scientific work in magnetism and electricity.

It is not alone among the Latin nations that this combination of Christian faith and scientific attainments with successful investigation leading to great discoveries, is found. Michael Faraday, the great English physicist, to whose discoveries in the department of electricity we owe so much, though not a Catholic, was an eminently good Christian and a faithful believer in the care of Providence for the world. Of Sir Humphry Davy, Faraday's great predecessor, the same thing may be said with equal truth. Of the great Scandinavian discoverer in electricity, Oersted, whose work proved such a stimulus to investigators throughout the world, we have definite proof that he was not only a believer but a public advocate of all that Christianity meant for humanity and modern civilization. Of Ohm, whose name is enshrined in electrical terminology, we know that he was a pupil of the Jesuits, a teacher subsequently at one of their colleges, and a faithful member of the Catholic Church to the end of his life.

With regard to each of these men we shall furnish definite quotations from their works that show without any doubt the truth of these assertions. Of course it may be said that these were the older scientists. There is no doubt that they were the greatest of scientists in electricity. It is possible, however, and it may be urged that the modern scientific men who have

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made a name in electricity, caught up by the rational ideas which have crept into scienee in the last century, were less faithful to early Christian training, or abandoned it entirely, and thus helped to give rise to the tradition that science and orthodoxy do not go together.

It will not be hard, however, to dispose of this objection. The modern electricians, that is the really great men in electrical science, have been quite as good Christians as their forebears in the preceding generation who made the great discoveries. Clerk Maxwell, for instance, who had been for many years before his death the Professor of Experimental Physics at the University of Cambridge, and who was undoubtedly the greatest mind that has applied itself to the explanation of electrical forces by mathematical and physical formulas, was quite as good a Christian as had been his great English predecessor in physics, Michael Faraday. Werner von Siemens, who was the scientific head of the famous electrical firm of Siemens & Halske, and was for long an acknowledged leader in electrical technology, whose discovery of the principle of the dynamo machine and an elaboration of the theory for the submarine cable have given him deservedly a high place in modern science, did not hesitate, even in a scientific assemblage not long before his death, to talk of Providence and the work of Creation, and the wisdom of the Creator, and the humility of mind that scientific study brought with it in the presence of so much to know and so little known. The present dean of the physical sciences, to mention at least one man who is yet alive, Lord Kelvin, is not only not in any sense an infidel, he is even something of a controversial Christian, who insists on the smallness of mind of those who fail to see God's handiwork in the things of nature. These are some of the greatest names at the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century, and rationalism has failed utterly to touch them.

ALEXANDER VOLTA.

One of the greatest names in the history of the origins of modern electricity must ever remain, that of the distinguished Italian discoverer who first made experimentation with electricity possible by inventing the apparatus by which a constant current could be obtained. Once the Voltaic pile had been put

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into practical working shape the development of practical electricity was a matter of course. The apparatus seems very simple now, but, as a matter of fact, it is one of the most wonderful discoveries in the whole history of applied science or mechanical invention. Arago, the distinguished French scientist, declared that Volta's "pile is the most wonderful instrument that has ever come from the hand of man, not excluding even the telescope or the steam engine."

Volta's discovery of this was no mere accident, though the experimental steps by which he was led on to the manufacture of it sometimes came to him rather as the result of apparently chance collocation of metals and fluids than by deliberate choice of these materials. Volta had, however, the intuition of genius, and somehow seemed to be able to see farther into nature's secrets than the generality of men. Before his discovery of the Voltaic pile he had invented the electrophorus, an instrument by which frictional or static electricity could first be studied with serious scientific purpose, and had published a series of papers on electricity which attracted widespread attention. Among other bits of apparatus he succeeded in constructing an electroscope by which to measure electricity. With this instrument he was able to demonstrate the presence of minute quantities of electricity, developed under circumstances under which ordinarily the occurrence of any such phenomena would be unsuspected. Instead of the gold leaf which is now employed he used bits of straw. It was typical of the man to be able to use simple materials to accomplish great results even in extremely delicate scientific problems. He also invented an electrical pistol by means of which gas could be ignited by an electrical spark, and the energy thus developed employed to throw a small projectile.

One of the most interesting features of his inventive genius, however, is the fact that instruments were always theoretically complete in his mind before he began their construction. Arago, the distinguished French scientist, whom we have quoted before, says: "There is not a single one of the discoveries of Volta which can be said to be the result of chance. Every instrument with which he has enriched science existed in principle in his imagination before ever he or his workmen began to put it into material shape."

It is not surprising then that Volta should have become

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one of the most famous scientists of his time, perhaps the best known physicist in Europe during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Honors were showered upon him; the French Academy after welcoming him to its halls, and hearing his own description of his experiments and discoveries, contrary to its usual custom, voted him by acclamation its gold medal. Napoleon was so much interested in Volta's work that he not only attended his public demonstrations but spent many hours with him afterwards, discussing the development and the possibilities of electrical science. When, as a reward for his discoveries, however, Napoleon conferred upon him an annual income of 3,000 lire from the public purse, which was to be paid out of the revenues of a bishopric in Italy, Volta would not receive it until Napoleon's decree had been confirmed by the Pope.

Notwithstanding his breadth of interest in scientific subjects and his complete absorption in scientific investigation Volta never lost sight of what was to him the one thing necessary. He had always remained not only a practical Catholic in the ordinary sense of the word, but what would be called a pious member of the church. Towards the end of his life he spent several years in the country making himself beloved by the poor people of the neighborhood, who called him Il mago Benefico, because of all he did for them in the midst of the wonderful things that he had accomplished for electrical science.

While thus living in the country, Volta's piety became a sort of proverb among the country people. Every morning at an early hour, in company with his servant, he could be seen with bowed head making his way to the church. Here he heard Mass and usually the office of the day, in which all the canons of the cathedral took part. He had a special place on the epistle side of the altar, not far from the organ. His favorite method of prayer was the rosary. He was not infrequently held up to the people by the parish priest as a model of devotion. Whenever he was in the country, every evening saw him taking his walk toward the church. On these occasions he was usually accompanied by members of his family, and they entered the church for an evening visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

Such was the simple religious faith of a man whose name was undoubtedly one of the greatest in the history of science.

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His name is ever to remain attached to the chapter of applied science of which he was the creator. His was typically the mind of the genius ever alert to take that step beyond the boundaries of the known, which once taken seems so obvious to succeeding generations, but which only the genius can take. Volta's scientific greatness only seemed to make him readier to submit to what are sometimes spoken of as the shackles of faith, though to him belief in the spiritual appealed as a completion of knowledge with regard to things beyond the domain of sense.

SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

The first great name in the history of electricity in English-speaking countries is that of Sir Humphry Davy. His first contribution to electrical chemistry, of which he was to be in a sense the founder, was a communication to the Royal Society made when he was about twenty-two years of age. Its title was "An Account of Some Galvanic Combinations Formed by an Arrangement of Single Metallic Plates and Fluid." In all the Voltaic piles constructed before this, either two plates of metal or one of metal and one of charcoal had been employed. Davy showed that one metal was all that was necessary if two fluids were employed, one of them acting on one of the surfaces of the metal. This was to prove the index of the life-work for which he was to be famous.

In his first Baker lecture before the Royal Society he showed that all electrical phenomena were possible of explanation according to one general law, and illustrated his theory of electrical action, so far as it could be studied, with Volta's pile and its constant current by a number of very ingenious experiments. His studies of the law of electro-chemical action proved especially valuable and suggestive. His principle, that chemical and electrical contractions are produced by the same cause, acting in the one case on the particles, in the other on the masses, has undergone many vicissitudes during the century since its announcement, but is at the present moment, as the result of the development of physical chemistry, attracting even more attention than at any time during the intervening one hundred years. While Davy was making his investigations in electricity his discoveries in chemistry were rendering him famous throughout the world. In 1807 he succeeded in decomposing, by means of the electric current, the alkali earths and

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SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, 1778–1829.

isolating potassium and sodium. He predicted the existence of other substances very similar to these; and, while he himself was ill during the next year, barium and calcium were discovered by Berzelius and Pontain. After his recovery from his illness Davy himself completed the work by the discovery of magnesium and strontium. He was not able to accomplish his purpose of decomposing aluminium and silica into their constituents, but he clearly foretold the discoveries of aluminium and silicon which have since been made.

His discovery of the safety lamps some years later was one of the most valuable practical inventions of the nineteenth century, and was perhaps the discovery of which Davy himself was proudest, since he felt that it saved and would save many lives every year in the mining districts of the world.

Davy was much more, however, than a mere delver in science, who happened to come at a time when the discoveries were almost waiting to be made. He was gifted with a very high grade of intellectual imagination, which enabled him to

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foresee what the probable explanation of phenomena were, and then almost intuitively direct his experimental demonstrations so as to confirm or disapprove his theories. He was not twenty-one years of age when he wrote: "It is only by forming theories and then comparing them with facts that we can hope to discover the true system of nature."

His lectures were extremely popular, and Samuel Taylor Coleridge, the great contemporary English man of letters, who often went to them, said: "I attend Davy's lectures to increase my stock of metaphors." He was wonderfully clear in his grasp of scientific facts and his capacity for illustrating their similitude and metaphor. His numerous and brilliant discoveries stamped him as one of the greatest men of science of the nineteenth century, and one who was interested not only in the dry bones of science, but in the relations of everything scientific to the world around him and to the thoughts that troubled men's minds during those years of intellectual incertitude that followed the French Revolution.

How faithful a believer in the great principles of religion was the father of electrical chemistry may be best appreciated from some expressions of his which are often quoted. In his last book, written not long before his death, *The Last Days of a Naturalist*, he said: "The influence of religion survives all earthly consolations. It takes on renewed power as the organs grow older and the body hastens to its dissolution. It shines like an evening star on the horizon of life, which we cannot but feel sure will prove the morning star of another world, and send its rays through the shadows and darkness of death."

"The doctrines of the materialists," he said in another place, "were for me even in my younger days a cold, unsympathetic, obscure, inexplicable teaching. They seemed necessarily to me to lead to atheism. The true chemist sees God in all the manifold forms of the external world. In the consideration of the variety and beauty around him, the scientist must ever feel himself necessarily drawn to an admiration for that Eternal Wisdom whose beneficence has permitted him to obtain a knowledge of the beauties of this creation. Under circumstances in which the veil through which the causes of things are seen becomes thinner, the scientist cannot fail to admire ever more and more the splendor of the Divine Light which has made the wonders of creation visible."

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The last year of his life Davy spent on the Continent in search of health. He was not an old man, however, as he died when scarcely more than fifty, and while his bodily condition was so delicate his intellectual powers were at the height of their maturity. Some quotations from his diary, kept during these days of illness and of introspection, cannot but be interesting as showing the inmost thoughts of the man and his consideration of his relations to this world and to his Creator, and to the next world that he felt himself so soon to enter.

April 6, 1827, he says: "Did not shoot, but returned thanks to the Great Cause of all being for all His mercies to me, an undeserving and often ungrateful creature, but now very grateful. May I become better and more grateful and more humble-minded every day."

September 2 he writes: "I took my exercise well, with less fatigue, and certainly feel better. Offered up my thanksgiving to the O. O. O. (this is always Davy's abbreviation for the Latin words Omnipotenti, Omniscienti, Omnituenti, the All-powerful, the All-wise, the All-seeing,) with tears of gratitude and feelings of intense adoration."

Septemder 27 he writes, evidently under the influence of the thought, suggested by the hopelessness of his condition, that he might shorten his sufferings, and also perhaps somewhat with the idea, in case anything should happen to him, of forestalling any possibility of a rumor that he had shortened his existence: "St. Goar. As I have so often alluded to the possibility of my dying suddenly, I think it right to mention that I am too intense a believer in the Supreme Intelligence, and have too strong a faith in the optimism of the system of the universe, ever to accelerate my dissolution. The laurel-water and laudanum and opium that are in my dressing-case are medicines. I have been and am taking a care of my health which I fear it is not worth, but which, hoping it may please Providence to preserve me for wise purposes, I think my duty. G. O. O. O. (Gratias Omnipotenti, Omniscienti, Omnituenti, thanks to the All-powerful, the All-wise, the All-seeing.)

ALOYSIUS GALVANI.

Volta's great compatriot and contemporary, the man to whose ground-breaking discovery Volta himself owed some of the stimulus for his marvellously successful investigations into electricity, was Galvani. Galvani was a Professor of Anatomy, dis-

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tinguished as a teacher in the Italian schools at a time when anatomy was being taught better in Italy than anywhere else in the world. He was a worthy contemporary for such a man as Morgagni, to whom Virchow gave the proud title of Father of Modern Pathology. Like Volta, Galvani was one of the geniuses who seem to hit upon a discovery by chance, but who are really distinguished by the fact that an incident that to some one else would appear trivial, to them proves the suggestion out of which they develop a whole new series of thoughts and make a great step in advance in scientific investigation.

The story of Galvani's discovery, as most frequently told, is that one day while preparing for his wife, whom he loved very dearly and who was ill, some frog's legs, a delicacy which she liked very much, he noticed that when he touched with a metallic instrument the end of the sciatic nerve—the main nervous trunk in the leg, which was of course laid bare during the preparation for cooking—and brought the other end of the metal instrument in contact with the bared muscle of the frog, twitchings took place. This was the hint out of which Galvani developed a whole new system of thought and gave to the world the fundamental idea of animal electricity. He suggested as an explanation for the twitchings the existence in the animal economy of a special form of electricity which he considered to be of great importance in assisting in the performance of many vital functions. Especially does he seem to have felt that somehow the connection between nerve and muscle had an electrical element in it, and that the study of electricity in the tissues would prove of great help in the explanation of many hitherto obscure physiological problems.

For nearly a century the full significance of Galvani's work was not understood, and his own generation and immediately succeeding generations refused to accept his conclusions or even to find them of serious suggestive value. Towards the middle of the nineteenth century, however, his intuitions began to be recognized as important basic principles in physiology, and now no one is more appreciated as a great ground-breaking investigator, who, in the midst of his work in anatomy, could recognize the significance of important facts in a cognate science and continue the observations necessary to show their bearings. On the other hand, his name has been enshrined in the science of electricity in the term Galvanism; and not without due rea-

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son, since it is due to his studies, and the enthusiasm for investigation along this line aroused by his announcements, that the rising science of electricity developed so well at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

While thus a scientific genius of high order, Galvani remained ever a simple, sincere, fervent Catholic. He seems to have been quite as proud to have been a member of the Third Order of St. Francis as to be a member of many important scientific bodies throughout Europe, which extended honorary membership to him because of his discoveries. On the other hand, his was no theoretic Christianity, and principles meant so much for him that there are those who would think that perhaps he even went too far in the practical application of a refined morality to his own case. He had been a professor at one of the Italian universities before Napoleon's invasion of Italy. When the old government was overthrown, and the newly-created Cis-Alpine Republic took charge of affairs in North Italy, Galvani refused to take the oath of allegiance to the de facto government, as he considered he owed his allegiance to the previously constituted authority. The new government accordingly refused to restore Galvani to his professorship in the university. It was only after he had suffered for several years because of his refusal that friends finally succeeded in having him offered the emeritus professorship under such circumstances as would not offend his conscientious scruples.

Galvani's character was such that he was beloved by his friends, and was considered as one of the most charitable of men. He seems almost to have made it a point never to give a lecture without in some way showing how much the things of nature recalled the great Creator, and how Providence was concerned in the maintenance of the order of nature. All this, however, was done with a simplicity and humility that brought it home to his hearers without arousing any of that mental opposition that so naturally seems to make itself felt under the constant repetition of these great truths.

MICHAEL FARADAY.

One of the greatest of the original contributors to electrical knowledge is Michael Faraday, the Englishman, of whom Tyndall said—and surely no one was better able than he to judge in the matter—that, taken all in all, Michael Faraday was the

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MICHAEL FARADAY, 1791–1867.

greatest experimenter that the world has ever seen. The great German physiologist, Du Bois Reymond, re-echoed this when he gave him the title of the greatest experimenter of his time, and the greatest physical discoverer of all times. The distinguished French chemist, J. B. Dumas, said, in delivering his panegyric on Faraday, that in order to give a picture of what he had accomplished in the science of electricity, one would have to write a complete treatise on the subject. There is nothing in this branch of science that Faraday has not investigated, and either perfected or set on its way to development. Much of the theoretic foundation of it was actually laid by him and belongs undeniably to his greatness of mind. If any one wants to realize how great Faraday was, let him read Tyndall's essay on Faraday as a discoverer, London, 1868, and

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find how the science of electricity is everywhere interpenetrated with Faraday's ideas.

Faraday's religious ideas were as clear-cut, as straightforward, as penetrating, and smacked as little of self-deception as the logical notions that enabled him to make his great experiments and carry them out to a successful issue. He belonged to the English sect of Protestants known as Glassites, a body of nonconformists who believe in the God-head of Christ and consider that this belief is a special gift of God, the fruit and testimony of which is to be exhibited in obedience to Christ's law. Faraday was not only a member of the sect, but he became one of the elders and occasionally delivered sermons, the sketches for which are still extant.

The core of his ideas with regard to the relationship between science and religion is best outlined by the words which his biographer quotes from one of his sermons. The natural works of God can never by any possibility come in contradiction with the higher things that belong to our future existence, and must, with everything concerning them, ever glorify him. Another expression was, "Therefore our philosophy, while it shows us these things, should lead us to think of Him who wrought them, for it is said by an authority even far above that which these works present that the invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made; his external power also and divinity."

It is very clear that Faraday, with all his deep interest in science and his wonderful capacity for unravelling its mysteries, never saw any conflict between the principles of science and those of religion. He once said: "I have never seen anything incompatible between those things of man which are within him and those higher things concerning his future which he cannot know by that spirit." In a word, he seems to have realized deeply that doubts and difficulties from the weakness of man's intellect are inevitable, and yet the higher things that are known by faith are capable of lifting a man up above this plane of weak humanity into a region of higher truth founded on faith.

HANS CHRISTIAN OERSTED.

One of the most curious things in the history of science is

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the wide distribution of geographical area over which the steps of scientific progress may follow one another. Volta and Galvani's discoveries, so closely related, were made in Italy, and it might not unnaturally have been expected that further important discoveries would come in Italy. As a matter of fact, however, they came, as we have seen, from Davy and Faraday in England. Just when the scientific world must have had its expectations aroused with regard to the probability of further discoveries from England came the announcement that a scientist working at the distant north of Europe, Professor Hans Christian Oersted, at the University of Copenhagen in Denmark, had made a ground-breaking discovery, which definitely connected magnetism and electricity. His discovery consisted in the observation that if wire, through which a current of electricity was flowing, were placed above a magnetic needle, as, for instance, that of an ordinary compass, there was a deflection of the needle just in proportion to the strength of the current. The simple demonstration laid the firm foundation of the science of magneto-electricity. As the result the name of Oersted is deservedly one of the most distinguished in modern electricity. His great work met with immediate recognition all over Europe and was confirmed by many physicists in a very short time. He was an extremely patriotic man and strove to make his country, Denmark, prominent in science. He was indeed proud of his discovery, mainly because of the glory it brought to Denmark. His fellow-countrymen repaid these patriotic feelings by honors and memorials of many kinds. At Copenhagen there are two monuments to him, each of them given an important place. Besides, a park is very appropriately named after him, for Oersted was a great lover of nature and a devotee of nature study. His most frequent expression, however, was that nature must lead up to nature's God, and that it was impossible to understand how men could study nature and fail to see the hand of the Creator originating it and the arm of Providence constantly directing it.

At the celebration of the tenth centenary of the introduction of Christianity into Denmark, Oersted was selected to take part, and chose for the subject of his address the influence of Christianity on science. "I may be permitted," he said, "speaking in the name of the whole university, to illustrate how much Christianity has helped science and intellectual de-

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velopment, and how on the other hand it has been helped by these. Enemies of Christianity and of science and revelation have often endeavored to obscure this great truth. Generation after generation, however, has been persuaded that truth can never be at war with itself, and that our best and most zealous efforts should be given to setting forth their entire accordance, in order that the less firm friends of Christianity may

HANS CHRISTIAN OERSTED, 1777–1851.

not be disturbed by the distracting asseverations of pseudo-scientists, or be led away from the right path." "No other religion in the world," he says, a little farther on, "can in this respect be compared with ours. Most other religions have taken up a hostile relation to the mental development of the human race. Our holy Christian religion, however, on the contrary attaches itself most intimately to this development. In most cases the conflict that has been supposed to exist between Christianity and scientific discovery has only been a question of human misunderstanding, on the one hand, or the result of a too thoughtless license in the expression of the extent to which scientific discovery had gone."

With Oersted it was a favorite maxim that "nature led up to God." He went so far as to say that every investigation of natural phenomena, carried to its ultimate extent, leads men inevitably to the knowledge of God. He even planned a special work in which this thought should be developed. "Existence," he said, "is the unending work of God, in which his eternal, perfect wisdom, which has never changed, is everywhere displayed. In my opinion this ever consentaneous effect

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of divine wisdom and its eternal similitude to itself is one of the great laws of nature. From the greatness of nature we can learn that we are as nothing against God, and only something through God."

In a sort of diary that he kept for himself occur the following expressions:

"Make thy representation of God as lively as possible. The more you accomplish this purpose, the more will you feel God to be a friend. Your soul will learn to depend on God as on the source of all good. You will be able to say to yourself 'I love God,' so far as this term expressive of earthly feeling can possibly represent the exalted state of mind of which there is question when you use the expression." As a matter of fact Oersted's relations to the Deity would seem to have been as intimate almost as those of many a saint who has been canonized. It is surprising to think that in the midst of his manifold scientific labors he should have found time for almost mystical contemplations that show the depth of his religious feeling, and that were very practically illustrated by a blameless life during which he won for himself the friendship of all those around him.

We have thus seen that the great scientific geniuses to whom we owe the foundations of electricity, the first important ground-breaking discoveries in the departments of animal electricity, voltaic electricity, the connection between electricity and chemistry, between electricity and certain physical manifestations, and also between electricity and magnetism, were all of them sincere, simple-minded believers in the great religious truths which have so influenced mankind, and were practical religious followers of their beliefs, proud of the name of Christians, and glad to be helpful to others in the matter of faith in religious mysteries. It might be thought that these men lived before the modern sceptical spirit had invaded science, or that perhaps it was the later logical deductions from their discoveries which led men into materialism. We shall see, however, in a succeeding paper that the great electrical scientists who followed the founders, and who have led electrical science up to its modern acme of development, were practically all of them, without exception, quite as firm believers in religious truth and quite as devoted adherents of religious principles as were their great predecessors in this department of physical science.

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Cor Parvuli.

BY WILFRID WILBERFORCE.

WORLD-worn and sad, I gazed upon the cot
Whereon was stretched, deep in his sinless sleep,
Our only child, my golden-headed boy.
My eyes were hot and heavy—and my heart;
And yet I could not sleep, for hideous fears,
And sordid thoughts that weary iterance keep,
And horror of successless months and years,
The consciousness of wasted powers, and sin,
The shuddering dread of swift-approaching death;—
All these tormented me, and banished sleep.
Sudden, there came a whimper from the child;
His sleep found danger in some harmless sound;
Out shot his little hands, as seeking help,
And fell on mine. He clutched them to his breast,
And held them there in soft, warm, close embrace.
Oh! was it Heaven? For, at that gentle touch,
My harassed, weary soul was cleansed from doubt,
My mind broke free from carking worldly care;
And in my fancy troops of Angels soared
Within me and around—compelling thought
Of what was holy, joyous, and sublime;
And peace undreamed-of calmly wrapped me round,
And happiness surged o'er me like the sea.

A restful sigh, and once more moved the child,
Turning his back, and spurning now my hands.
The spell was broken! Back came all the care,
The fears, the doubts, the sordid earthly aims.
For one brief moment God had let me share
The sanctity, the innocence, the bliss
Which Angels bring us ere our first consent
To Satan's whisper. "O Great God," I thought,
"And may such raptures be again our own?
Ah, not till Heaven is reached, when—saved by fire,
We stand like sinless babes before Thy Throne."

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TRINITY COLLEGE AND HIGHER EDUCATION.

BY M. McDEVITT.

THE battle for higher education of women has been fought for many years in this country, but it is only within the last few decades that it has met with the approval that it deserves. In most countries the position of the average woman has not, until recent times, demanded any unusual mental training. Her education was restricted; she was unlettered, and content to be so, knowing that such was her fate. As this statement is made, the mind will probably travel back through the centuries and recall the names of Sappho, Aspasia, Cornelia, Catherine of Siena, and Vittoria Colonna, women whose literary ability and profound learning, social and political influence, austerity and self-sacrifice, made each the pride of her age. But it must not be forgotten that these women were altogether exceptional in ability. In another respect, too, their condition was exceptional, inasmuch as they met with no opposition in their pursuit of knowledge. In those days there was little mental competition between man and woman. In modern times, when the latter attempted to follow the same university courses, and enter upon the same professional careers as man, opposition became strong, and the discussion waxed hot as to whether or not woman should be permitted the advantages of higher education.

Those inimical to the movement in favor of collegiate education for woman said she is incapable of strenuous mental exertion; that, by her very nature, she is unfitted to follow the same university course as man, and that even if she were able to withstand the mental strain, the physical strain would undermine her constitution. The success of woman in all grades of life proves how unfounded is the first objection; experience both here and in England has shown that women study more easily than men, and maintain a slightly higher level of proficiency. As to the second objection, why should woman not receive the same education as man? If she is to

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compete with him in the practice of the same trade or profession, if she is to do anything under the same conditions and with the same object as man, why should there be any difference in their preliminary training? As to the third and last objection, arguments pro and con. concerning it were stated for years until the answer which practically closed the discussion came through the efforts of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, whose statistics and data, collected by the Massachusetts Bureau of Labor Statistics, gave woman reason to be thankful that one form of opposition was removed from her path. Gradually all opposition gave way to approval; people began to realize that the question of education has reference to vocation and destiny, that it is a preparation for an end. The education of woman involves her chosen state of life; if she is a good woman, this becomes more perfect as her education becomes more perfect.

This question of higher education for women is by no means a new one; it has been agitated abroad for years, and American women are but following the example of their European sisters when they demand an education equal to that of their brothers. Let us see how this movement has succeeded abroad.

Germany was the last European nation to open her university doors to women. England was the first, and her example was speedily followed by other foreign countries. The first traces of this movement may be found as early as the last century, when influential people tried to elevate the standard of girls' education by first establishing institutions that would improve the professional preparation of teachers. As a result, Queen's College was established in London in 1848, and Bedford College in 1849. The women of England realized that, if they wished the movement to succeed, they must have the best the country had to offer them, they must aspire to a university career. In 1869 it was decided to open university courses to women; a house was rented near Cambridge, and this was the beginning of Girton College, which was opened in 1872. Soon after Newnham College was commenced at Cambridge, and two similar institutions were founded at Oxford. In 1878 London University opened all its grades to women.

England's example was not followed immediately by America, although the progress of the movement, when once begun,

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was steady and sure. At first the American girl received intellectual training of a high degree, but without system or recognition. This did not discourage her, however, but made her more determined to have an education that would put her on the same intellectual plane as man. The result was that Vassar was founded in 1861, Smith in 1875, Wellesley in 1875, Bryn Mawr in 1880, and Radcliffe in 1879. Thus did collegiate training for women receive an assured place in modern educational activities.

It would have been very strange if the Catholic girl had hesitated to join in this demand for higher education. She is as truly an American girl as any other, of an equally democratic and independent spirit, possessing ambition, perseverance, and brilliancy, and it was not to be expected that there should be any difference in thirst for knowledge. Again, it was impossible that the Catholic Church should fail either to recognize the importance of such a movement, or to exercise supervision and active interest in a work so affecting the moral and religious life as education. She ever rises to the requirements of the age and keeps abreast of a nation's progress, whether it be along social, educational, or religious lines. No historical fact has better foundation than that the Catholic Church has at all times fostered education. She founded and endowed the great European universities of Oxford and Paris, and was the first to establish common schools for the free education of the people. As she has always distinguished herself in this manner, it was to be anticipated that she would further the movement for collegiate education for women. This came true. Her attitude being favorable, she set to work to put her theories into practice, with the result that, with the co-operation of learned, brilliant, far-sighted, enthusiastic men, Trinity College was founded in 1900 by Sister Julia, late Provincial of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur.

Although now generally approved, it was to be expected that, at the first, this institution would experience opposition. We grow so accustomed to the routine of life, that any innovation, even in education, is sure to call forth some dissenting voices. These were raised loud in protestation against Trinity College, only to be counteracted by the favorable utterances of men who realized the dangers to which the faith of Catholic girls is exposed in other colleges, and the necessity of a

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college of their own; and so the college was founded, and in this present month is about to confer degrees for the first time.

The aim of Trinity College is to give the student a thorough and well-rounded education in the sciences, philosophy, literature, and the languages, developing in her breadth of mind and ability to cope successfully with the great problems of the day. It aims to combine intellectual, social, and religious training in such a manner that she may see the two sides of a question fairly and without prejudice; that she may be a useful ornament in society and an example worthy of imitation; that she may be in the world, but not of the "world worldly." The life of the Trinity student does not differ materially from that of any other college girl. She studies the same subjects, has the same amusements, her Glee and Mandolin Clubs, and enjoys her literary and dramatic societies—in short, she is a good American college girl.

In religious matters the Trinity College girl has a dislike for unwarranted display. The religious ideal presented to her is an enlightened one, and the spontaneity of the student in responding to suggestions as to the performance of her religious duties shows greater wisdom, and is productive of better and more satisfactory results, than would be found were she bound down by iron-clad rules and regulations.

As yet the government of the student body is in the hands of the faculty; the good old conservative spirit being shown in the slow growth of the movement to establish self-government, the first feeble steps towards which were taken in the institution of the Student's Advisory Board and the office of proctor.

There is every reason to believe that Trinity College will succeed in the great work it has undertaken, and although it is too young to have already attained the high eminence at which it aims, we find in the zealous co-operation of professors and students, bright promise of future success. Intellectual triumph seems certain because of the erudition and ability of its teaching staff, which includes Notre Dame religious who studied for years in preparation, and who have received degrees from European universities, including Oxford and Cambridge. Although not affiliated with the Catholic University, as has been sometimes affirmed, the college has the honor to claim as members of its faculty some of the University's most learned

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professors, men of the highest repute in Europe and America, who, from the very beginning, have given valuable assistance. The efforts of the professors, however, would be of comparatively little avail if they were not supplemented by a corresponding zeal and enthusiasm for work on the part of the students. That enthusiasm is not wanting.

Another indication of Trinity's future success and renown is to be found in the fact that she is ready and anxious to adopt the best and latest in educational methods that will contribute to the welfare of her students. To cite an instance in passing, all those who have attained a sufficiently high average in their daily work are exempted from those bugbears of students the world over—semester examinations.

The great advantage of the modern college education lies less in the amount of knowledge gained than at first appears. We rejoice in our understanding of science and philosophy, our appreciation of prose and poetry, our ability to read Latin, to speak French, German, and Italian, but more than these we should value the opportunities to gain mental force and solidity, to develop the reasoning powers and a deeper insight into human nature; in a word, to become educated, able Catholic women. In reviewing all that Trinity has accomplished in the four short years of its life, the senior passing with the first group from out its gates, and bidding it God-speed, is filled with the assurance that its past achievements are but an earnest of what the future will bring in measure manifold.

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NOTES ON THE REPORT OF THE MOSELY COMMISSION.

I.

EVERY one interested in educational movements will attach great importance to the report of the Mosely Commission, which has recently been issued, although the most important part of all education has been omitted from the inquiry—that is to say, religious education. This perhaps cannot be wondered at, for the sender of the Commission and the payer of its expenses is a business man who, like so many others, looks upon business interests and worldly prosperity, not merely as supremely but as exclusively worth attention. Yet it is impossible to be neutral as to religion, for every one who is not for it is against it; and so the commissioners, in the brief joint report which is prefixed to the individual reports, note it as their opinion that the absence of the religious difficulty in American schools materially facilitates the work of the schools. This is an indication not of any special animus against religion, but of the end and scope of the inquiry, which was, how far the system of education established in the United States is responsible for the industrial progress of the country.

Leaving on one side, therefore, the question of religious education, the commissioners make their report upon education viewed merely as a means for fitting out boys and girls in the best way for a life devoted to merely worldly, material ends. It is a significant sign of the times that this should be thought to be the question most of all worth investigation—a clear indication of the present supremacy of material interests. We must, however, take the world as it is, and as the United States glory in their commercial prosperity, how far this industrial success is due to the school system so firmly established is a question worthy of investigation. For until it becomes more generally recognized than it now is, or is at all likely soon to be, that worldly prosperity is not the one worthy end of life; if the secular system of education now established is found to be the one best adapted to the attainment of that universally accepted end, there is but little hope of a better one becoming feasible. To this question then, as to what is the direct influence of education upon industrial greatness, the

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answers given by the commissioners are of great interest; they are not, however, in perfect agreement. Father Finlay, the one Catholic on the commission—so far, at all events, as we are aware—thinks there is no direct influence. "America's industry is what it is, primarily, because of the boundless energy, restless enterprise, and the capacity for strenuous work with which her people are endowed. . . . The schools have not made the people what they are; being what they are, they made the schools."

Mr. Fletcher, recently chosen to be the chief inspector of secondary education in England, does not believe "that to any notable extent education has been the cause of American industrial success." On the other hand, Mr. Whitburn, one of the representatives of the school boards which have up to a recent date controlled English primary education, considers that "the public-school system has very materially affected the economic progress of the American nation."

Dr. Gray, a representative of English secondary schools, thinks that if the question had been asked a quarter of a century ago the answer would certainly have been in the negative. The system of education was primarily an effect of industrial progress, not a cause. It is, however, becoming every day more and more a cause. The Rev. T. L. Papillon, one of the representatives of university education, thinks that there are other equally potent causes of American success: "The energy, hustle, and inventiveness of the American character; the early hours and the absorbing claims of business; the universal high pressure race for wealth; the close bond between employers and employed, and readiness to act upon the view that capital and labor have common and not antagonistic interests; and I am afraid that we English must add, the greater sobriety of all classes among them; these are pushing America to the front. . . . My answer to the general question is, that education, though a contributory cause, has not hitherto been the chief cause of American industrial progress. It has shared, and is sharing, in that progress." Dr. Reichel, principal of the University College of North Wales, similarly looks upon the remarkable progress of the last thirty years as due to education not as the prime cause, but as a powerful contributory cause; for the maintenance of that progress he looks upon the present system as essential. Dr. Reichel quotes an opinion of Dr. Eliot of Harvard, to the effect that the influence of

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the educational system on national vigor and enterprise is rather indirect; that those qualities sprang from the original Puritan spirit of social and religious freedom, and the mobility of society which resulted from them. Surely this is a strange characterization of the Puritan spirit, for it would certainly be hard to find a more stringent system than that established by the Puritans. The view of the commissioners as a whole seems to be that the established system cannot be looked upon as more than one of many causes of the industrial success attained by the American people. Industrial progress, however, in their judgment can neither be maintained nor have a further growth without it. The commissioners testify to the universal belief of Americans that the established system is fundamental to democratic civilization, and the secret of any superiority which American institutions may possess is due, they think, to this universal belief in the value of education. "There," Mr. Papillon says, "lies the real driving power. If American education is to-day alert, vigorous, progressive, and popular, it is because the people love to have it so, because they have recognized that education is a vital necessity for national well-being, and the most remunerative investment of public money." Mr. H. Thiselton Mark, in his Report on Moral Education in American schools, included in the Special Reports on Education Subjects published by the English Board of Education, attributes to the American schools a higher aim. The public school is the one *common* centre of enlightenment and social uplifting, as the church used to be before it was broken up into sects. The school thus comes to be, in the words of the United States Commissioner of Education, "the symbol of an eternal, unifying spirit."

President Roosevelt, however, in this as in many other instances, seems to have a clearer perception of the real truth than is common, or, at all events, a greater courage in giving utterance to it. He told the Mosely Commissioners, on the occasion of his reception of them, that education would not save the nation, but no nation could be saved without education. This epigrammatic utterance of the President deserves greater attention than it has yet received, and is in harmony with the warning which he recently gave on the diminishing birth-rate. For what can an education which has for its end merely the attainment of wealth and worldly prosperity accomplish for the real strength of the nation? Religious educa-

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tion would undoubtedly save the nation; but an education which sets aside the highest aims must have lower aims, and those lower aims degrade and deprave the people. Even at this early stage of the nation's growth the inordinate pursuit of wealth, which is the necessary outcome, and in fact the aim and end, of a secular system of education, has resulted first in the formation of the vast system of trusts which is placing that very wealth in the hands of the very few, thus forming a danger to the political stability of the country, and secondly, in that system of regulation of the birth-rate which, if persisted in, will either leave the schools without any children to attend them, or will permit them to be filled by the children of those very foreigners the Americanization of whom has been their chief object. The effects of the pursuit of the comfort which results from wealth, as of making this comfort the end and aim of life, have been well and clearly shown by Mrs. Commander in a recent number of the *Independent*. This article deals with every-day facts as observed in New York City. Benjamin Franklin calculated that in the year 1900 there would be in the United States 100,000,000 descendants of the settlers of his own days, the basis of the calculation being the average family at that time. By the last census, in 1900, there were 76,000,000 in all; of these 11,000,000 are foreign-born, and 13,000,000 are the children of foreign-born, so that the population has increased by scarcely more than one-half of what Franklin expected; that is to say, the American family has had four children only on an average, instead of eight. And this is twice the present ideal size of an American family. Mrs. Commander bears witness that of the thirty-eight physicians in New York whom she consulted, and who were willing to discuss the matter, thirty said that the ideal American family was two—a boy and a girl; six said, one; another said that having a family at all was not an American ideal. There was only one who said that a willingness existed to have five or six children, and this statement was subsequently qualified. This ideal and the effectual realization of it is common to rich and to poor, and the immigrants who arrive on these shores are quickly accepting the American practice. Nor is any shame felt at either the theory or the practice. One doctor said: "The foreign-born who begin to learn self-respect and American ideas invariably wish to restrict their families. . . . (Those who do not) form the poorest possible material for making Americans." Another physician who has

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practised in New York for twenty years among well-off Americans is quoted by Mrs. Commander as saying that nowadays the mother of a large family feels humiliated. "She is really an object of ridicule. People laugh at her at best, and blame her if she is poor. Society does not approve of a large family of children." In Mrs. Commander's own words, "the opposition to large families is not only individual but social. Not only do people object to large families for themselves, they do not want others to have them. Americans disapprove of the large family as a social institution. They dislike to see it and condemn its existence. The producers of large families are considered rather in the light of social enemies than social benefactors. Childlessness is no longer considered a disgrace or a misfortune." The existence of this evil has been long known; it is as the outcome of the secular, non-religious education, and of the inadequate education which the sects give, that it is worthy of attention.

In this connection we wish to point out that although, as the Mosely Commissioners declare, the absence of the religious difficulty may facilitate administrative arrangements, and even contribute to the excellence of a merely secular education, yet it is conducive to the spread of an evil which is sapping the very vitals of the nation.

We do not wish to say, and we do not believe, that this practice is taught directly and explicitly in the public schools. We will go farther, and say that it is not even the indirect outcome of that teaching; its source and spring are the false ideal and aim of the people, whose will it is to have the schools what they are. This aim is predominantly worldly; success, comfort, and prosperity are indispensable; the schools are means fashioned for that end. But if a country and a nation are to be saved, even in this world, higher ends are necessary, and for those higher ends schools of another character are necessary. The end of man is not merely the attainment of comfort in this life. He is called upon to endure hardships as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and any system of education which is indifferent to this, nay more, any system of education which does not make the inculcation of Christian teaching in its entirety a part and parcel of its daily work, is contributing to the ruin both of the individual and the nation. It may not appear so to-day, although what has been said above makes it pretty clear, even to-day, that shameful prac-

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tices are not only tolerated but even commended. Oliver Wendel Holmes is reported to have said that the training of the child should begin a hundred years before it was born, and according to the scientific notion of our day, it does so begin. We are reaping in our degree the harvest of the past; our descendants will reap a harvest of a still more dismal character. Mrs. Commander's authorities, the physicians whom she consulted, expatiated on the intelligence of those who limited the number of their offspring, the observers of the law of God were ranked by these sapient advisers among the unintelligent, as persons with no sense of responsibility.

One of the Mosely Commissioners stated that the rewards of the pursuit of wealth in this country are so great that all the abler among the young men enter upon commercial and industrial careers, rather than into the professions generally called liberal. Perhaps the fact that reputable physicians give such advice, is to be considered as one of the consequences of the inferiority of mind of some of those who become doctors. For if anything is evident to the disinterested student of social questions, it is the disastrous consequences of this practice to the individual, the family, and the nation. Students and scientific men are well aware of the fact that it is the cause of lunacy, and that a steady increase of the number of idiots is its consequence. The children who are spared, so far from being bettered, even physically, are in many cases weak, neurotic, and in a special way liable to alcoholism and criminality, brain-weakness and mental disease; and for the nation a natural consequence is that, if the better educated become less numerous through practices of this kind, the less well educated will become more numerous, and in our day, in which the majority rules, the care of the state and the welfare of the nation will devolve upon those who are less well fitted, through want of education, to have this power.

It is more than interesting to note at the present time, when the achievements of Japan are in the thoughts of every one, that although she is one of the oldest of nations, her strength has increased, not departed, and that her power is the direct outcome of her power of increase. One of her most prominent men is reported to have said recently: "Japan is in no danger of race-suicide. . . . The workers are not shirking maternity, as in other lands, and the result is that we

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can spare half a million of men a year for an indefinite number of years and not miss them." This is scarcely the way in which a Christian would put it, but this only shows that the Japanese have some of the natural virtues, even if they have not the Christian. A practice which has its origin in the desire to shun work, necessarily degrades the character. A moral deterioration follows, and in proportion to the degree in which it spreads the weakness of the nation grows, the reign of the brute waxes stronger, and the age of decadence has begun. The education of the children becomes debased and stunted. As has been well said: "A solitary child, brought up in the midst of solitary children, becomes necessarily isolated and self-centered; reared in greater comfort or comparative luxury, with no brothers or sisters of a similar age to rub off its angles and selfishness, it is ill-prepared for every step of the succeeding battle of life."

The truth is, that no education which neglects religious instruction can do more than sharpen and render more potent for evil the lower elements of man. It is not enough that toleration is accorded to religion. To be indifferent to the religious upbringing of the young is a fatal error, the effects of which error are now becoming evident even to those who do not wish to see. And although there are many things which are worthy of the highest praise in the present organization of society, especially the multitudinous and manifold institutions which conduce to the temporal well-being of the people and of the poor, yet there is lacking that one thing necessary which the Church alone is faithful in proclaiming; and that one thing is that the first step in all true progress is to give to the law of God, because it is the law of God, unquestioning obedience. All things are to be restored but in Christ and through His Church. Mere humanitarianism, however attractive and beneficial in many ways, leaves out what is essential to man's well-being even on its temporal side. It leaves out the cross and the bearing of it; it leaves out the supernatural destiny of man and the subordination of everything else to it. But these are precisely the truths which the Church and the Church alone proclaims, and these will make her the means of salvation, not only in the religious sense of the word, but also in the natural sense; and this not only for the individual, but also for the nation.

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The Latest Books.

HISTORICITY OF THE GOSPELS. By Dr. Stanton.

Dr. Vincent Henry Stanton, Ely professor of divinity in Cambridge University, who occupies a position of eminence among New Testament scholars, has just published the first volume of an exceedingly important work* on the historicity of the Gospels. Practically this question is the only one that needs to be solved in order to establish peace in the field of New Testament study. For while there would still remain exegetical controversies, even if this were set at rest, nevertheless these are of immeasurably smaller moment and are agitated with far less acrimony than the prime problem as to whether the Gospels are worth anything as witnesses of truth. If they are true Christianity is divine. No matter what one's personal prejudice against the possibility of miracles may be, if Jesus actually wrought them, the question is closed. Possibilities and impossibilities are idle speculations in the face of fact. Likewise, however attractive it may be to regard our Lord's life and message as essentially ethical and non-dogmatic, and consequently to consider Christianity as creedless and inorganic, if the Master Himself gave a doctrinal significance to His life, His work, His Church, and His death, we must either accept His religion as He taught it, or own frankly that we choose to manufacture one for ourselves. Now, did our Lord work miracles? Have we a true account of His life? Are these four biographies of Him, so full of miracle and so full of dogma, trustworthy and historical?

Those who would maintain that we have not a true account of the life of Christ must endeavor to show that the Gospels are of late composition, too late to be of substantial value in attesting the truths of the narrative they contain. For awhile a vast amount of scholarship was expended in such an endeavor. For still another while great volumes were written and eminent names lent their prestige to demonstrate that the Gospel-record is a reservoir of legends which are at once a testimony to the devout imagination of primitive believers, and

* *The Gospels as Historical Documents.* Part I. The Early Use of the Gospels. By Vincent Henry Stanton, D.D. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1903.

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a witness to the *Wunderlust* of an uncritical age. Merely to mention the Tübingen School, the *Leben Jesu* of Strauss, and the *Vie de Jésus* of Renan, will recall these tendencies and their chief upholders. So far as the main contentions of these schools are concerned, they have been utterly discredited. Few venture now to place the composition of the Synoptic Gospels, as we have them, below 100 A. D., as the Tübingen critics did, and it is hardly possible to doubt that their documentary or living sources go back to the very lifetime of the Apostles.

Obviously in dealing with the rationalistic attempt to assign a late date to the Gospels, it is of prime importance to know if the second generation of Christians, of which we possess a good share of literary remains, knew the Gospels, quoted them, and recognized them as authoritative. It is with this question that Dr. Stanton's book is concerned. It is clear that if we can prove that St. Justin, for example, who was born in 100, witnesses to the Gospels as documents of apostolic authorship, and gives testimony moreover which demonstrates that this belief had been long fixed in his time, we are thrown back fairly into the apostolic era for a *terminus a quo* for the Evangelic narratives, and possess practically as solid an historical basis for the chief books of the New Testament as we have for any other history of ancient times. The importance of St. Justin's testimony is so great that rationalistic writers have tried by all possible means to wrench him loose from the foundations of orthodoxy. They have to admit that Justin acknowledges the existence of "apostolic memoirs"; and that these memoirs were so old and so weighty in their claim to apostolic authority that they were read in Christian assemblies along with the books of the Old Testament. Moreover, from Justin's own loose citations we can be certain that he knew the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, and very probably also of St. Mark and St. John. Certainly Justin's use of so extraordinary a phrase as "Word made flesh"; his designation of our Lord as "a fountain of living water"; his perfectly clear and thoroughly Biblical doctrine on the Eucharist and on baptism; and many other similar indications leave it hardly possible to doubt that he was familiar with St. John's Gospel, and regarded it as an accepted apostolic authority. Hence the natural conclusion that Justin's "Memoirs," read in the churches

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in 150 A. D. as of apostolic authorship, are our Gospels. It is a conclusion exceedingly difficult to escape. The objection that Justin quotes sources outside our Gospel-canon is true, but it avails little to the purpose of such men as the author of *Supernatural Religion*. For surely the fact that Justin used apocryphal documents does not crowd out the fact that he used also our four canonical documents. And as to that, Dr. Stanton offers exceedingly powerful arguments to show that Justin's reliance upon the apocrypha is not at all so extensive as is commonly thought. The prevalent view is that the great apologist when he speaks of the "Gospel of Peter" means the apocryphal Gospel of that name; and moreover, it is widely accepted that Justin has directly quoted from this spurious composition. We cannot in justice dismiss this position so curtly as Loisy, the great Catholic scholar, does in his history of the canon. Says Loisy: "*Il n'est point nécessaire, ou plutôt il serait puéril d'admettre que Saint Justin a en vue l'Évangile de Pierre, production apocryphe dont on ignore la date et le contenu.*"

M. Loisy, of course, would not write in that way now; for since the publication of his *Histoire du Canon*, the Gospel of Peter has been found, and it is certain that St. Justin either knew that document itself or the source from which it is drawn. Dr. Stanton comes very near to proving that when Justin uses the expression "Gospel of Peter," he means the Gospel of St. Mark, who was the companion of St. Peter. And this method of designating the second Gospel shows how extremely careful St. Justin and the early Christians were to rely upon apostolic authority for their accounts of the life of Christ. Mark was comparatively too obscure a man to mention; but his Gospel was attested as true, from the fact that St. Peter had given it his approval.

And so far as regards Justin's non-Evangelic citations, Dr. Stanton maintains that they are not drawn from the Gospel of Peter and the Proto-evangel of James, but from some earlier sources upon which these two apocrypha are chiefly based. Perhaps these earlier sources are the "Acta Pilati" and the Gospel according to the Hebrews. How completely the fierce contest waged over the testimony of St. Justin has ended in a victory for faith, may be illustrated from the confession of Holtzmann that St. Justin certainly used both our Synoptics and St. John; and from the grudging admission of Harnack in

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favor of the apologist's recognition of the fourth Gospel as among the "Apostolic Memoirs."

It would be a pleasure to go through Dr. Stanton's chapters in detail, especially those in which he studies the early testimony to the apostolic authority of the fourth Gospel, and discusses Harnack's celebrated view of local Gospels, a view so admirably criticised in Father Rose's *Studies on the Gospels;* but the limits of this review department make that impossible. Let us, however, give a sentence or two from the closing chapter: "I have said that by the middle of the second century, the chief churches must have read all four Gospels and regarded them as authoritative. . . . In the Church of Rome they seem to have been in use some thirty years earlier. The Gospels could hardly have made their way at the early time at which they must have begun to do so, if they had not come with good credentials." That is to say, during the lifetime of men who heard the Apostles preach, our four Gospels were read in the churches as of apostolic authority. Taking this in connection with the fact that the age of the first converts was an age exceedingly tenacious of oral tradition, and highly skilful in retaining and transmitting it, we have a proof of apostolic authorship for the Gospels, and consequently a proof of their substantial historicity, which brings us face to face with the deeper and more solemn question, What think ye of Christ?

Dr. Stanton has done his work well. No one needs to be told that who has ever read his fine study, *The Jewish and the Christian Messiah.* He is a veteran in the use of the tools of criticism; and not one of the problems connected with his theme, nor aught of its literature, is unknown to him. So far as the conclusions of this first volume are concerned, they furnish a solid apologetic for Christianity as a supernatural religion. We shall await with something like impatience the appearance of the three other volumes which are to complete the work.

NEW LIGHT ON THE LIFE OF JESUS. By Dr. Briggs.

Dr. Briggs' latest book* is an attempt to re-state the chronology of the Gospels, and a presentation of the learned author's opinion on the synoptic problem and the

**New Light on the Life of Jesus.* By Charles Augustus Briggs, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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authorship of the fourth Gospel. Dr. Briggs has been long and honorably known in Scripture scholarship, especially in the province of Old Testament problems, and this effort of his to illuminate some of the most perplexing and apparently hopeless puzzles of Gospel-study will naturally attract widespread attention. A few of the propositions which he maintains in this work are these: 1. Our Lord's active ministry began before the arrest of John the Baptist. 2. While the Twelve were absent on mission-journeys, our Lord preached His message in Perea and Jerusalem. This happy thought, Dr. Briggs tells us, clears up the vexed question of the Jerusalem ministry related by John. 3. The three Passovers mentioned by St. John are one and the same. Hence the public ministry lasted a little over a year. 4. Peter's confession at Cæsarea Philippi took place not a year and a half before the Passion, but within three weeks of it. The same thing must be said of the discourses predicting the Passion and Death. 5. John vi.—the celebrated Eucharistic chapter—is a post-resurrection discourse of Christ. 6. St. John's Gospel is not a unit, but contains, like St. Matthew, the work of two or three hands. St. John wrote an original Gospel in Hebrew, which was touched up and worked over by a later editor.

Regarding Dr. Briggs' treatment of these positions, we think first of all that all students of Scripture will be one with us in saying that it is far too summary to be even moderately satisfactory. To discuss six such propositions as we have just given, within less than two hundred pages, may be very well, if this volume is intended to be a suggestive sketch and nothing more. But if it purposes to be a formal argument for Dr. Briggs' chronological re-statement, synoptic theory, and Johannine solution, then it is an utterly inadequate performance. And for our second observation upon the method of this book, we would say that in our judgment it betrays at times so vehement an adhesion to a theory preconceived, that the author has been misled into the application of uncritical principles and into an unfair disregard of the difficulties attending his own, and of the arguments supporting a divergent thesis. For example, let us look at the first position, namely, that our Lord's ministry began before the arrest of the Baptist. Matthew and Mark are explicitly against Dr. Briggs here; Luke is silent on the matter; John is claimed by our author, but it is by no

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means so certain as he would have us believe, that the fourth Gospel is here at variance with the first two. At any rate Matthew and Mark must be got out of the road if there is to be comfortable journeying for the doctor's theory. They are thus disposed of: The statement of our present Mark that the public ministry began after the imprisonment of John, did not exist in the primitive Mark, but is an unwarranted addition of the redactor. The proof of this is that St. Luke does not mention the imprisonment as marking the beginning of our Lord's public life. For if the primitive Mark, which was used by Luke, contained such a piece of information, Luke would certainly have copied it. Luke's silence proves that our Mark in this passage has been interpolated! And a second reason is that in the Marcan passage, which tells of the beginning of the public ministry, there are two phrases concerning the kingdom which are an addition to the original Hebrew Mark. Now, says Dr. Briggs: "In any case the Greek Mark has at least two clauses of additions to the original Hebrew Gospel; and if so, *Why not also in the reference to John's arrest?*" The italics are ours, and we think ourselves justified in thus calling attention to the amazing procedure of Dr. Briggs. He says here in substance: "In my opinion we have in this passage two clauses not in the proto-Mark. Now, if we have two interpolations, why not three? especially as I require a third to build up my theory." We submit that if this method were carried out all through the New Testament, we could prove or disprove any proposition that our fancy was pleased to juggle with.

Then so revolutionary a notion as that there was a Hebrew original for the fourth Gospel certainly cannot be despatched in the off hand manner in which Dr. Briggs announces it. The whole structure and spirit of St. John is so entirely Greek, its great theme is so essentially un-Hebraic, its theological discourses are so incapable of being expressed in Hebrew, that surely it is not sound criticism to sweep all this aside and leave us with a naked statement, clothed only in the veriest rags of proof, that this Gospel was originally Hebrew, must have been Hebrew, and cannot be understood unless we suppose it to have been Hebrew. Likewise we must regard as very feeble Dr. Briggs' statement that the Eucharistic sixth chapter of John is a post-resurrection discourse of Christ. In

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that case why not consider the multiplication of the loaves, to which miracle the discourse is attached, a post-resurrection event? And how get rid of that vivid touch which does so much to prove the discourse an historic fact, namely, the scandal and departure of the disciples? That incident, related so simply and naturally, practically demonstrates the historicity of the Eucharistic discourse. But it is impossible to imagine wavering faith and finally open disbelief in the minds of the disciples, if they were listening to a Master risen from the dead.

With these points and some others in this book we must declare our lack of satisfaction. The critical processes have been too summary, the lack of the sense of difficulties too obvious, the proofs too slender, and the preoccupations of theory too dangerous, to invite confidence or win assent. But we must also in fairness say, that these pages are full of rich suggestion; that they contain many an original observation and point of view possible only to a trained and erudite scholar; and that they really do shed upon Gospel problems a certain amount of "new light" for which all New Testament students will be grateful. Moreover, Dr. Briggs is reverent, even devout, in his attitude towards the Gospels and the great Character whom they portray; and according to modern standards he is conservative and cautious. And while we dare not say that he has brought the great questions which he discusses any nearer to finality, he has certainly done no inconsiderable service in bringing into Scriptural debate an admirable and Christian spirit.

CHINESE CANON OF REASON AND VIRTUE.

Lao-Tze, the great philosophico-religious mystic of China, was born about 604 B. C., fifty years earlier than the birth of Confucius. Dr. Paul Carus, who has brought out a translation of Lao-Tze's *Canon of Reason and Virtue*,* tells us that the schools of Lao-Tze and of Confucius are still sharply distinguished in China. The adherents of the former give themselves to devout speculation as the great end of life, while the disciples of the latter are more worldly-wise, and cultivate the more practical side of conduct and propriety. In the *Canon of Reason and Virtue*

* *The Canon of Reason and Virtue.* Translated from the Chinese by Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company.

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there are abundant indications of Lao-Tze's noble mind and unworldly character. He is profoundly impressed with the vanity of "the ten thousand things," and with the futility of ambition, effort, and desire, and pleads for a contemplative giving up of ourselves to the universal Reason. The Buddhistic non activity, non-assertiveness, non-personality seem to be the burden of his message. The human and tangible he deprecates; to poise over eternal vacuity is his counsel and purpose. Says he: "He who seeks Reason will daily diminish. He will diminish and continue to diminish until he arrives at non-assertion." That substantially is his ideal of life. What a universe lies between this preaching and the Gospel of Christ! What immeasurable distances between "seek the zero of non-existence" and "seek the kingdom of God"! What an impossibility of comparing the Chinese precepts to empty out the heart of feeling and emotion, with the Christian beatitudes which promise God's rewards to meekness and poverty, to long-suffering and mercy, to purity and love! What a meaningless thing to the spirit of man is the "universal Reason" after Jesus has lifted the darkness from our minds, and drawn the veil from our hearts with "Our Father who art in Heaven"! Lao-Tze is a noble human being striving generously but vainly to lead us to the destiny which our soul impels us to seek. The Son of God, our Saviour, is the Deity in the midst of us speaking simple words that go deeper than all philosophies, and holding up ideals that have brought the divine Spirit and the human soul together in unexampled holiness and unconquerable love. Admiration the world should show to high souls like Lao-Tze; but worship should be its offering to the incomparable Christ.

HARNACK AND LOISY.
By Rev. T. A Lacey.

An interesting pamphlet before us is entitled *Harnack and Loisy.** It opens with an Introductory Letter by Lord Halifax, in which the writer expresses his conviction that "good reason may be found for putting the books (by Loisy) on the Index," as not edifying in tone and not adapted for general reading; but at the same time he voices the hope that no retractation of a "purely scientific" position will be required. "These are days

* *Harnack and Loisy.* By the Rev. T. A. Lacey, M.A. With an Introductory Letter by the Right Hon. Viscount Halifax. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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of transition, and we do not want rash assertions on the orthodox side any more than on the other." "All Christendom is concerned with the honor and dignity of the Roman Church." "My own conviction is that, as a matter of fact, the Roman Church is the strongest support of the essentials of Christianity." No doubt, since this prefatory letter was written, Lord Halifax has been comforted not a little by the final outcome of the Loisy affair and the certainty that no purely scientific position was meant to be condemned.

The body of the pamphlet is a brief essay delivered at Oxford last November by Rev. T. A. Lacey. It brings out one point of Loisy's apologetic, the distinction between the figure of our Saviour as partially drawn in the Synoptic Gospels and the Johannine portrait, in which one reads at once the lineaments of the Lord of Glory, the dynamic personage gathering up and transmitting the world forces in his single self, and controlling the development of all future history.

The author differs now and again from the abbé in some points and makes no attempt to go very deeply into the profound questions the controversy has involved; and perhaps, especially for this reason, his pages are easily readable and not unhelpful.

ESSAY ON REUNION. By Spencer-Jones.

Mr. Spencer-Jones has printed for general circulation an interesting paper on Reunion,* first presented as an Inaugural Lecture before the Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury. This association has been formed on the understanding that the Oxford Revival represents a definite drift toward the religion of Rome; it aims at spreading abroad a familiarity with the history of the Church in the West; and it invites Roman Catholics to attend and occasionally to read papers at its meetings (but never to enter into membership, because they cannot do this if they are priests, and may be tempted to do so in spite of their rulers if they are laymen).

The Inaugural Lecture consists of a very instructive review of various circumstances affecting the attitude of Anglicans towards reunion with Rome; and goes far toward proving the following pertinent facts:

**Rome and Reunion:* The Inaugural Lecture to the Members of the Society of St. Thomas of Canterbury. By Spencer-Jones, M.A., Author of *England and the Holy See.* London: Longmans, Green & Co.

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From 597 A. D. to 1566 England was in conscious communion with the Holy See in spirituals, without any interval whatsoever.

Separation was effected against the will of the church in England, and in spite of its protests; the chief agents in this work being Henry VIII. and Thomas Cromwell at one period, and Elizabeth and Cecil at another; and the instruments in both cases being force and fraud.

The change in the nature of the sovereignty of England having created an anomalous condition by which the Church of England must officially include among her members both Roman Catholics and atheists, the issue has now become not England *vs.* the Holy See, but jurisdiction in spirituals *vs.* jurisdiction in temporals.

The Roman Catholic Church was organized in England some two or three centuries before the English people realized themselves as one nation.

The Reunion party may be charged with a dishonest interpretation of the XXXIX. Articles, but no reasonable being can to-day accept them in the most natural and obvious sense, because they are contradictory to facts and to one another.

Papal Infallibility offers no greater difficulty than any other form of church infallibility; and as for the Curia, why a large infusion of the Anglo-Saxon race would have an influence upon the government of the church.

SAINT PATRICK. By Shahan.

Dr. Shahan's little volume on St. Patrick* is full of scholarship and eloquence. Few men living know better than the learned professor of church history in the Catholic University the great history of Christian Ireland, and none feel more deeply the spell of her sacred triumphs. We cannot wonder that a scholar of Keltic blood in treating any aspect of such a theme should utter words that glow with feeling, and should yield up his imagination to the memories that shed a pure and abundant glory on the long history of Innisfail. The fierce old race-pride of the pagan Irish still lives in substance; only it is gentler now and loftier, and is spoken by lips that are acquainted with grief. But it is and shall be for ever powerful, vehement, and strong. It is an

* *St. Patrick in History.* By the Very Reverend Thomas J. Shahan, D.D. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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everlasting protest against tyranny, and a proof perpetual that the Irish have not accepted subjugation, and have not forgotten that they once were illustrious and free. They point to their past, and are strengthened; they remember the days of old, and cling tighter to the hope that has not perished through weary centuries, of standing once more in the front rank of nations, unfettered and independent. And so with ardor and with love they recall that of old time Ireland was the mother of mighty men, and that Europe sat submissive at her feet to learn sanctity and wisdom; that Patrick's spiritual children spread everywhere the truth of Christ, and the truths of knowledge; that Columba preached Christianity to the Picts; that Columbanus delivered the Gospel-message in Lombardy, and founded at Bobbio in the Apennines a home of austere monastic discipline, and an abode of scholarship so splendid as to shine amid the darkened nations as a lighthouse shines at night upon the sea; that Germany and France were penetrated unto their uttermost fastnesses by the martial missionaries of Erin; that the fair daughters of the race thronged in multitudes after Bridget, peopling convents innumerable with consecrated lives; that in a thousand ways and by a thousand avenues the Irish acted and reacted upon the civilization of early and mediæval Christian Europe, and left upon it an impress, that still shows clear, of a temperament always religious, of a spirit unfailingly winsome, of a character singularly attractive, of a genius incomparably keen, of a nature mystically beautiful. These high records of their blood and kin the Irish of to-day rejoice to hear, and these they wish their scholars, preachers, and doctors to rehearse to them again and again, especially on the festival-day of their faith and their patriotism.

Just such a message is what Dr. Shahan's volume speaks—words of pride for Ireland's past and words of inspiration for Ireland's future. It is true that if Dr. Shahan's purpose had been to give an adequate account either of Irish history or of the Irish race, his essay would be partial and defective. For, as Renan says tersely, "*Il n'y a pas d'histoire immaculée*"—no history is without its stains; and similarly no national character is without its weaknesses. And surely no prepossessions of racial or religious sympathy can close our eyes to the sad pages in the chronicle of Ireland, or to the unadmirable features displayed often by her sons. Dr. Shahan certainly was aware

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of all this; was perfectly familiar, for example, with St. Jerome's awful and, let us hope, unjust account of the character of the unconverted Irish. And it was no lack of candor that led him to turn aside from these darker shadings, and to fill his canvas only with lightsome colors. For his aim was not to construct a comprehensive scheme of Irish history and character, but rather to deliver a message of justifiable inspiration and of well-grounded hope. Of this task he has acquitted himself with the scholarly distinction which marks every piece of work that proceeds from his skilful hand. His introduction on the sources of Patrick's history, and his copious notes at the end of the volume, are such as only a man of profound erudition could write. Once again we cannot refrain from telling Dr. Shahan that he owes it to his own accomplishments, and to the expectations of us all, to give to the world some great historical composition which will correspond to the extent of his learning and be a just presentation of his claims to enduring fame.

VENICE.
By G. B. McClellan.

We sincerely congratulate the young Mayor of New York upon his sketch of Venetian history.* It is an unusually fine specimen of the difficult art of historical condensation. And how far the condensation had to be carried may be estimated from the fact that Venice's varied and momentous career of eleven centuries has here been crowded into two hundred octavo pages. Obviously, therefore, one ought to have a fair knowledge of contemporaneous history, both civil and religious, before one undertakes to read Mr. McClellan's volume. For the author can do little more than name several of the great characters that enter into the story of the Adriatic republic, and he must trust to his readers' previous knowledge for an adequate appreciation of the achievements, motives, and general importance of these characters. But when one possesses this necessary preparation this sketch is a genuine intellectual delight. Mr. McClellan is master of an excellent style, clear, simple, smooth, and infused with the spirit of scholarship and culture. The narrative, as we have remarked, is thronged to flowing over with event and incident, but it seems always guided by a hand that is trained

* *The Oligarchy of Venice.* By George B. McClellan. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co

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to the control of many details, and sure of accomplishing its work gracefully and thoroughly.

The fineness with which our author draws boundaries which he will not allow his pen to transgress is seen especially in his treatment of the religious side of his subject. For, of course, the history of Venice is ecclesiastical as well as secular; and some of the gravest, as perhaps some of the saddest, chapters in Papal history are concerned with the proud republic. Mr. McClellan gives the main features of all this, but austerely abstains from any word of comment or personal reflection. It would seem hardly possible that a historian could refrain from expressing an opinion on the League of Cambrai, in which the Emperor Maximilian and Louis XII. of France made covenant to destroy the freedom of Venice, partition her territory, and make over a share of the spoils to the Pope; yet Mr. McClellan gives no indication as to whether or not he sympathizes with the opprobrium uttered by nearly all historians against that treaty. Similarly almost all writers express wonder, anger, or horror at the extreme severity of Julius II.'s excommunication and interdict of Venice, and at his irascible reluctance to show mercy even when the city lay prostrate beneath the feet of its foes; but this volume simply states the fact of the interdict and makes no pretence to estimate or measure it by moral standards. We instance these things to show how clearly Mr. McClellan has outlined his plan of giving simply the chief facts in the life of Venice, and with what a dispassionate persistence he pursues it. Only in one paragraph have we discovered a clue to his own opinion upon the Venetian conflicts with Rome. He says: "Thus, before the beginning of the sixteenth century Venice had had three serious difficulties with the Papacy; had been excommunicated three times, and had been twice placed under an interdict. On each occasion her difficulties with Rome had been political, and had been caused by the constantly growing spirit of aggression manifested by the republic." Would that all historians were so lenient with the Papacy!

In conclusion we must give utterance to the great satisfaction we feel in seeing so scholarly a production from a public man. Learning has ever been the chief ornament of men of state, and the most gracious recommendation of political ambition. How much it adds to the stature of great ministers

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like Lord Derby and Mr. Gladstone, like Disraeli and Mr. Balfour, that they are as commanding figures in the halls of universities as in the chambers of legislation. If a statesman is a scholar, he has added an indefinable touch of dignity to his merit and his fame. And in America, where there is such a worship, so admirable and exalted a worship, of the school and the scholar, a public servant who is erudite and studious calls for admiration for himself and wins reverence for his office. The "scholar in politics" is a man who not only elicits national pride, but helps mightily to elevate our partisan discussions, and to safeguard our country's institutions and ideals.

THE DESERT OF SINAI. By Sargenton.

One of the most fascinating books of travel we have ever read is Madame Sargenton-Galichon's account* of her journey from Suez to Jerusalem through the desert of Sinai. It is doubtful if any other traveller through that wonderful region has ever enjoyed advantages greater than those possessed by this author. The expedition of which she was a member was composed chiefly of learned specialists from the *École biblique* of Jerusalem, who knew the country thoroughly, could decipher its inscriptions, and bring to bear the resources of great scholarship upon every question which the journey could suggest. Then Madame Sargenton-Galichon herself has extraordinary qualifications for telling the tale of travel. Her book discloses a boundless enthusiasm for exploration and discovery, a keen eye for observation, a Bedouin's love for the desert and the hills, a deeply religious and Catholic spirit, an unusual degree of Oriental erudition, and finally a mastery of brilliant style. The Comte de Vogüé does not exaggerate his compliments when he says in his prefatory letter that while reading this book: "*J'étais bien en présence de l'œuvre d'une femme, d'une femme d'esprit, et de talent, Chrétienne et artiste.*" Besides the description of the great scenes of Biblical incident in southern Arabia, there is a learned sketch of the Nabatæans, whose entry into, and disappearance from, history are alike so sudden and mysterious. Both as a reading for pleasure and as a study for information this book deserves the warmest commendation.

* *Sinai—Ma'ân—Pétra; Sur les Traces d'Israël.* Par Adélaïde Sargenton-Galichon. Paris: Lecoffre, Éditeur.

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THE ISSUES OF LIFE. By Van Vorst.

The Issues of Life,* by Mrs. Van Vorst, is, to the serious student of social psychology, a sad book. Cast in the form of a novel, it represents clearly and directly the ignorance and stupidity of much so-called culture, the perversion of the fine moral sense of woman, and the process by which a hitherto innocent, happy, and unspoiled wife may be transformed into the new woman. One forgets the form of story in reading the book, because intricacy of plot is not aimed at, and digressions are not introduced in order to serve some secondary purpose. One finds in the book, plainly presented, the chief issues in modern social life, such as the loss of the maternal instinct, the hopeless confusion of standards of value in the lives of society women, child-murder, silly over-culture and under-education, club life and divorce—these are interwoven in the narrative in a way to entertain the reader, without demanding too much close attention. The picture is ugly and true. Those who know life have seen and heard among actual people just such things as the author describes. Our magazines and newspapers are awakening to the situation in a way to allow no lack of reading matter on these vital questions. But we may ask, with some concern, about cause and remedy.

Books such as *The Issues of Life* may enlighten many innocent readers and interpret tendencies which threaten them, but they will scarcely win back those whose minds are already poisoned. The pressure of modern life on woman is strong. Religion can give her power to resist its evil elements. Not education alone, not religion alone, but both combined. The problem is so complex that one can scarcely see the solution in concrete. Meantime one may welcome efforts to make known the facts, such as represented in this book.

But our traditions forbid the reading of such books to the tender, delicately trained Catholic girl. If she is to be protected in advance, she must have knowledge of the dangers and tendencies with which she will later come in contact. Some wise thinking is needed to give us safe guidance in teaching Catholic girls such unpleasant truths about actual life as may in her own future constitute a problem that she must face. It is to be hoped that this need of young Catholic girls will

* *The Issues of Life.* By Mrs. John Van Vorst. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

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not be overlooked. Great tact, great knowledge, and great skill are necessary to solve the problem.* *The Issues of Life* is not a solution, but it is an attempt from a general stand-point. As such it will not fail of useful results.

THE NORTH STAR.
By M. E. Henry-Ruffin.

The North Star† is a tale of Norway in the tenth century, written by Mrs. Margaret Ellen Henry-Ruffin, of Mobile. The writer has gathered a superabundance of material for a stirring historical romance from a field not much frequented by recent writers of fiction, but she has not made the most of her opportunity. The result of her efforts is not an artistic achievement, however praiseworthy her zeal and sincerity may be. Out of this mass of incidents she has failed to evolve a coherent story, and one finds it rather dull work to follow the exploits of Olaf through an assortment of episodes which have little or nothing to do with him. The style is laboriously heroic, and the pages bristle with exclamation points. Characters enter suddenly in one chapter and disappear in the next without provocation or excuse. In brief, the book is a raw product.

The latest edition of Webster's International Dictionary justifies the claim of its publishers that it is "the best practical working dictionary." This edition is printed from new and corrected plates after careful and painstaking editing, and contains, moreover, a supplement of 25,000 words, phrases, and definitions. Every means have evidently been taken to give accurate definitions, in as far as the limits of a dictionary permit, of matters Catholic, and all in all, as a dictionary of practical reference to use on one's desk, we know of none better than the new Webster's International.

* *The School of the Heart*, by Margaret Fletcher, is recommended as such a book for girls. It was reviewed in the May CATHOLIC WORLD.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

† *The North Star*. By M. E. Henry-Ruffin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Illustrated.

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Library Table.

The Tablet (9 April): The execution, on April 1st (Good Friday), of the decree requiring the removal of all religious emblems from the law courts of Paris, has elicited a very opportune article, "France and Catholicism." The writer mentions the chief directors of the unholy act, and urges the Catholic majority of France to awaken to the critical condition of their religion. Moreover, it is hoped that the English sympathizers with the persecution will consider this enactment significant of the ministers' true position, and understand that the war is directed against religion itself, and not against its excesses, as the dissembling promoters would make us believe.——Captain Shawe-Taylor has written a letter to the papers, in which he shows the dissatisfaction of the Irish people with their present college system. The advantages of an Irish university are pointed out.

(16 April): In a review of Fr. Tyrrell's *Lex Orandi*, Rev. Herbert Lucas, S.J., warmly commends the work in its entirety, and attaches special importance to the part which aims at explaining the best means by which Christian people can retain their hold of religious truth, namely, by a more perfect realization of the spirit of Christ on the part of the individual believers.

(23 April): It is communicated from Rome that the typical edition of Plain Chant is about to be published by the Vatican Press, and that it will differ but slightly from the version of Solesmes; the Ratisbon edition having been discountenanced by the Holy Father. Also an account is given of the kind reception extended to the English pilgrims at the Vatican. The special purpose of the embassy's visit was to take part in the celebration of the Gregorian Centenary.——Cardinal Vaughan's last book, *The Young Priest*, is noticed very favorably by the Bishop of Newport.——In the obituary columns there appear interesting memoirs of the Very Rev. Canon

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Wright, of Hammersmith, and of Rev. Father Amherst, of the Society of Jesus.

(30 April): An excellent article reviews the purpose of Loubet's late visit to Rome.——Three letters, addressed to the editor, strongly support the Holy Father in his ruling with regard to church music and oppose the petition proposed by M. Joseph Short.

(7 May): A letter to the *Times* from ex-Vicar Beeby calls on Bishop Gore to stand by his promise of resigning should the Church of England ever allow such liberty of doctrinal interpretation as Mr. Beeby had been prohibited from using.——A letter of Loisy's printed in the *Times* intimates dissatisfaction with the way in which "le jeune Cardinal Merry del Val c'est acquitté de sa mission," and adds, "Catholique j'étais, Catholique je reste; critique j'étais, critique je reste."

The Month (May): R. H. J. Steuart scores popular "literature" for its literary and artistic deficiencies, and deplores its evil influence. He charges the gaily-bound magazine with "mortal sins against truth and taste." The writer intimates that the ideal existence portrayed in the "short story" is sufficiently often of "immoral or unmoral tendency." The pseudo-scientific articles, it would appear, are frequently instrumental in leading half-educated minds to conclude that their "religious beliefs are false, or at least in serious need of revision."——The fact that Pius X. notes a parallelism between the beginning of his own Pontificate and St. Gregory's, elicits from Rev. S. F. Smith a brief outline of the appalling situation which confronted Gregory in 590.

Church Quarterly Review (April): An article on "Criticism and Catholicism" deals with the Loisy affair as indicative of an important crisis in the history of the Church of Rome, and therefore something of great interest to Anglicans who mediate between the excess and the defect of ecclesiastical authority. There are now two conceptions struggling for supremacy in the Catholic Church. That represented by Loisy accepts all the doctrines of the church, but questions if they can be demonstrated from the Gospels according to the received prin-

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ciples and methods (be they right or wrong) of scientific criticism. As a critic, Loisy attempts to define the results of criticism; as an apologist, he attempts to show that these results really leave Christianity untouched. The theory of the absolute and unlimited authority of the teaching church is not a Catholic doctrine but a theological opinion; and the extravagant development of it has at last forced a critical examination, and seems about to result in its destruction. In its place there is being substituted a new conception of church authority built on the organized collective experience and reflection of the multitudinous members of the Christian body. This new conception will deliver men from lawless Protestantism, on the one hand, and from theological despotism, on the other.——An article, "Japan and Western Ideas," shows the remarkable process of assimilation of Western ideas going on in the Japanese mind since Perry's time. The writer traces the forces at work in this to six heads, as follows: The influence of the voluntary exiles from Japan; the work of the foreign diplomatic representatives; the influence of the foreigners whom Japan has invited to her shores; the young men sent out by Japan to be educated in other countries; the foreign commercial communities at the treaty ports, and the influence of Christian missionaries——"Christian Socialism in France." In this review of a recent work written by Georges Goyau attention is drawn to "the perpetual charm which the Church of Rome exercises over the Gallic mind—not only among the old aristocracy of the Faubourg St. Germain, but in that young France which is interesting itself in Christian Socialism," with the further remark that: "They know what they are about, these men. They see that its (the church's) power over men's minds is as fresh in this age of the search after causal knowledge and facts as ever it was in the ages which have been known as those of Faith."——"The Popish Plot." This is a review of Mr. Pollock's work of the same title, and of the attacks made upon it by Mr. Andrew Lang and Father Gerard, S.J. The conclusion reached by the article is that Mr.

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Pollock has given the world a good piece of work in his volume, and that his opponents have failed to refute his positions.

Le Correspondant (Mar.–April): In an article entitled "La Première Etape" Count Albert de Mun demonstrates the astute policy of a government that deceives the common people by sophisms which veil the true nature of the work of dechristianizing a country.——M. Fénélon Gibon, in "La Suppression de l'Enseignement Catholique en France," figures out the enormous sum it will cost the country to support the schools which have been taken out of the hands of the religious communities. He tabulates, so that who runs may read, the services rendered to France by only two of the teaching orders at the very time of their expulsion. The writer thinks that this matter of expense may be used to prevent the state from monopolizing the work of education, and draws attention to four principal points to be kept in view as the end of all endeavor.

La Revue Apologétique (April): Under the title of "Protestantism" A. Baudrillart discusses the question whether or not Protestantism has been more favorable than Catholicism to moral and spiritual progress. First he gives us the views of Charles Villers, Napoleon Roussel, and Émil de Lavelye, all of whom claim that Protestantism has been a guarantee of political and social peace, together with a high standard of morals, while agitations and disorders are always rife among the Catholic nations. Lavelye takes France as an example of a Catholic country, and cites Germany, England, and the United States as defenders of religion, morals, and liberty. The writer of this article does not pretend to claim that Catholic nations, and especially those under the sway of Freemasonry, are what they should be. In attempting to refute the assertions of Lavelye he brings before us the indifference and impiety of the three Protestant countries quoted by that writer.

La Revue Générale (April): M. Ch. Woeste reviews the sixth volume of M. De la Gorce's *History of the Second Empire.* On account of the important facts covered in

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this volume, namely, the relations of Napoleon with Prussia during the first part of the year of 1871, M. Woeste considers this work the most valuable of the series.——M. Paul de Decker discusses the causes and probable outcome of the Russia–Japan war. The interests of the Christian world, he says, require that Russia should be successful in the struggle.——The proposed law to compel the teaching of Flemish in the free schools of Belgium is the subject of an interesting article by Father Verest, S.J. He shows that this law not only opposes the constitutional rights of the people but also threatens to cripple the usefulness of the schools.

Revue des Questions Scientifiques (April): R. P. Lammens, S.J., in treating of "Syria and its Geographical Importance," shows how "la Syrie de tout temps a formé comme un trait d'union entre l'Orient et l'Occident." Syria's part in the world's history is clearly outlined. A very good description of the country and people is given by the writer. He concludes his article with a strong appeal for the proposed Bagdad railway, claiming that this transcontinental line would be for the best interests of Syria.——M. Beaujean has an article on wireless telegraphy, referring especially to its use in the army. The progress of this system, its great advantages, and its chief defects are clearly pointed out by the writer.

Stimmen aus Maria Laach (April): In an article on the relation existing between legal punishment and the notion of moral responsibility, Rev. V. Cathrein, S.J., complains of a tendency on the part of many modern jurists to belittle or wholly ignore the great principles of sound ethics in dealing with the problem of criminal legislation. Father Cathrein's purpose in writing is to prove that all just punishment presupposes guilt, and that guilt always presupposes free will and moral responsibility.—— The subject of "Catholic Charity" is briefly treated in a paper contributed by Rev. H. Nix, S.J.——This number contains also an article on "Soul and Brain," by Rev. J. Bessmer, S.J.; "Die Sternenfahrt des Gilgamesch," by F. X. Kugler, S.J., and the concluding installment of Father Plötzer's series: "Anglicanism on Its Way to Rome?"

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Rassegna Nazionale (16 April): Mario Foresi publishes two autograph and unedited sonnets of Petrarch obtained from the late noted antiquary, Sir William Rudship.——Translates Lord Halifax's prefatory letter to Lacey's "Harnack and Loisy" (reviewed in this issue of the Catholic World).——E. S. Kingswan, commenting on the Smoot case, hopes that the agitation it excited will prove to be a prelude to a similar agitation against that species of successive polygamy known as "divorce."

Rivista Internazionale (April): G. Toniolo writes about Spencer's influence in contemporary schools of sociology, and advances the thesis that the selfish struggle for existence and supremacy produces a first stage of civilization that may be called "pagan"; but that to this a higher and truer civilization succeeds through the operation of the Christian ideals of justice and charity, force yielding to right, license to reason, violence to conscience, oppressor to victim, so that it may be said that Abel not Cain is the final victor, and that, as Benjamin Kidd positively demonstrates in his *Principles of Western Civilization*, social evolution coincides with Christianization.

Civiltà Cattolica (16 April): Keeps on refuting Loisy, and in view of the fact that "upon an inaccurate concept of the Kingdom (of Heaven) Loisy builds his erroneous Christianity," presents the true concept and constructs true Christianity thereon.——An article on Rationalism distinguishes between that system and reason, which condemns it; declares it is unnecessary for Catholics, who have the truth, to answer the doubts and objections of the enemies of revealed religion, who neither have nor seek after the truth; asserts that Harnack sums up Christianity in a set of propositions "which are a curious mixture of puerility and malice"; and affirms that the words of parish priests and the explanations of the catechism suffice to keep the Catholic people faithful and safe from the errors spread about so insidiously by Protestant rationalists.——Describes what is being done for the Italians in the diocese of New York, and quotes the words attributed to the Apostolic Delegate on the work of educating the Italian children: "Let us try

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with all our power to make them good Americans without ever letting the love of Italy disappear from their hearts."

Razón y Fe (May): P. Ferreres, concluding the long series of articles on real and apparent death, insists on the fact of latent life enduring for a considerable time after all signs of animation have disappeared; and he states that since the beginning of decomposition is really the only sure sign that death has come, the last sacraments should be administered in many cases where they are usually omitted.——P. Baixauli sketches the history of Church Music and comments on the Motu Proprio, saying: "His Holiness does not condemn modern music and its legitimate developments, but demands that, like the Gregorian Chant and classical harmony, it should possess the characteristics proper to ecclesiastical music: sacredness, good taste, universality." Perez, Nobo, and Hilarión are cited as models for modern composers of church music, and a few examples of their work are presented. ——P. Amado goes into the pedagogical office and principles of old monasticism.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

AT Cliff Haven, N. Y., on Lake Champlain, the Summer-School will hold its thirteenth session during nine weeks, from July 5 to September 2. The work of preparation assigned to the Board of Studies is nearing completion, and the report from the chairman, Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., contains the following announcements relating to the schedule of lectures for session of 1904:

First Week, July 5–8.—Course of four lectures. Subject, The Mediæval Drama, its origin, development, and purpose, by Mrs. Margaret S. Mooney, head of the Department of English at the State Normal College, Albany, N. Y.

Evening lectures on American Humorists, by Mr. W. P. Oliver, of Brooklyn, N. Y. City.

Second Week, July 11–15.—Five lectures on Practical Phases of the discussion with Socialists, by the Rev. W. S. Kress, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Evening lectures on Detroit as a Catholic centre, and the evolution of a Novelist, by Miss Mary Catherine Crowley, of Boston, Mass.

Studies from an Old-Fashioned Library; Some Books, a Few Readers and a Tradition, will furnish subject matter for two lectures, by Miss Helena T. Goessmann, M.Ph., of Amherst, Mass.

Third Week, July 18–22.—Five Lectures by the Right Rev. Monsignor Loughlin, D.D., of Philadelphia, Pa., on The Historical Study of the Council of Trent.

Evening lectures by James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., of New York City. General Subject, Recent Biology; (1) Evolution and Adaptation, (2) Hereditary Influences and Environment, (3) Instincts and Darwinism, (4) The Argument from Design in Biology.

Fourth Week, July 25–29.—Five lectures by James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., Lecturer on Experimental Psychology at St. Francis Xavier College, New York. General subject, Experimental Psychology. (1) Application of the Experimental Method in Psychology, (2) Seeing, (3) Hearing, (4) Feeling, (5) Memory and Suggestion.

Two evening lecture recitals by Mr. Camille W. Zeckwer, of the Philadelphia Musical Academy.

Two lectures by the Hon. M. H. Glynn, of Albany, N. Y.

Fifth Week, August 1–5.—Five lectures on the Great Western Schism, by the Rev. Joseph M. Woods, S.J., Professor of Church History at Woodstock College, Md.

Two evening lectures on Anglican Orders, according to the decision of Pope Leo XIII., by the Rev. Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P., of New York City.

Lecture recitals by Mr. Camille W. Zeckwer.

Sixth Week, August 8–12.—Five lectures on Philosophy in America during the Nineteenth Century, by the Rev. John T. Driscoll, S.T.L., Diocese of Albany.

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Evening lectures on the Neo-Celtic Movement, its Purposes, Ideals, and a Study of its Development, by the Rev. Henry E. O'Keeffe, C.S.P., of New York City.

Evening lectures on Irish Wit and Humor in Ireland and America, by Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, Editor *The Pilot*, Boston, Mass.

Seventh Week, August 15–19.—Five lectures on Spanish Literature, by Professor J. D. M. Ford, of Harvard University. In this course an endeavor will be made to outline certain main features of the development of Spanish letters. To this end five topics have been chosen for discussion:

(1) Old Spanish epic verse; the material extant in poetic form and that preserved in the Chronicles; the relation of the Spanish epic to the French epic (the *chansons de geste*) and to the Spanish ballads.

(2) The beginnings of Spanish prose; the literary activity of Alfonse X. and of Juan Manuel.

(3) Spanish lyric verse of ancient and modern times; the rise of lyric composition in Castilian and its relation to Provençal and Galician verse; court poetry; the introduction of Italian models; the verse of the mystics; the patriotic ode; the romantic lyric; later lyric verse of the Nineteenth Century.

(4) The rise and glorious development of the drama in Spain; the earliest dramatic composition extant; Juan del Encina and his successors; the drama of the Golden Age as exemplified in the plays of Lope de Vega, Calderón, and the contemporaries; French classicism in the Spanish theatre; the romantic drama; the psychological play and other recent forms.

(5) The Spanish novel from its origins to the present century; the Old Spanish tale; the *Amadís* and other books of chivalry; the pastoral romance; the picaresque novel and the novel of adventure; the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes; the tale and novel of manners; the existing novelistic movement as illustrated by the works of Valera, Pereda, Valdés, Galdós, Pardo Bazán, etc.

Evening lectures by the Rev. John P. Chidwick, of New York City, on Glimpses of Catholic Missionary Life in a Trip around the World; The Friars in the Philippines; Cities of Japan; customs and manners; Japanese Temples, Art, and Religion; account of the present crisis in the history of Japan.

Eighth Week, August 22–26.—Five lectures on the American Consular Service and Trade Relations with Foreign Countries, by Professor J. C. Monaghan, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, Washington, D. C.

Illustrated Course of evening lectures on the Architectural Monuments of Venice, Florence, Rome, and Paris, by Barr Ferree, President of the Department of Architecture of the Brooklyn Institute, Honorary and Corresponding Member of the Royal Institute of British Architects.

These lectures, treating of great buildings or groups of buildings, are designed to give the auditor more than the dry facts of architectural history. The buildings are easily the most interesting in the world, and the lectures deal not only with the structures themselves and their builders, but with their decorations and the men who did them—the painters and sculptors—and the great events which have taken place in them. The entire subject is treated with special reference to the human interests that are indelibly associated with great architectural creations.

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The lectures are illustrated with superb lantern pictures made especially for the course from new and original photographs and from prints, documents, etc., in private collections. This wealth of inaccessible material adds greatly to this unique series of lectures.

Ninth Week, August 29–September 2.—Five lectures on Recent Phases of discussion relating to Morality, Religion, Ethical Culture, etc., by the Rev. James J. Fox, S.T.D. (Catholic University), Professor of Philosophy at St. Thomas College, Washington, D. C.

Evening lectures by the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, of Altoona, Pa., on Reading Circles in relation to the Summer-School.

Readings by Miss Mary Canney, of New York City.

Conference on methods of advancing Catholic Educational work in Parish Schools and Sunday-Schools, under the direction of the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P., to whom all inquiries bearing on this department may be sent, addressed to 415 West 59th Street, New York City. Special attention will be directed to the misleading and unreliable statistics relating to Catholic Schools as usually given in the reports of public officials.

Reading Circle Day, August 30.—Programme to be arranged by Warren E. Mosher, A.M., Editor of the *Champlain Educator*, which is especially devoted to the advancement of Reading Circles.

Special Lectures for Teachers.—The picturesque environment of Lake Champlain, together with the distinguished abilities of the specialists chosen for the lectures, will secure for those in attendance a most favorable opportunity to combine pleasure and profit. Some of the informal discussions after the lectures in the beautiful pine grove overlooking the lake at Cliff Haven will be found much more delightful than the ordinary meetings held for self-improvement during the school year.

Under competent teachers instruction will be given in Sloyd and physical culture.

Lessons in Music.—Mr. Camille W. Zeckwer will arrange for music lessons at Cliff Haven. At his recitals in the auditorium he will include selections from leading musical composers in America and Europe. He is prepared to teach Piano, Organ, Violin and Theory, including Harmony, Counterpoint, Canon, Imitation, Fugue, Composition, and Instrumentation, at summer rates. Mr. Zeckwer is Director of the Germantown Branch of the Philadelphia Musical Academy; Organist and Director of St. John's Roman Catholic Church, Philadelphia, and Director of the Manheim Orchestra. Mr. Zeckwer is known as a composer of piano pieces and songs. Post-office address: No. 6029 Main Street, Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

A varied programme of athletic sports has been arranged by Mr. James E. Sullivan, including Rowing, Swimming, Archery, Basket-Ball, Golf, Base-Ball, etc. As the director of the World's Fair Athletic Exhibit at St. Louis Mr. Sullivan has been honored with the highest recognition that can be given in America. He has a number of medals and trophies to show for his prowess. But he holds another class of records, for which there is no material evidence. He is a charter member of the Pastime Athletic Club, organized in 1878, and famous as the nursery of athletes. He was president and captain of its teams until 1888. Then he transferred his allegiance to

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the New Jersey Athletic Club of Bayonne, and served a long term as president there. He was an officer of the National Association and in the Athletic Union; a member of the first board of governors of the Amateur Athletic Union, and is at present the only active member who has been active since the formation. He has been a member of all the championship committees, and most of the time president. He has never missed a championship meeting, and has been judge or referee in every great intercollegiate meet in the East for twenty years. He was assistant American director at the Olympic games in Paris in 1900, and director of athletics at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo. He founded one of the pioneer exclusively sporting papers in the United States, and is still an editor as well as a publisher of the official books on all sports.

* * *

The following is taken from an article written by the Rev. Thomas McMillan, C.S.P. :

In nearly every case the realization of what the Summer-School stands for is much more fully impressed by a visit to its home at Cliff Haven than by any description on the printed page. The anticipation is far surpassed by the reality. The present writer has had the honor of taking an active share since the very beginning of the movement in the work of preparing the programme of lectures and studies. Considerable attention has been given to the encouragement of the work for self-improvement undertaken voluntarily by the Catholic Reading Circles throughout the United States. It is now conceded that the directors and members of these reading circles have been the chief factors that made possible the beginning and continued success of the Summer-School. They contributed to the movement from their varied experience in educational work without any inducement of professional compensation. Each one is expected to be a volunteer, eager and willing to do loyal service in the cause of Christian truth. For every lecture the allowance of money is made merely nominal to cover expenses. In the absence of any large endowment fund this spirit of generosity must be relied on to continue the work for the future.

A practical example may best serve to illustrate the bond of union between the Catholic reading public and the Summer-School. The former director of the Fénelon Reading Circle, Borough of Brooklyn, New York City, Rev. M. G. Flannery, was invited to communicate some of his extensive knowledge on the subject of Christian art, in the form of lectures. He was also requested to furnish a list of books of reference, so that the readers might continue the study in their own homes during the winter months. Another useful purpose of this list was to guide the selection of books in the numerous town libraries supported by public funds where Catholics can claim equal rights.

There was much discussion at the inception of the movement as to whether the Summer-School represented a real need of the Catholic body; and whether it would serve to develop and strengthen the intellectual forces in defence of educational institutions. The late Brother Azarias was requested to prepare a statement bearing on this point for the Catholic Congress at

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Chicago in the year 1893, in which he stated that the primary import of the Summer-School is:

To give from the most authoritative sources among our Catholic writers and thinkers the Catholic point of view on all the issues of the day in history, in literature, in philosophy, in political science, upon the economic problems that are agitating the world, upon the relations between science and religion; to state in the clearest possible terms the principal underlying truth in each and all these subjects, to remove false assumptions and correct false statements; to pursue the calumnies and slanders uttered against our creed and our Church to their last lurking place. Our reading Catholics, in the busy round of their daily occupations, heedlessly snatch out of the secular journals and magazines undigested opinions upon important subjects, opinions hastily written and not infrequently erroneously expressed; men and events, theories and schemes and projects, are discussed upon unsound principles and assumptions which the readers have but scant time to unravel and rectify; the poison of these false premises enters into their thinking, corrodes their reasoning; and unconsciously they accept as truth conclusions that are only distortions of truth. . . . The mission of the *Catholic Summer-School*, therefore, does in all propriety, and in all justice, take a place in our Catholic system of education.

By his own lectures at the Summer-School, Brother Azarias refuted many erroneous opinions relating to the history of education. Professor Herbert B. Adams, of the Johns Hopkins University, in the Report of the Commissioner of Education for the United States, 1898–9, rendered a deserved tribute when he affirmed that Brother Azarias in his printed essays "proved conclusively to American readers that the mediæval Church did not neglect either primary or popular education. All was given that the times really needed or demanded. The rise of Colleges and Universities cannot be explained without reference to the Cathedral and Cloister Schools of the Middle Ages. . . . The gymnasia of modern Germany were based upon mediæval . . . foundations, upon confiscation of ancient religious endowments."

The approval given June, 1894, by our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., was most encouraging to those who had undertaken amid many difficulties the work of starting the Summer-School. During the following year the Apostolic Delegate, now Cardinal Satolli, made a personal inspection of the site chosen, and sent a cordial letter in approbation of the movement. Since that time Cardinal Gibbons, Cardinal Martinelli, and the present Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Falconio, and many other prelates have been among the honored guests. The former president of the Summer-School, Right Rev. Monsignor Conaty, D.D., was chosen Rector of the Catholic University, and is now Bishop of Los Angeles, Cal. Right Rev. Monsignor Lavelle, V.G., after many years of devoted service to the work of the Summer-School, has received merited distinction from Pope Pius X. within the present year.

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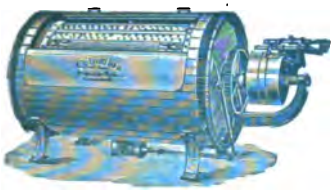

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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THE RECOMMENDATION OF CATHOLICISM.

BY REVEREND JOSEPH McSORLEY, C.S.P.

TRULY significant of the general temper of the present epoch is the unprecedented number of books, pamphlets, articles, and sermons now propagating an idea of religion intended to replace the old belief in supernatural Christianity. As the best scholarship of the day has been largely devoted to this cause, it is not surprising to find that a considerable measure of success has come to reward effort and to stimulate fresh endeavor. Men even claim that an omen of ultimate triumph is hovering above the marching army of progress; and they speak not without at least a show of justification. For it seems not unreasonable to believe that the methods which served to reconstruct science in the past may safely be relied upon to fashion the religion of the future; and that this present movement will be confronted by no greater obstacles than those which once made spectral analysis and wireless telegraphy foolish as the tales of fairyland. In short, an incipient revolution has rarely been more promising or more powerful than the current reaction against revealed religion. Meanwhile, directly in its course, blocking its progress, defying and waving it back, stands the Catholic Church,—to challenge what rationalism affirms, and to stake her right to life on the permanent value of what nearly all the rest of the world has relegated to the shadows of benighted antiquity. Claiming to wield a supreme authority, she defines doctrines,

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she imposes laws, and she proclaims that by a supernatural commission she is entitled to exact belief and obedience from all mankind.

Justification for her action in assuming this attitude and pre-empting this authority over souls, the church certainly must present, under penalty of being regarded as ignoring all reason and defying all right. In truth, centuries of apologetic have had precisely this end of self-vindication in view. Historical demonstration of the accuracy of Scripture, analysis of doctrinal passages, verification of prophecies, enumeration of miracles—in these various fields her numerous and ardent controversialists have been long engaged. Recognizing man's right to seek, and her duty to provide, motives for believing, the church, in addressing herself to the world, offers evidence of her divine origin, which many a time has won earnest seekers to the conviction that Catholicism is indeed from God.

To-day, however, and almost in the very measure that this evidence approaches its highest possible perfection of presentation, there is spreading abroad a temper of mind sure to interfere most seriously with the practical efficiency of Catholic apologetic. Nor can we deny that the mental disposition thus unfavorable to the extension of Catholicism has been in the past, and will be in the future, bred and fostered by principles which have made strongly for the general progress of the world. Is it not to the growth of the scientific temper that "the wonderful century" just closed owes its most brilliant achievements? And is it not this same temper which seems to be mainly responsible for the present set of the cultivated mind with regard to revealed religion? To be critical, say practically incredulous; to shrink from committing one's self; to keep testing and verifying, sounding and adjusting, doubting old and venturing new hypotheses—these tendencies have been successful in emancipating men from the bondage of numerous time-honored illusions and putting them in control of mighty forces before which more reverent generations were content to worship silently. We look back to the sources of modern progress, and we discover that criticism has been the great instrument of progress. Once men have dared to examine impartially, away have crumbled caste privileges and hereditary divine rights and traditional superstitions of every sort. So we begin to doubt everything, and the leaders of thought

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encourage us. The Opus Majus bids us found certainty on experience alone. The Discourse on Method counsels a modification of the assent given to any proposition capable of being doubted. The first scientists of the day preach lay sermons on "the sin of faith," and remind us that we must accept as merely provisional the scientific views that prevail, whether about the existence of ether, the character of gravitation, or the constancy of nature. To assume positions as workable theories only; to sift everything; to ignore no shred of evidence; and to consider every question open until one side has been demonstrated, and submission is a necessity of the mind—such is the method universally recommended, and amply justified by the successes it has achieved. By following these lines Newton improved on Kepler, and Pasteur became great, and Ohm gave the world a law. It is as the outcome of this method that we receive our automobiles, and submarines, and cables, and X-ray pictures, and marconigraphs. Surely the history of the last half century provides a sufficient motive for men to feel sceptical about any proposition which is not actually forced on their acceptance. Yet, according to the Catholic Church, it is this very spirit of rationalistic criticism which a man must divest himself of in his search for religious truth. The evidence of her claims he must approach not critically but reverentially; and he must accept as final and certain facts which theology itself tells him he is not mentally bound to accept.* It seems plain enough, then, that between the current temper of the day and the disposition demanded as a prerequisite of Catholic belief there is an irreconcilable opposition.

All might be very nicely arranged, of course, if the church were content to have her claim accepted as a fairly probable one. But this she refuses to allow. What was taught by pope and synod and theologian in other ages is repeated in our own day;† and it amounts to this, that probable opinion, or conditional acceptance, or workable theory will never suffice as a basis of faith; firm, certain, and undoubting must be the assent given to the facts which constitute the church's reasonable title to divine authority. But this is precisely the kind of assent which critical minds are loth to give; and which they can hardly be expected to give on the sole strength of argu-

* Cf., *e.g.*, Suarez, *De Fide*, d. iii. § 8, n. 5, sqq.; Lugo, *De Fide*, d. ii. § 1, n. 14, sqq.
† Cf. Denzinger's *Enchiridion*, nn. 1038, 1488–1493, 1498.

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ments hotly contested by scholars more thoroughly equipped for discussion than men ever were before.

What some will consider the most thoroughly disturbing element of the situation is the facility with which, by means of reprints and digests, the critical temper inoculates the whole reading world. That in the studious, thoughtful classes of a progressive generation many should come upon more or less unanswerable difficulties, and grow suspicious of traditional creed, might seem comparatively tolerable; but the trouble does not end there. If neolithic fossils and Babylonian bricks and Syrian palimpsests and laboratory plethysmographs had no other usefulness, at least they would serve as efficient catch-words, reminding the masses of serious problems raised by specialists and still awaiting solution. True, we have scholar answering scholar, and learning pitted against learning; but no apologist will dare assert that all along the line the fight is won, and that a close-linked series of flawless arguments makes faith impervious to doubt. And yet in the absence of such a perfect apologetic many minds are pledged to hold aloof from "denominational attachments." In the evidences of Christianity, writes Romanes,* "as in any other science, the lay public must take on authority only what both sides are agreed upon." Hence, although we revise and correct and improve our arguments, in view of changed conditions, and although we totally rearrange our defence of the faith, we have to admit that besides the occasions when we succeed in producing convictions, there are many others when we are balked and helpless.

That a fairly good case can be made out for Catholicism; that science cannot prove miracles impossible, nor history deny the Virgin Birth, nor psychology deny the inspiration of Scripture, nor philosophy reduce the Trinity to a contradiction and the Incarnation to an absurdity,—these propositions, for the most part, are recognized by the modern mind. The foremost rationalists of the day † are perfectly willing to concede that Catholicism is logical and consistent, that it is the only possible theory of supernatural religion. How wide a chasm yawns between these amiable concessions and assent to the church's claims may not be realized when the Catholic is working out a paper apologetic; but it comes home with dismaying force when he attempts to persuade a smiling hearer that what

* *Thoughts on Religion*, p. 166.

† *E. g.*, Sabatier.

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has been admitted as a theoretic possibility is actually and certainly true. The mind so encouragingly slow to deny is equally reluctant to affirm. We go over the evidence point by point; we level hills and make rough places plain; we provide means of transportation and certificates that our road has been the path to peace for many; and when we have done, then, with no shade of animosity, and almost with visible regret at the necessity of expressing disagreement, our listener replies: "But how can I be sure of it with so many gaps in the evidence?" In a word, we have only proven the fact of revelation to be credible; we cannot force an admission that it is indubitably true.

It will scarcely be necessary to remind the reader that this condition of mind in no sense belies the Vatican Council's pronouncement as to the validity of proofs based on miracles and prophecies. The church never declared that these, or any other, proofs would make dissent a rational impossibility. Rather has she always been inclined to insist on the insufficiency of mere argument, to postulate as essential the assistance of divine grace, and to make appeal to that piety and affection without which she considers it unlikely, if not impossible, that a mind can take the first step towards faith.

The lesson brought home to us, therefore, is simply this: after logic has done its best and science exhausted its resources, something must still be done before the church's title to a divine authority will be sufficiently recommended to the men most thoroughly imbued with the temper of the age. Feeling that now the world is in possession of a wider outlook than of old; that to be philosophical forbids one to be partisan; that they are viewing the course of history "with larger other eyes than ours," the critics instinctively and persistently refuse to take sides in "sectarian disputes." So, after all our classical proofs have been presented, we find ourselves facing still unconquered minds, and wills not yet ready to command the acceptance of propositions which the very first canon of criticism bids them be wary of.

The man who has long admitted the consistency and reasonableness of Catholicism may, then, have need of a further motive before accepting it as certainly true.* Upon one ques-

* This seems to have been the attitude of Romanes towards Christianity at the period described in *Thoughts on Religion*, p. 141.

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tion, it appears, must depend all chance of our ever providing that motive: Can the critic be brought to look upon the church as no longer an object of mere speculative interest, but a thing with which the most precious goods and the most sublime realities of life are inevitably bound up? There are propositions to the truth of which men never fasten their souls' high hopes, and to the finality of which, therefore, no moral motive bids them commit themselves. When Fresnel or Hertz propound theories, the listener cares to know only if acceptance will render calculations fruitful and devices operative. When Laplace is corrected by Lord Kelvin, no scientist hopes that the new conceptions may never be improved upon. Those who appropriate the benefits of the Euclidian geometry, concern themselves little as to whether its postulate be true or false. That the theory of revelation should be approached in another spirit, and that here the will should determine an assent beyond the power of the evidence to force, this, it would seem, requires beyond all else a deep conviction that somehow things which give value to life, the objects of imperishable hopes, and the ends of quenchless ambitions, are linked inextricably with the verdict passed upon Catholicism as certain or unproven.

Thus, paradoxical though it seem, we must look to lead certain minds, first to an acceptance of Catholicism as something involved in their own dearest certainties, and afterwards to the decision that their wills shall come into play and determine that whatever the church implies shall be held as certain. The conviction that she is not and cannot be a fraud springs then from what is rooted deepest in their souls, from those beliefs that for them make up the music and sunshine and very atmosphere of life. Accordingly as a man's attitude toward reality is that of a philosopher, a mystic, an artist, or a philanthropist, he will proceed along a different path. But in each case his affirmation of Catholicity will result from a perception of its being essential to faith in the value of life. The man will believe because he has found the church to be possessed of qualities which irresistibly fix the ardent will, however free they would of themselves leave the cold and critical intellect.

In this winning over of the individual we may very confidently anticipate the help of divine grace, illuminating the mind, moving the will, awakening and deepening the emotions, so that what before was reckoned among the indifferent possi-

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bilities of history now takes a place among such centres of high affection as faith in the principle of progress, belief in a hereafter, trust in the value of purity, confidence in the honor of one's mother.

Some strong light from heaven that reveals the church's title to be regarded thus shall win for her allegiance and devotedness of a kind that cold argument could never hope to justify. Hence the pertinence of prayer, the call to petition God for those we are laboring to convert, the duty of engaging saints to further all our efforts, the expediency of inducing the souls on whom we work to pray that all which will help them towards nobility and holiness and God may be given them at whatever cost. On the assumption that Catholicism is divine, such prayer must do much to make honest men appreciate the moral and spiritual efficiency of the church's doctrines and institutions.

To say and to believe that God's secret, uncovenanted graces will descend upon the earnest seeker and develop in his soul a new appreciation of Catholicism does not, however, relieve the apostolic laborer of the necessity of toiling ardently at the work of planting and watering. He must seek out and utilize the opportunities that nature affords to grace; he must study the tendencies and cravings of each individual mind that comes under his observation; he must learn how best he may help each one to realize the value of Catholicism. When once he has become familiar with the personal tastes and affections of each, he will be able to do much towards transferring Catholicism from the merely intellectual realm into the region of things loved and venerated. This really amounts to an assertion that Catholicism has to be recommended by a careful use of the *argumentum ad hominem*. For we should not suppose that this instrument of persuasion is represented only by the negative form which provisionally accepts a man's opinions for the purpose of deducing the absurd implications they involve. It may also be employed positively, in such wise as to show a man that what he already believes and loves, involves the further truth which we are at pains to have him accept. Such procedure, moreover, is in happy accord with the common sense of the present day, which recognizes very clearly that the best method of propagating any creed is to lay bare the bonds linking it with some favorite principle or some cherished hope of

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those we address, and thus to develop an antecedent wish that the thesis under discussion may be proven true. Among the good omens in the religious world at this very moment, we may surely number the cultivation of this method of persuasion by a growing proportion of Catholic apologists.

As the pertinency of an apologetic must vary with the view-point of the person addressed, so the efficiency of each argument is a quality to be determined practically. Whether or not such or such a presentation of the case is advisable must be decided by experienced observers, rather than by scholars of monumental learning. Hence the apologist must go for direction to those who are most constantly and intimately in touch with unbelievers. In the defence of religion, as in its propaganda, deep research is of course an imperative necessity; but of equal importance is a familiar acquaintance with the needs of living men. If for his treasures of erudition the scholar must pay the price of living in seclusion, then only a docile attention to what missionaries have to tell can give him a realization of actual needs, and keep him from pouring his life into a tome that will issue from one student-closet to be buried in another, and that, however carefully elaborated at the desk, will never be heard of on the street. Perhaps it may be called a second promising feature of the present mental awakening that the modern savant is coming to conceive of his vocation as primarily and essentially a public service, and that nowadays professional scholars, and scientists, and theologians recognize that to be profound is less of a glory than to be useful. To-day the vigilant observer of actual conditions rather than the subtle explorer of eternal fitnesses is allowed to dictate the tasks to be accomplished and the methods to be employed; for the world has grown to esteem it as a poor boon to be enriched daily with a new volume presupposing what questioners do not accept, and offering evidence that, having been a thousand times presented, has a thousand times encountered the same obstinate check and the same uncompromising rejection. So apologists agree that what cannot successfully be recommended in the old way, be it ever so good a way, must be recommended in a new fashion; that proofs and arguments, congruities and probabilities which will surely be waved aside had best be exchanged, if possible, for something less pretentious, less closely spun, and more practically efficacious; and that the availability of a method

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must always depend less on what has been said or done in the past than on what is needed at the present.

True, all this means that the apologist's labor shall be never-ending, and that so long as the sum of human knowledge keeps increasing and men's attitudes keep changing, the scope of his vocation must enlarge. Not merely to remember and repeat, but to listen and learn, to sympathize and co-operate, to pursue indefatigably and in every form the sweet duty of helping truth to germinate in the souls of men, such is the task, or rather the privilege, of every apostolic spirit bearing the title of the Faith's Defender.

A conviction that the true apologist is thus unselfish forms the sufficient excuse of all who, though able to accomplish but little themselves, undertake to indicate a new riddle to be solved, an old question still awaiting its answer, or a neglected class of souls yet unprovided for. Those whose call it is to spread the faith are, of course, thoroughly anxious to be made acquainted with every vulnerable point of their own defence, with the full strength and exact situation of their antagonists, and with the most effectual way of reaching and subduing opposition. How unfortunate and hopeless would be the condition of Catholicism were a stigma attached to those who specified the weaker points of our apologetic, or pointed out strong objections, or indicated lacks in our existing literature! Surely great gratitude is the desert of all who give such warnings; for there will ever be a real danger that in the dialectical onset and the clash of contradictory theses our champions may fail to see and to provide for very serious domestic needs.

What the watchers report is this, then: that a great army is marching to our gates; but it is an army of pilgrims, and they are seeking peace. They want the truth that liberates, the hope that vivifies, the charity that makes one. Religion means for them the perfecting of humanity, and Catholicism can win their allegiance only when it proves itself capable of ennobling men as no other influence can do. To one the church must be revealed as the great social saviour, to another as the guardian of the family, to others as the soul of the finest philanthropy, the inspiration of art, the charter of democracy, the personification of Calvary's selflessness, the

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bond of human brotherhood, the principle of religious unity, the enduring basis of civilization and high morality, the supremely efficient instrument for the attainment of a holiness dear to the aspiring souls of the world's greatest men. Thus, and only thus, we are informed, can the great host about us be won to Catholicity. They will never come to it unless convinced that it symbolizes, vitalizes, and conserves these best gifts of Heaven; but in whatever measure each mind is peculiarly sensitive to the appeal of this or that gift, in such measure will sympathy and affection be aroused for the guardian of that gift, and in the same measure will sympathy and affection determine a favorable verdict on the church's claims.

To the manifesting of such characteristics as attributes of Catholicism much attention must, therefore, be devoted; motives thus presented being quite certain to sway some minds that have stubbornly resisted the impact of logical demonstrations. With one class of earnest seekers more than others will an argument of this sort be especially successful, namely, with those to whom spiritual perfection is the constant and supreme ambition of life. In a sense, persons of this kind are the most worthy of solicitude as giving promise that with the church's help they will come very near to the realizing of that divine and beautiful plan which we name God's vocation of souls. At any rate, to them the church owes much; and it is very instructive to reflect that she can fulfil her obligation towards them only when recognized by them as a luminously divine fact of which their minds cannot be rid nor their consciences freed. Show them Catholicity as the condition and the means of true holiness, and they will throw in their fate with the church, willing to accept whatever her divinity would imply, brought to the subjecting of mind and heart to her, because to disallow her claim would be to eliminate from the world of reality that which makes most strongly of all for the sanctification of humanity. This is the characteristic of a class of souls who very aptly have been named "the outside saints." Their spiritual integrity is guaranteed even by their attitude in this very question; their hesitation to go forward does but harmonize with the most noble sentiments and most lofty aspirations of our nature; and if they turn away from us with their

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demands unsatisfied they will be rejecting us out of motives worthy of all respect so long as the dictates of a pure conscience shall be deemed to possess authority.

Now, although it would not be true to say that nothing has been done to provide for the wants of souls like these, this much is plain: that the spiritual value of Catholicism is a point far from sufficiently dwelt upon in our books and sermons; that a hundred thoughts and a thousand words are devoted to other topics, while to this is grudgingly given one; that with all our zeal, our industry, and our eloquence there lies upon us a still unaccomplished duty of showing by writings, by words, and by deeds the supremacy of Catholicism as a means of human ennoblement and sanctification.

Scarcely any work, then, would seem more timely at the present moment than an exhaustive picture of the advantages possessed by Catholics in the struggle for spiritual perfection. Not one of us but feels sure that the material is ready for the artist's hand. That Catholicism lays down the principles and makes the applications, and provides the models and affords the incentives, and achieves the successes and records the experiences necessary for the constructing of such an apologetic, we can hardly doubt. For if the teachings, institutions, and general influence of the church do not rank first among the various visible influences that are sanctifying souls, then it may fairly be asked—but not easily explained—why the church is upon earth at all? A time-honored relic, a venerable establishment, an interesting teller of ancient stories, a logically coherent and wonderfully permanent society, all this she may be; but unless she be supremely efficient in helping the soul to grow in the true likeness of God, it remains inexplicable how she can lay claim to a divine authority; and the apologist must be hopelessly embarrassed when he attempts to provide the *élite* of humanity with a sufficient motive to induce them to buttress up the church's claim with the support of their reverence and affection.

Not a few at present openly declare that the spiritual efficacy of Catholicism is the chief of all the motives capable of influencing the modern mind to accept the authority of the church on evidence which in a purely scientific issue would never induce an irrevocable assent. That ideal of the Christian

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Church which dwells in the heart of the saint is constituted above all by the power to make for righteousness, to elevate and to sanctify the soul. Not unlike this is the ideal enshrined in every bosom that pants with the thirst of the fountains of God. In fact, one might almost question the value of a conversion effected with any other sentiment than a sense of the church's spiritual efficiency being dominant and supreme.

Thus there comes into view a consideration which renders it no longer a burden to faith that God has left the divinity of the church an open question for the merely critical mind For why should it be supposed that He will force men into an assent, unwilling and unappreciative? Why should we presume that to prize virtue and to pursue holiness is of less value as a guide to faith than to analyze or to argue well? And by what warrant do we expect to fashion a perfect apologetic while, as members of the church, we fail to exhibit in holy living the best proof of her divine origin, the least contestable evidence of her spiritual efficacy? There, it would seem, is the heart of the whole problem; and is it not lawful to believe that until we her children become holy, the church's title to authority and her power to cast a spell over the minds and hearts of men will always be partial and incomplete and depressingly imperfect?

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HERMAN JOSEPH VON MALLINCKRODT,

THE CHIEF FOUNDER AND FIRST LEADER OF THE CENTRE PARTY.

BY REV. GEORGE F. WEIBEL, S.J.

III.

WHEN the first direct attack was made on the liberties of the Church in the "Pulpit-paragraph," proposed and defended by Lutz, Mallinckrodt rose and refuted clause by clause the measure of oppression. "Mr. Lutz maintains," he said, "that the state must round off and protect its territory. This is quite true. But is not the church entitled and obliged to a like course of action? Since when is the church an institution of the state? Did the Emperor Octavian or, perhaps, Nero or Diocletian found the church? Does she not rather derive all authority from her divine commission from Christ, who sent his Apostles into the world, bidding them 'Go and teach,' without the sanction of kings?" A little later the new School Laws were discussed. Over fifteen years before, Mallinckrodt had expressed his views—the only tenable views of any Catholic in matters of education. Pleading in the Prussian House that a Jewish teacher of religion for the members of that faith should be appointed in a gymnasium, in the course of his remarks he thus addressed the assembly: " . . . But if you create such non-sectarian institutions, your efforts will soon result in making not only your schools, but your scholars too, undenominational. By refusing each creed its own religious instructors, you dechristianize the Christian pupils, and surely you do not make the Jewish ones better Jews." On another occasion he said on the same subject: "And now, gentlemen, allow me to ask you for a candid answer to a question. Do you really believe that such irreligious establishments will give us men grounded in religious convictions, be they Christians or Jews, Catholics or Protestants,—men who, faithful to God, will keep the faith pledged to their fellow-men, men who under all circumstances will rigidly adhere to the dictates of conscience?

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Will not those institutions train up a generation that, mistaken as to its supreme end, will wander aimlessly through life, like a rudderless ship torn from her moorings and adrift in mid-ocean?" After such antecedents, Mallinckrokt was naturally expected to inveigh vigorously against the new School Bill. "Gentlemen," he said in the course of the debate, "whither is the administration drifting? and whither does it purposely tend? These are two questions to which I am not in a condition to furnish a reply. But I am greatly alarmed that the answer which the future will give will not be the one expected, that the actual result will differ widely from the original intent. At the moment when the government summarily requires the dictatorship over the school, the Hon. Virchow, the leader of the Left, advocates compulsory education. Gentlemen, the governmental move from the Right to the Left, so clearly manifested in these proceedings, forces us to advance with caution. . . . The president of the ministry, if I am not greatly mistaken, in more than one line has chosen for his models not only the Emperor Napoleon, but also some prominent Italian statesmen. This circumstance renders me all the more suspicious. It imposes upon me the duty to warn you, gentlemen, against accepting a bill which in reality is nothing short of pure dictatorship."

To vary the monotony of useless discussions of laws which a hostile majority had determined on passing, Bismarck, regardless of the dictates of common decency, offered peace to the Centre on condition that it would exclude Windhorst from its ranks. The champion of the party returned an answer honorable both to the speaker and to the illustrious victim of the chancellor's special hatred. "The president of the cabinet has offered us peace," said Mallinckrodt, "on condition that we rid ourselves of that dangerous member, Windhorst. In this barter, gentlemen, two parties are concerned; first, the Hon. Representative from Meppen; . . . secondly, the Centre Party—I speak in the name of the latter. Gentlemen, we wish for peace as sincerely as any man in this House; but when peace is offered on the condition that we sacrifice one of the members—yes, even a single one of our companions-in-arms—this we deem an insult to our honor; such a proposition we reject immediately and most energetically. No, the temptation is not strong enough to cause us to succumb. We are proud to possess among us a member like the Hon. Deputy from

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Meppen. Gentlemen, in acquiring him the Centre has secured a priceless pearl, and this pearl has found its proper setting."

In June, 1872, the Jesuit Law was under consideration. The Protestant Friedberg, commissioner of the government in proposing the measure, solemnly protested that nothing was more foreign to the bill than a spirit of hostility to the church; on the contrary, it was to be a law of peace. The answer to such bitter mockery came swift and crushing. After having torn to shreds the specious pretences of the speaker, Mallinckrodt continued: "Gentlemen, this bill is simply a declaration of bankruptcy on the part of the Legislature. I for one have never seen, neither in the past nor in the present, any legal enactment that offended so grossly against the most primary requisites of the legislative science." In the same discourse, referring to what the governmental commissioner has styled the mildness of this law of peace, Mallinckrodt replied: "Gentlemen, the right of personal freedom is guaranteed to the vilest of evil-doers, in so far as he cannot be interdicted any special place without previous legal condemnation. The Jesuits thus far have not been condemned in court; no sentence has been pronounced against them; no, not even a hint has been given that, in the twenty-five years during which the Jesuits have labored on German soil, one single transgression, one single breach of the law, in any one member of their society, has been laid to their charge. And to-day, the Imperial government has the effrontery—pardon the expression—to propose a decree of outlawry whereby men whom hundreds of thousands, nay millions, in the land revere for their virtue and esteem for their public services are placed in a position inferior to that occupied by the ordinary criminal; a measure whereby they are deprived of the right of claiming a hearing prior to condemnation. . . . No, gentlemen, this is no verdict; this is the tyranny of party spirit."

No sooner had the sons of Loyola been banished from German soil than the enemies of the church, in conformity with time-honored tactics, demanded the sacrifice of all religious orders. The Jesuits had been condemned to a severe exile simply because they were Jesuits. The other religious were to share the same fate because of affiliation to the Order of St. Ignatius. Even the devoted women who wore out their lives in prisons, hospitals, and schools, and who but a year before had shown such heroism

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on the battle-field—even they had become an impediment to progress in civilization, a dangerous element in the state. The humble nun, however, found a worthy champion in this new "Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche"!

"Gentlemen, please consider your action," exclaimed Mallinckrodt during the discussion. "When determined to expel the Jesuits you said to yourselves: the Prussian constitution presents difficulties to the execution of our plan; we must take the Imperial Legislature for our base of operation. Then you went to work, proposed and passed a law for the whole empire. By its aid you rudely forced those men to leave their native land. To-day you do not even deem it necessary to recur to the help of a law. No, the arbitrary caprice of a ministry is sufficient for you to fully justify your course. All preceding ministers of worship may have declared that the constitution guarantees the religious sisters free access to the school-room; the state in former days may have granted them the right of corporation; this is all the same to you. The minister of instruction has said the word: 'The sisters must be excluded from the class-room: the ultimate reason for it, my good pleasure.' And you all loudly applaud the oracle.

"Are you aware, gentlemen, of your own rapid progress? What is it finally that thus urges you on? Is it a political question, a reason of state? Now, what are your political grounds? Name those reasons of state! Or perhaps you intend to chastise the members of the Centre Party by destroying the legal existence of the poor school sisters? Is this noble, gentlemen? Is this just? Can such conduct stand the scrutiny of the historian? Must not history blush for shame when compelled to enter such deeds on her scroll? I ask again, gentlemen, what your motives are. Is your peace so terribly disturbed by the mere fact that outside of your own schools, and within the bare walls of her modest cell, the school sister says an 'Our Father' more than you? Indeed, gentlemen, prayer must have become quite odious with certain classes of people. This circumstance alone can furnish a reason for the latest innovation. In former days, at the opening of the 'Landtag,' prayer was first on the order of the House. To-day such superstitious practices are out of date. Heretofore children used to begin their class-work with a devout 'Our Father.' I suppose this too must cease."

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As has been remarked, Mallinckrodt fully realized the utter futility of his efforts before that brazen wall of deep-seated prejudice and blind party-passion, so skilfully exploited for his own ends by the real ruler of the empire. Nevertheless he kept on fighting the great battle for "Truth, Freedom, and Justice." Nowhere did our zealous champion appear to better advantage, nowhere did the time-serving majority dread him more, than in questions touching the interests of the church. On such occasions the mighty stream of his eloquence, welling up from a sorrow-stricken heart, would overcome all obstacles and sweep everything along in its resistless course. Under its action the opponents saw the ground torn away from under their feet, and were carried along in spite of themselves. Seldom, if ever, did they dare interrupt his discourse. Never, on the other hand, not even in the heat of an argument, would he allow a hasty word or unguarded expression to escape his lips. There they would sit, those would-be civilizers, listening to the vigorous denunciation of their deeds, the detailed diagnosis of their own political distemper. They had become so accustomed to recognize the moral superiority of the Catholic leader that they mechanically submitted to the sort of spell he exercised over them. And truly matters were seldom minced to suit their unhealthy palate.

Thus, when the first skirmishes were over, and new laws of oppression were under consideration, Mallinckrodt time and again tore the mask from the hypocritical lawmakers, who pretended simply to defend state rights against the encroaching power of Rome.

"Gentlemen," he remarked, "the royal government has openly declared war. It endeavors to gloss over the iniquity of its action by asserting that hostilities have been forced upon it. To justify this assertion the minister of worship is pleased to state that it was first made by a man whose word is worth consideration (Bismarck). Gentlemen, allow me to be candid. The dictum of the man who uttered those words has, in a question of truth or falsehood, no weight with me. I deny the statement most emphatically. The bald assertion that the conflict in which the government admits itself to have engaged has been forced upon it by the church, is, as a matter of fact, false. On the contrary, the government has of its own accord taken a hostile attitude, and this not against private indivi-

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duals, not against the Centre Party, nor against bishops, . . . but against the Catholic Church."

At the beginning of 1873, when the constitution was to undergo an alteration whereby the church was to become more and more the humble handmaid of the state, the indefatigable Mallinckrodt was again in the field. "The amendments to the constitution," he said, "have been styled a re-establishment of the true relations between church and state—a regulation that should be adopted as becoming a great people and a great nation. So complete and systematic a settlement as is proposed to-day has never yet been attempted. Now, gentlemen, do consider this new, complete, systematic settlement, which culminates in the freedom granted to the minister of worship to use at will the police for the enforcing of church laws; and then try to picture to yourselves the edifying spectacle of a leader of the Liberals prostrate in the dust and worshipping—the police."

The "Kulturkampf" kept raging on with increased fury. The disenfranchisement of the Catholic Church was followed by those infamous enactments known as the May Laws. Shortly after came amendments to them, calculated to secure their end more effectually. The Catholic champions met every emergency, their courage and power increasing with each new danger. Mallinckrodt branded those tyrannical measures as the abortive fruit of liberalism, desire of state supremacy over the church, and naked absolutism. Those were the three allies banded together, bearing aloft a banner with the inscription "State Omnipotence." It was simply the rehabilitation of the pagan principle of state. ". . . And we, gentlemen," he continued, "we are defending the principle of a Christian state against heathendom, defending Christian freedom against the inroads of the powers of this world, defending historical right against revolutionary wrong, and—I do not exaggerate, gentlemen—we are defending the crown against those who are its supposed protectors."

Further on in the same debate he uttered these grand Christian sentiments: "One thing I know for certain: the bishops will show themselves loyal pastors of the church; and the faithful will rally determinately around their chief spiritual guides. . . . The alternative for us may be simply reduced to this: Either the church is entitled to-day to an indepen-

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dent existence, and the state is not omnipotent, or the state was omnipotent even nineteen centuries ago, and Christ committed an injustice in founding his church; and the millions who sealed their faith with their life-blood were nothing more than criminals. . . .

"We are well aware that heavy days are in store for us. It may easily happen that our bishoprics will be bereft of their incumbents; it may easily happen that many Christian communities will look and yearn in vain for spiritual guides. But, gentlemen, the die is cast. We cannot, against conscience and better convictions—we cannot deny what we deem most sacred; and we live in the firm assurance that the Lord of hosts is on our side. We know too that men's extreme necessity is God's best opportunity."

Indeed the Catholic necessity was extreme. Absolute trust in God, unshaken conviction in the future assistance from on high, formed thenceforward the noble refrain of Mallinckrodt's most significant political utterances. He had become fully aware of the critical condition of affairs. No, there was not a rift in the dark horizon; absolutely no hope for the church, from a human stand-point. But there was every reason for confidence in the help of the Almighty.

At the beginning of 1874 there came up before the Legislature new laws purporting to rivet more securely the Church of God in slavish bondage to the chariot of a triumphant state. The government pretended indignation at the unexpected resistance to its laws on the part of Catholic priests and bishops. Mallinckrodt replied: "The reason why the clergy offer so determined a resistance to the demands of the Prussian government is very simple indeed. The state simply denies any independent right in the church, and exacts on the part of the church the admission that she has no rights, that she is bound to unconditional submission to the state. In return for it all the minister of worship condescends to promise a certain amount of consideration in the exercise of his unlimited state power. Gentlemen, the church whose age is centuries, who is older than any existing state in the world, cannot consent to such indignities. She cannot enter on such considerations without destroying her principle, her claim to existence. This suicide—for such it would be—the government will require in vain from the Catholic Church; this suicide the

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government, no matter what dire measures it resorts to, shall never witness. . . . Even if she is forced for a time to disappear entirely from the soil of the Fatherland, there remains for her at least the possibility of a return at a more favorable moment—a return fair and stainless. Should she allow herself first to be dishonored, her hopes would be shattered for ever." Then peering into that clouded future, the orator, sustained by faith and sound principle, continued: "And what will be the more remote consequences? The state may nominate bishops. Suppose such a hireling on whose shoulders the minister of worship has thrown the episcopal cope, and who in lieu of crozier is surrounded by a cortège of military bayonets, an intruder into our Catholic communities; do you really believe that the Catholic laity will bend their knees to receive his blessing? This you will hope for in vain. Again, do you think that our faithful people will rush in vast numbers into your Protestant camps, because their own spiritual guides have been discarded? No, gentlemen, this is another miscalculation. For there is, first of all, the great difficulty of finding the Protestant Church, even if we were to seek for it with the lantern of Diogenes of old. So many are there of Protestant beliefs—the one calling here, the other there—and all differ so widely in their profession of faith. Hence I say you cannot expect to see the Catholic people turn Protestant. Finally, what will be the result of it all? Nothing; no, nothing save utter religious decay. No doubt a portion of the people will gather in closer union to keep their religious convictions. They will foster them even more carefully and zealously than before. But the other portion will simply fall into moral decay, and will not at any rate come under the influence of factors conducive to order and authority. . . . Therefore consider well what you are about. Gentlemen, if you continue in the course you have entered upon you will infallibly train up a godless population, an element of violence which will cause such social upheavals that they will bury you in a common ruin. You may ask me, gentlemen, where our hope lies. Well, let me say it plainly. Humanly speaking, our only outlook is to fall with honor—which is better by far than bow our necks to the dishonorable yoke of tyranny. From a Christian standpoint I say: We pray—and count finally on God, the Almighty!"

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Has more Christian language ever been spoken in any parliamentary assembly? Has keener foresight ever been manifested by any statesman? In a few bold strokes our Christian philosopher drew the sketch of the present times, and the events have fully justified his prediction. Over eighty socialists sit to-day in the Reichstag of the German people, where thirty years ago they were an almost unknown quantity. The faithful Catholics, too, have made true the words of their champion and model. Catholic Germany justly glories to-day in the union and strength and devotedness of her children.

We are not told what the sentiments of Bismarck were when Mallinckrodt in his own inimitable way would point out every now and then the real purpose of the "Kulturkampf" and the utter dishonesty in high places with regard to the means of warfare. The Iron Chancellor, then idolized at home and abroad—if all sense of right and wrong, of decency and honor, had not been obliterated in his breast—must have felt as weak and helpless as a babe in the presence and under the flaming eye of this soldier of the Cross. No wonder that after the death of the latter he drew a sigh of relief and implicitly confessed his inferiority before that moral giant. "The race between the Ultramontanes and the National Party," he is reported to have said, "is about equal now. Hitherto the Centre Party has been in advance by just about the length of Mallinckrodt."

Mallinckrodt won his last great victory in the battle of the so-called New May Laws in 1874. He had just refuted the speakers of the Bismarckian majority, when he burst forth in the following passage, which needs neither qualification nor comment:

"Liberalism to-day has found an ally in Prince Bismarck. Their temporary alliance, however, does not entitle us by any means to infer a community of purpose in the two confederates. The motives of Prince Bismarck find their expression principally in the reiterated utterances of the Imperial Party—they are political considerations, of far greater import to their patron than any interest of his in purely ecclesiastical or, on the whole, spiritual questions. But then we may ask how the accounts will balance when the allies begin to settle among themselves. In my opinion the ruling spirit of to-day will find a dismal shortage in his reckonings. The

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political advantages, the powerful supports that sustain him at the present hour, are of far too transient a nature in comparison with the actuating principle, the spiritual force which is the mainspring in this warfare. Gentlemen, this principle energizes on the Left, whilst the Right is betrayed into a fatal error by thinking that they are simply acting conformably to the Conservative platform in following to-day the leader of the administration. At present the Right does not believe that in the rear of this movement there lies aught else but a complete destruction of the grounds on which Conservatism has stood heretofore—on which alone it can find a solid footing. It is simply the weakening, the sapping of the foundation of human society with which we are threatened.

"Such, in brief, on the one hand, is the process of disintegration in all the districts represented by our opponents. . . . And what do you see on the other? There you behold an ever closer, ever firmer union of all the elements of positive Christian faith; and this in spite of the tyrannical measures of the state power, in spite of all attacks of bitter party-passion. You thought you had to fight only bishops, timid, wavering bishops; you counted on a clergy flocking in crowds under the shelter of your ægis. Gentlemen, your sanguine expectations have betrayed you into the saddest of errors. Even the short experience gained thus far bears witness to the fact that the priests adhere loyally to their spiritual rulers.

"You thought also, and you expressed it openly, that at the most your attack would bring you into conflict only with the clergy. Let me disabuse you of this, gentlemen; you have to deal with the Catholic laity as well. Any man that has eyes and is willing to use them properly can find innumerable occasions to convince himself fully of this fact. You see in our western provinces the firm resolve, the calm determination, the iron will, with which thousands of men at the first sign, and at the doors of the dungeons that are to swallow their beloved pastors, are prepared to rush to the feet of their revered spiritual guides, in order to bid them a loving yet sad farewell. Thus they give them the consoling assurance that, although their fettered hands are no longer able to wield the pastoral crozier, the supreme pastors may rest convinced that the religious loyalty of their flock shall never fail them. And if the time should arrive—and we foresee that it must arrive—

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when numberless communities, in consequence of the present governmental proceedings, will be stripped of all spiritual support and guidance, even then the Catholic people shall persevere in loyal fidelity to Holy Church.

"Gentlemen, had it been given you to witness all this, I do believe that even at this late hour you would realize that the mighty conflict is not so much a struggle between individuals; no, it is the war of antagonizing spiritual principles. It is the battle of Christian faith in deadly conflict with infidel philosophy.

"The temporary appearance on the stage even of a Prince Bismarck is but an ephemeral manifestation. It is quite true his is a personage of vast resources and power. But in the midst of this world-stirring war of conflicting principles he is as weak as the trembling reed. Truly, gentlemen, if you entertain the hope of ever being able by means of those wretched laws of expatriation to quell the fury of the combat, you are utterly unaware of all the power that abides in Christian conviction.

"The peculiarity of suffering is that it begets the willingness to suffer. When we see our bishops in chains at home, or wandering exiles in foreign lands, do you think that we shall be lacking in readiness to embrace a similar fate? And if our priests have followed, and day by day follow in the footsteps of their bishops, you may be certain that the faithful laity will not decline to share a like honor. As to enactments of repression, gentlemen, neither dungeon nor exile will achieve your purpose. You must resort to sharper weapons. Gentlemen, please reflect on the kind of weapons you intend to forge. As for us, we shall lovingly meditate on our motto: 'Per Crucem ad Lucem'—Through the Cross to Joy!"

Such was practically the last great utterance of our champion of the Cross against the mighty onslaught of modern infidelity. This last grand speech in reference to the laws against Catholic bishops was, as his friends and opponents acknowledged, the most important parliamentary achievement since the beginning of the conflict. Such was the verdict of a hostile journal edited by a Jew.

With these words Mallinckrodt resigned his charge into the hands of his people, the key to his life into those of history, and his mission into those of God. What was then, it may be

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asked, in the light of that testamentary utterance, the dominant note in the grand harmony of his existence? "It was"—we quote again the enemy's testimony—"the single idea of the church, the idea which filled the mind of this extraordinary and wonderful man." This answer of the Frankfort *Journal* is fully endorsed by the anti-Catholic *Spehner Gazette:* "Mallinckrodt served his party with such disinterestedness, and was so indifferent to his own advancement, that it would be well if all political parties could show many such characters—men who live exclusively for one idea, and sacrifice for it every temporal advantage."

Yes, the mainspring of Mallinckrodt's incredible power and efficiency lay in the strong and living faith that Christ is the Lord and King of all mankind; in the firm conviction that the kingdom of Christ was the real issue of the present world-stirring battle between Christianity and Liberalism; in the unshaken confidence that in the gigantic conflict of these two spiritual forces the Cross of Christ, the labarum of light and civilization, through trials and difficulties, would lead the faithful Christians to glory for ever more. "Per Crucem ad Lucem"—Through the Cross to Joy. For this faith Mallinckrodt lived; for this faith he toiled and battled; for it he died.

We might rest content with this sketch of our hero. In justice to that noble life, as it unfolds before our gaze in panoramic beauty, we must touch upon another of its grand features.

It was not only the fearless public profession of his faith, nor the struggles he underwent for its sake, that rendered Mallinckrodt's name a household word in every Catholic home of Germany. The thought of Christ and His Cross penetrated every fibre of his being, ruled and shaped the actions of his every-day life. The glory of the parliamentary arena, along with the halo of a saintly private life, was the adequate cause that secured for Mallinckrodt a large place in every loyal Catholic heart. The former made him an object of admiration; the love of 14,000,000 Catholics he won through the latter.

Well did an esteemed Catholic magazine write of Mallinckrodt "that he was the type and perfection of a true, honest, devoted Catholic." He was in very truth a lay-apostle, a man fired with the purest zeal for the triumph of the Cross, the

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glory of God. In a word, he was one of those Christian men for whose multiplication in the church the Catholic world has been requested and encouraged to pray by the late supreme Pastor of Christendom.

Mallinckrodt's secret of strength and internal consistency of character lay at the very fountain-head of all Christian life—the Holy Eucharist. Devotion, child-like and ardent, to the Eucharistic Christ, in sacrament and sacrifice, formed the characteristic feature of his religious existence, from the day of his first Communion in the old Carlovingian city to the moment of his saintly death in Protestant Berlin. A student at the great universities, as jolly and mirth-loving as the gayest of the members of his "Burschenschaft," he made it a rule to attend Mass daily and receive the sacraments at stated times. Thus strengthened from within, he at the same time created for himself a religious atmosphere that shielded him from without against the approach of evil. Again, when near thirty, and following a course of scientific agriculture at Hohenheim near Munich, every Saturday evening he would walk four or five miles to the city, to go to confession and in the morning to Holy Communion. In the early days of his parliamentary career he had taken up his lodgings in a Protestant home. The inquisitive landlady was not long in finding out that her distinguished boarder rose early every morning to hear Mass in a distant chapel. As years rolled by this devotion intensified in Mallinckrodt. Finally, during his last four years—the long, heroic passion of that Christ-like life—we are told that in addition to his regular frequent Communion, when he was to deliver one of those momentous discourses he would at early dawn assist at Mass and approach the Holy Table.

To him the greatest festival of the ecclesiastical cycle was the feast of Corpus Christi. Its public demonstration of faith in that Living and all Vivifying Presence was so entirely in conformity with his sublime conception of the Christ-King. He himself reveals this as his innermost thought in a letter to his sister Bertha. "I really do not know why I should begin these pages at so late an hour," he writes, "especially as I hardly know what news to give you. Still, to-day is Corpus Christi. And you know well, it is my feast of predilection." Then, recalling memories of Corpus Christi celebrations they had witnessed years ago when travelling together, he continues: "I see

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on the market-place of Habelschwerdt the old men with their kettle-drums; from the far-off lake of Halstatt I hear the chant of the devout congregation, and the slow, regular dip of the oars as the procession moves along its watery course; away in the Austrian capital I watch the emperor marching in procession around the great Church of St. Stephen. All the while I love to think that such a day of parade gives the Almighty some little pleasure, and inclines Him to pour down on His people unseen showers of special blessings."

Three years before his death, when he had already quaffed a portion of the bitter chalice, he found delight in the celebration of Corpus Christi in the Church of St. Hedwig, at the capital. "This has been a truly happy day for me," he wrote; "you know somehow or other I find a special devotion for Corpus Christi."

One of his greatest enjoyments, however, was the participation in the Eucharistic procession. As chief magistrate in Protestant Erfurt, as landlord at Mittenheim and Nordborchen, it was his delight to mingle with the common people, and with bared head and burning taper to accompany his Liege Lord on his triumphal march. The spectacle of this prince of eloquence fleeing the imperial city and forgetful of his parliamentary triumphs, present at the Corpus Christi festivities in the quiet Westphalian valley, was not lost on the simple villagers. There Mallinckrodt and Windhorst, or some other of the leaders whom he would invite for the occasion, gave the grandest proof of loyalty to their cause by showing themselves truly faithful servants of their Master, Jesus Christ.

The martyr-President of Ecuador, and also the immortal Daniel O'Connell, were distinguished for their devotion to the Blessed Mother of God. In this noble trait Mallinckrodt too was their worthy peer. So accustomed had he grown to reciting the rosary that in his last days, when already exhausted by the burning fever, he would ask the Gray Nun who tended him to say the beads aloud that he might at least answer mentally, since the doctors had forbidden all exertion. Again, when his saintly sister Pauline arrived at the sick-bed, the dying man recognized and warmly welcomed her. The first greetings over, he turned to her with the remark: "You might well say the rosary for me." Even during wandering moments the beads could be seen gliding between his emaciated fingers. In the

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family circle he had always led the way in the solemnization of the month of May. In fact, the May devotions for the Mallinckrodt home had become a family tradition, that was not allowed to be infringed on under any consideration.

Thus we might continue enumerating manifestations of that strong supernatural vitality which pulsed in that noble breast, and found daily new outlets for its wholesome superabundance. One or two instances will suffice for our purpose.

Mallinckrodt's influence for good through works of charity is almost incredible. Many a golden deed history has snatched from oblivion; many more the recording angel of God alone witnessed and faithfully entered in the Book of Life. For twenty years Mallinckrodt was the financial adviser of his sister Pauline, the venerable foundress of the Sisters of Christian Charity. This position implied not a little trouble, and not rarely large demands on his private earnings in order to keep the accounts in proper condition. At the cost of no small personal sacrifices, also, Mallinckrodt was instrumental in the founding of several Catholic congregations, in districts where for centuries Protestantism had reigned supreme. He was one of the great men who stood at the cradle of those well-organized and now flourishing undertakings in Germany—the legitimate boast of the Fatherland, an object of wonderment and emulation for Catholics of all countries. The Catholic press, the various associations—the Pius-Verein, the Bonifatius-Verein, the Gesellen-Verein, the yearly Katholikentag,—Mallinckrodt was helpful by some means or other in the organization or furtherance of them all. There was none to which he remained a stranger, none that did not enjoy his patronage and the support of his purse or his eloquence.

We have called our hero a lay-apostle. Indeed, the apostolic flame burned bright and strong in his golden heart. The hostile Frankfort *Gazette* reproached him in 1869 with dreaming of a reconquest by Catholicism of the Protestant world. Mallinckrodt fully deserved that reproach—if reproach there was. Full of delicate charity for the separated brethren, he was longing and praying for the day when, acknowledging their error, they would return to the One Fold under the One Shepherd. This his heart's ardent desire he showed on more than one occasion.

One of his old-time opponents in the Prussian House, Von

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Gerlach, the former leader of the Conservatives and a sincere Protestant, had been invited to a banquet given by the Centre Party. After a number of masterly toasts of parliamentary notables, in answer to an allusion of Gerlach touching their former opposition, Mallinckrodt made the beautiful reply: "I not only take up the gauntlet thrown by our esteemed guest, . . . but I assure him in all candor that our sincerest wishes have ever been that in spiritual combat we might entirely conquer him and his worthy confederates."

Grander, and on a more solemn occasion, the same thought fell from his eloquent lips. After having exposed in the Reichstag the secret working of the government towards a united National Church, he exclaimed: "I do not object in the least to those tendencies (of religious unification in Germany). On the contrary, I deem the desire for religious union perfectly justifiable. My friends and I foster similar wishes. Gentlemen, you will never confer a greater favor on us than if you all unite some day and return in full loyalty to the bosom of Holy Mother Church. Let me assure you, gentlemen, we do not only wish for this happy result; we do more, we earnestly pray for it."

But there is a greater test of the Christian's supernatural life, one that presupposes eminent perfection in virtue, the one pointed out by the humble Saviour Himself—humility.

The mere mention of lowly thought and humble sentiment in a man of Mallinckrodt's type seems to grate on our worldly notions. And yet we must for truth's sake assert it; Mallinckrodt was truly humble. No doubt he was aware of his exalted position; he saw the admiring throng crowd his passage; he realized the import of the triumphs he achieved in national affairs. But as the Rev. Father Mueller, in his funeral oration, declared: "Unselfish as Mallinckrodt was, he loved the word of the Apostle: 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' This is why the judgment of man was not able to affect him. For him blame had no sting; praise, no balm." We have touched upon this special characteristic of his on a previous occasion. Humility in so great a man, however, is so charming a feature that we may be forgiven for delaying a moment on its consideration. Under the immediate shock of the unexpected death of their leader, one of his companions-in-arms wrote from Berlin: "Filled with admiration for the eminent

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qualities of this great man, but especially wondering at his utter unselfishness, I confess my inability to describe to you the extent of the loss we have just now sustained." All those who knew Mallinckrodt from personal acquaintance were struck with this moral prerogative. "He did not wish to count for anything," says one of his intimate friends, "and therefore he never spoke complacently of his own achievements." Another writes: "In Mallinckrodt were united a manly character and a saintly life. There appeared through it all an absence of self-assertion such as I have never witnessed in any living man." The members of the Centre Party had become so fully aware of the modesty of their incomparable leader that they scarcely ever dared congratulate him on his parliamentary triumphs. A sort of religious instinct held them back and hushed their words of praise.

But the actions of the man will give better testimony in this matter than the words of friends. Those who saw him in Parliament, preserving a wonderful calm and serenity with but an occasional smile flitting across his finely chiselled lips, whilst his opponents would level at him and his party the shafts of their bitter animosity, those who heard the polite and firm but ever kind reply to personal attacks of the enemy were either forced to renounce all explanation of such chivalrous conduct, or had to admit that for modesty, meekness, self-control Mallinckrodt had not his equal.

Nor was it all inborn virtue with him. We have seen him as a young man of twenty-nine quoting in familiar letters the *Following of Christ* and speaking of patience and self-conquest with the ease of a master. One of his spiritual guides assures us that Mallinckrodt's favorite rule of life was the grand dictum of the *Imitation*: "And this must be our business, to strive to overcome ourselves and daily to gain strength over ourselves and to grow better and better." And that other passage that summed up all the spirituality of a St. Ignatius: "The greater violence thou offerest to thyself, the greater progress thou shalt make."

These lofty principles Mallinckrodt knew how to reduce to practice. One day, whilst conversing with a clergyman on some special topic, our parliamentarian got vexed at the determination with which the reverend interlocutor proved and sustained a view contrary to his own. In the heat of the dis-

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cussion an inconsiderate remark dropped from his lips. On arriving at home that same evening Mallinckrodt related the incident to his wife. The latter expressed surprise at what she deemed in her husband a reprehensible action. Suddenly Mallinckrodt seized his hat and cane and insisted on going to see, though night had fallen, the clergyman in question. He offered an humble apology for his hastiness of the morning. And to punish himself for his fault he walked the distance of three miles both ways.

When at Bonn he was asked one day by a classmate why he had given up smoking, he replied that he needed the money for other purposes. He was spending those hard-earned savings in works of charity. Later on, in his forties, although exempted from fasting by reason of his incessant labors in the House and on special commissions, he would rigorously observe the Lenten regulations. When finally compelled by ill-health to discontinue adhering to the letter of the law, he nevertheless kept true to its spirit. During Lent he would not even allow himself the enjoyment of a cigar.

We may aptly conclude our remarks on the spiritual life of our hero with a quotation coming from the pen of Mother Pauline, the worthy sister of so great a brother: "His striving after perfection in virtue and holiness was truly incessant. His first step in these whole-souled endeavors was a scrupulous fulfilment of all personal duties. This it was that secured for him the esteem of his fellows and won the affection of his nearer acquaintances. He has lived a life deeply Christian, strongly supernatural—a life abounding in good and noble deeds. His kindly feelings and cheerful disposition, along with a deep sense of justice and consideration for others, made his daily intercourse most agreeable to all. In him manly strength for the endurance of sufferings was enhanced by self-control based on spiritual motives; whilst his courage and trust in God were superior to all adversity."

Mallinckrodt had shown himself great in life; greater was he in death. Worn out with continual labor for God and his church, the Christian warrior succumbed when he seemed at the zenith of his efficiency. It was during the late hours of the morning of May 26, 1874, when the summons came. The previous day the dying hero in the heat of fever fancied himself still in the halls of the Reichstag. Incoherent words and

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broken sentences escaped his lips every now and then as he lay on his bed of pain. On a sudden pealed forth loud and clear the words: "I have wished to live in peace with all men; but justice was to have her due." It was the echo of that other dying champion of church rights against imperial encroachments, who centuries ago exclaimed from his Salernian exile: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity; therefore I die in exile."

A few moments before breathing his last, during a lucid interval, Mallinckrodt asked for tablet and pencil. Then, with dying hand he wrote in unsteady characters the last testament of his public life:

"*For the Germania*";

and a little below he traced the words:

"*Freedom, Truth, and Just*—"

Paper and pencil slipped from his faltering hands, whilst his great soul went forth to finish the last word before the Throne of Eternal Justice.

THE TOMB OF MALLINCKRODT.

Such is in brief the story of the man who so powerfully helped to lay the foundation for the strongly organized Catholicism which exists in Germany to-day. Last August

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Catholic Germany celebrated the great jubilee of the fiftieth "Katholikentag." Mallinckrodt's name with those of his renowned successors, Windhorst and Lieber, were in the minds and on the lips of a loving, grateful posterity. In view of that solemn occasion, as also of the successful efforts made here at home towards more compact union of Catholic thought and Catholic endeavor, we have deemed it worth the trouble to bring before the Catholic community the memory of this typical patriot, leader, and Christian—Herman Joseph von Mallinckrodt.

NOTE.

Pauline von Mallinckrodt was born in 1817 at Minden, in Westphalia. At the age of ten she came under the influence of the illustrious convert and poetess Louisa Hensel. It was this teacher who sowed in the heart of her pupil "the seed of all her later happiness." St. Leonard's Academy of Aix-la-Chapelle, that nursery of great women, brought Pauline von Mallinckrodt in contact with three companions who, like herself, were to exert a vast influence on Catholic life in Germany and elsewhere. They were Clara Fay, the future foundress of the Sisters of the Holy Child; Frances Schervier, later on distinguished as superioress of Franciscan Nuns; and Ann de L'Hommoeu, known for her successful efforts in introducing into Germany the Ladies of the Sacred Heart. A few years after the death of her father, Pauline determined to carry into execution her long-cherished resolve of giving her life to the poor and the ignorant. In 1849, at the advice of her former spiritual guide, Right Rev. A. Claessens, auxiliary bishop of Cologne, and with the fullest approval of the ordinary of Paderborn, she founded in the last-named city the Sisters of Christian Charity. Her little congregation throve and increased. Soon it spread beyond the confines of Germany. In 1873, following the pressing call of several American bishops and pastors, a colony of sisters landed on our shores, and under the personal supervision of Mother Pauline established their North American mother house in the Mallinckrodt Convent at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. A little later their work was extended to South America. The venerable foundress twice made the voyage to North and South America, and visited every house of her Congregation. A year after her second voyage, April 30, 1881, she died.

To-day, according to the *Catholic Directory*, the Congregation of Christian Charity, commonly known as the Mallinckrodt Sisters, numbers in the United States over 650 Sisters and Novices, directing over 55 educational or charitable institutions.

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SPANDRELS ON THE PALACE OF MACHINERY, BY M. B. WILSON.

THE SCULPTURE AT ST. LOUIS.

BY ZOE FLEMING DUNLAP.

" . . . There is a tempest In every good head in which some great benefit for the world is planted."—*Emerson*.

HAPPILY for this new world between the waters, there has been a tempest in a great many heads which have finally commingled, producing one of the grandest fairs the continents have ever seen. Art has met the demands of industry, the artistic has combined with the real, and the St. Louis Exposition stands a poetic leaf in history written in stone and bronze.

According to the chief of sculpture himself, Karl Bitter, the colonnade as designed by Masqueray, and the Festival Hall by Gilbert, are in effect something to which an adequate parallel can scarcely be found.

The dominating idea of the entire Exposition is life and motion; and the basis of the scheme of sculpture symbolizes the history of the land purchased from France. The keynote is joyous and active, and while there is some portrait statuary used, it is employed in a subsidiary way.

All the avenues of the Exposition have received elaborate ornamentation. At the northern end of the main avenue is a colossal group entitled the "Apotheosis of St. Louis." Mr. Charles Neihaus has placed at the base of this statue a figure representing the city of St. Louis, and spirits in the form of winged youths whisper to her things the great globe has wit-

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GUIDING SPIRITS OF ST. LOUIS, BY C. NEIHAUS.

nessed since the life of this sainted King of France descended to us in legend and history.

On the same axis with this group is the towering Louisiana

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Purchase monument by Karl Bitter. His work sings songs of praise for itself, and is the point at the Fair around which most of the interest centres. It rises to a height of one hundred feet, and is crowned by a figure of Peace standing upon the globe. At its base the principal sculptural feature consists of a group entitled "The Signing of the Purchase Treaty." In this group are the three prominent actors in the Purchase—Robert Livingston, James Monroe for the United States, and Marbois, acting for Napoleon and France. On the tall shaft cleaving the air above them these words of Livingston are engraved:

"We have lived long, but this is the noblest work of our whole lives; the instruments which we have just signed will cause no tears to be shed; they prepare ages of happiness for innumerable generations of human creatures. The Mississippi and Missouri will see them succeed one another and multiply, truly worthy of the regard and care of Providence, in the bosom of equality, under just laws, freed from the errors of superstition and the scourges of bad government."

The statuary may be divided into two classes—works having historical significance and those of a purely allegorical character. The historical sculpture is principally represented in the form of portrait statues grouped in connection with the buildings devoted to the material side of the Exposition. These works recall the memory of the discoverers, soldiers, pioneers, and statesmen prominently associated with American history; and the statues immediately mentioned are the best exponents of their class.

We give first place to that of the beloved Père Marquette, by Cyrus Dallin, one of Boston's sculptors. Mr. Dallin has entered into the true feeling of Father Marquette, the great Jesuit who penetrated into the heart of the barbarous region of the Mississippi, and to the burning zeal of the missionary added the knowledge that rendered his discoveries invaluable. The Black Robe, as the Indians called him, holds aloft the image of the crucified Saviour. The spirit of a grand missionary life is forcefully portrayed in this statue.

Another is of Horace Mann, by H. K. Bush-Brown; and here, while a pedagogue of much learning is portrayed, we have the purely humanitarian view. The affectionate shoulder-clasp which the educator bestows upon the lad beside him, and the

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THE SIGNING OF THE TREATY, BY KARL BITTER.

confident understanding between them, are charmingly expressed.

The statue of Thomas Jefferson, the President at the time of the Purchase, was modelled by Charles Grafly. That of Napoleon, by Daniel Chester French, is a perfect expression technically of the splendid work of this well-known sculptor.

We pause before the statue of Pierre Laclede, the principal

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NAPOLEON, BY FRENCH.

founder of St. Louis, who has been so truly represented in his Continental dress by Jonathan Scott Hartley. Mr. Hartley gives to the world through his work the best that is in him. He is an artist in the broadest and fullest sense, and pictures the sweet but strong nature of the Frenchman in an inimitable manner.

Mr. Augustus Lukeman, who modelled the statue of Robert Livingston, shows that he also is a fine technicist in his art. He has modelled several strong pieces for the Fair, but this statue of Livingston is perhaps his best effort, and shows exceptional power and fine execution

The equestrian statue of Louis Joliet, by A. Phinister Proctor, and one of De Soto by C. E. Potter, were selected as representative of the two nations connected with the history of the

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region of the Louisiana Purchase, and have been modelled by two of our best sculptors.

A statue having all the strong characteristics of Benjamin Franklin, by John J. Boyle, is another in the list of fine historical sculpture, together with the statues of Bienville and Merriweather Lewis, modelled by Charles Albert Lopez.

These are a few of the portrait statues at the Fair. Every building on the grounds has received a plentiful allotment. Architects made provision in pediments and tympani, in span-

LACLEDE, BY J. S. HARTLEY.

drels and on towering constructions, for sculptural decoration; and this is most fitting. Sculpture represents the noblest thought and highest culture of a nation. The most intelligent observers from all lands will visit St. Louis to compare, criticise, or admire, and they will receive revelations not only concerning our sculpture but also of the progressive life and resources of the

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PHYSICAL LIBERTY, BY MCNEIL.

western world. Those who are not artists, the general public, will understand something of the creative faculty which in its highest manifestation ennobles the artist, because it is, to a certain degree, the common possession of us all. In the grand basic design, in statuary groupings and single pieces, they will recognize an interpretation of their own thoughts and feelings, heretofore dormant or unexpressed. To men in general the work will be a message in harmony with their better nature, awaken in them an exalted sense of pleasure, and carry them from a knowledge of the world of finite things into the realms of the Ideal and the Infinite.

The strongest exponents of decorative sculpture are the spandrels modelled by the sculptor Melva Beatrice Wilson for the Palace of Machinery. They are colossal male figures representing power and strength; they wear the short leathern apron, with the tools of trade in their hands, while immense cogwheels, the heart of the machinery, form a unique and suggestive background. The figures are boldly heroic in outline and are to be numbered among the classic pieces of sculp-

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ture at the Fair. Miss Wilson shows in her technique the fruit of years of academic study; and it is to be deplored that work so worthy of perpetuation should perish with the close of the Exposition.

Allegorical sculpture has been used where adornment was needed in connection with and in the vicinity of structures devoted to ideal missions like the Festival Hall and the Palace of the Fine Arts. It has been chiefly grouped, however, around the most gorgeous feature of the Fair, the magnificent Cascades which terminate the decorations and give expression to the idea that the sway of liberty was extended by this Louisiana Purchase from the Atlantic to the Pacific oceans. Here the climax of sculpture is reached in the Cascades, gardens, and the Terrace of States. The Court of Honor at Chicago and the Electric Tower at the Pan-American live in memory as things of exquisite beauty, but here they are surpassed in majesty. The entire decoration of the main cascade is the work of H. A. McNeil, an American sculptor who has all the technique of the Parisian, with the wonderful study of the Roman school. This grand cascade of McNeil, picturesquely named "Liberty Fountain," combined with the fountains of Martiny and Konti, are a message of surpassing grandeur to all. The magic of it as a whole—of the Cascades, the Festival Hall, the Arts Palace, the Colonnade of States, and the statuary trimming the buildings and decorating the grounds,—the magic will overpower the beholders, and they will find themselves in one of those rare states of transport in which is grasped something of the power of genius.

The diverse groups of statuary on this main Cascade represent Law, Physical Liberty, Justice, Truth, and Patriotism, and are to be regarded as one piece representative of liberty, as a compliment to America, and illustrative of the characteristics of her people.

One of these separate groupings—Physical Liberty—is wonderfully expressed in the race of the North American bison and the Indian, the two strong and powerful first inhabitants of our country. The graceful running motion of the Indian shows how little effort is required for him to keep up with the buffalo. Between the principal groups representing Justice, etc., are placed happy little conceptions of boys riding dolphins.

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MARTINY'S FOUNTAIN.

At the base of Liberty Fountain, to the right and left, are two smaller Fountains of Venus and Neptune, by Philip Martiny. The figures are modelled standing in a wave chariot, while the sea-horses are garlanded with roses and ridden by tiny sea-cupids.

Immediately back of the main Cascade is Festival Hall, which is filled with fine sculptural adornment, the principal group being Mr. Martiny's Apollo and the Muses, which stands above the entrance gate and is flanked by a group of Dance by Michael Tonetti and Music by Augustus Lukeman. Mr. Martiny is a brilliant technicist, and this piece is a worthy example of his skill. He is lineally descended from the famous Italian painter of the Siennese school, Simone di Martino. He received academic training in Paris. This Apollo quadriga exhibits in every square foot artistic conception in music and color and shifting light.

The imposing structure behind Festival Hall is the beautiful

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SPIRIT OF THE ATLANTIC, BY KONTI.

Palace of the Fine Arts. The men with a "tempest in their good heads" have decided to make it a permanent monument in stone, marble, and bronze to the Purchase Treaty. On this building all the sculpture is in limestone, marble, or bronze, and modelled by our best-known artists.

Sculpture is the work of Daniel Chester French; Painting, of Louis St. Gaudens; Truth, of Charles Grafly; Nature, of Philip

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Martiny; Inspiration, of Andrew O'Connor. These five statues are in marble, placed on the pediments of the Art Palace.

Three medallions carved in limestone are portraits of three of our noted American men, representing, respectively, St. Gaudens, Sculpture; La Farge, Painting; Hunt, Architecture. Having an artist symbolize a special art is the highest compli-

BOY AND CUB, BY KONTI.

ment that could be paid him, and it is pleasant to know that two of these men are alive to enjoy the honor.

Flanking the Art Palace on right and left, her able aides-de-camp, is the Colonnade of States. This colonnade, like a chain moulding together the three units of the composition, forms a frame for fourteen giant, seated female figures, symbolical of the States and Territories which have been carved out of the Louisiana territory. Each figure is framed by an

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QUADRIGA, LIBERAL ARTS BUILDING, BY C. A. LOPEZ.

exedra composed of eight Ionic columns crowned by a massive architrave.

At the extremities of the Colonnade of States, on either side of the Cascade of Liberty and Fountains of Venus and Neptune, are the side cascades, modelled by Isidore Konti, which are emblematic of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

The mechanical part of the fountains is alike, but the statuary adorning them is very versatile in treatment. The Atlantic is typified by the figure of a young man. In garments of graceful folds, he stands upon turbulent waters, and an eagle, symbolic of power, soars above him. This is very beautiful in composition, but we regret to say that it is deficient in force. There is "beauty in strength," so that we know the two are not antipodal; and had they been combined, Mr. Konti might have been congratulated upon giving to sculpture a piece worthy to take its place with the best in Greek art.

The Pacific Ocean is represented by a female figure, who also rides the crest of the waves with a sea-gull, its wings outstretched beside her; the perspective, composition, technique, the exquisite poise and the undulating motion of this figure, is in exquisite harmony with the undulations of the waves, and gives to this group a foremost place. The fountains and their accompanying pieces—Navigation and Commerce—for the Pacific, and a boy playing with a bear cub and a girl with a stormy petrel, for the Atlantic, are worthy of serious attention.

The Palace of Education has some fine sculptural subjects by Robert Bringhurst; also the Palace of Transportation, by Zolney, and the Palace of Electricity, by Augustus Lukeman.

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DESTINY OF THE RED MAN, BY A. A. WEINMAN.

The quadriga for the Palace of Liberal Arts is modelled by Charles Albert Lopez. This young sculptor is a member of the family distinguished in Cuban history. All the genius and fire of his race has been combined with years of thorough academic study in the United States and Paris. The centre group of his quadriga is full of triumphant dignity, and those flanking it are alive with the poetry of music and motion.

Besides the decoration on buildings and cascades, many groups of animals native to the United States have been erected near the landings on the Grand Plaza and in all places where adornment could be strongly expressed.

Casts of numerous vases and figures made from originals abroad, of purely decorative nature, are used in connection with the floral display and landscape gardening. These are representative of the decorative art of past generations.

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GRIFFIN, BY A. P. PROCTOR.

It is said that a Universal Exposition is the coronation of civilization. It is truly a valuable agency in promoting a more intimate acquaintance with the achievements of different peoples and a furtherance of Art among the nations of the globe.

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A BELATED WOOING.

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

IT was a sultry afternoon of midsummer, but through the Probate Office, in the new Municipal Building, a refreshing breeze blew from the river, and the clerks bent resignedly over their desks, knowing that the spacious room where they worked was the coolest place in Detroit.

Outside, in Cadillac Square, the stretch of green that connects the building of the courts with the City Hall was bright with flowers, but on the asphalt pavement of the Campus the sun beat down with the dazzling light that recalls to any one who has braved the Roman climate at this season the yellow glare of the Piazza Vaticano or del Popolo on a July day.

For more than two hundred years the Campus has been the common of the people. Even before the coming of the white settlers, when the place was still a forest, the red men were wont to gather here to hold their councils, to plan their fierce wars, or to smoke the pipe of peace. Here Indian lovers wandered through the trails made by the hunters and warriors of the tribes, and as the moonlight stole through the overarching branches of the trees, the gentle Ojibway maidens listened to the old, old story that yet is ever new.

But love often strolls as happily through the dust and heat of the city's streets as it ever did beneath the green boughs and rippling brooks of the woodland; and, since the world is quick to recognize a lover, among the throng of passers-by in the Campus many glances were cast at a gray-haired gentleman and a placid faced, elderly lady, who having with some difficulty crossed the network of trolley tracks that are like a snare to entrap the unwary, took their way down the centre of the green-bordered path of the square, as though it were a royal carpet spread beneath their feet.

The man was tall, and still erect, though his years must have been at least three score. His complexion was fresh, his features clear-cut, the nose being slightly aquiline, and he

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carried himself in a soldierly manner. His clothes were of broadcloth, and a soft gray felt hat, set a trifle at an angle, silk gloves of the same color, and a spray of syringa blossoms in the lapel of his coat, completed his festive air.

The lady who walked contentedly beside him was not more than two or three years younger than her handsome old cavalier. She was short and a little thick-set; her hair, which she wore turned back over a high roll, had many threads of silver, but her eyes were bright and vivacious, and the smile, which some comment from her escort brought to her lips, revealed girlish dimples in her round cheeks. Her gown was of the color of a dove's plumage, and had a little dove-colored fichu or scarf. Of the same quiet hue was the bonnet, whose silken strings she had untied because of the heat.

"Your gown is as pretty as a poem, Marie," said the old gentleman fondly, as they walked on.

"I am glad you like it, Phil. I cut it by a fashion-paper pattern, and set every stitch in it myself," she answered with a naïve pride in her own industry and skill, albeit the practised eye of a "ladies' tailor" would at a glance have characterized the latter as hopelessly amateurish.

"You always were clever, dear," continued her knight gallantly. "My word, what dainty frocks you wore when you were a girl! Sometimes you looked like a rose, all in red—"

"Pink, Phil, pink!"

"*Rose color*, anyhow! Again, you were a marigold in orange."

"No, no, lemon color," she objected.

"Often you were a lily-of-the-valley in green."

"Philip, I never wore green in my life," she laughed. "I was too pale for it when I was a girl, and now it is too bright."

"Well, it was blue then; yes, I remember, it was blue," he went on serenely. "And I suppose you put all those cobwebby things together too?"

"Yes, I did, Phil. I was apt with the needle in my best days."

"Pouf, pouf," he interrupted with affectionate protest. "Madam, your best days are just beginning."

She rewarded him with one of the sweetest of her dimpled smiles, and, as he glanced down at her, the delicate flush that

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his compliments called to her faded face reminded him of how easily she used to blush with pleasure at his praise in the long ago.

Now the congenial companions reached the Municipal Building, and mounting the broad marble steps, traversed the corridor, and entered the Probate Office.

The clerks looked up from their tasks. On this dull afternoon, when even the buzzing of the flies was somniferous, a diversion was delightful.

"There is a picture," said Tom Hackett to his neighbor, as the elderly visitors advanced up the room. "How politely the old codger steps aside to let the lady pass first; how deferential she is to him. No doubt they have travelled the path of life together for many years, yet one can see at a glance how fond they are of each other."

"Ah, good afternoon; come to deposit your will, have you, sir?" As Tom spoke he advanced from his place and bowed to the strangers.

His inquiry, natural though it was, rather disconcerted the gentleman.

"Well, no, I was not exactly thinking of wills or last testaments to-day," he stammered, while Tom upbraided himself as a blunderer. "The fact is, we have come to see if this is any good at the present late date?"

So saying, he took from the breast-pocket of his coat a folded paper yellow with age, and handed it to the clerk.

Tom opened and glanced over it with business-like brevity.

"Why, this is not a will," he exclaimed; "it is a marriage license, and, as I live, dated forty years ago! It was issued in 1861 to Philip W. Brendin, aged twenty-three, and Marie Roy, aged twenty, by Judge Jones, the first Probate Judge of this county. You have probably brought the wrong paper, sir! How did you manage to keep the license? By Jove, it has never been used!"

Raising his eyes, he stared blankly at the couple before him.

"That is all right," said the old gentleman pleasantly. "Is the paper any good, I asked?"

"I think so, sir; but you have made a mistake in the department," explained Tom. "The desk of the license-clerk is in another room; I shall be happy to pilot you there. You are, I suppose, Mr. Brendin, and this is—Miss Roy?"

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"Yes, yes," replied Brendin hastily as the lady inclined her head. "And may I inquire your name, young man?"

"Hackett," answered Tom.

"What, not the son of Tom Hackett, the lumber-man of Alpena?"

"That is my father's name too, and he was engaged in lumbering up North before we came to the Strait."

Mr. Brendin grasped his new acquaintance by the hand.

"Your father was my dearest friend, boy," he said warmly. "Is he in good health?"

"Hale and hearty as ever in his life," Tom responded.

"Glad to hear it, glad to hear it!" reiterated the old gentleman.

"Tom Hackett always urged me to marry," he continued reminiscently. "I'd like him to know that I am going to have the knot tied at last. He will be interested to hear my life-long romance, so I will tell you about it. You won't forget to repeat the story to him?"

"I will try to remember every word of it," promised Tom, now greatly interested, for he saw that Brendin was something of a character.

"Very good. Were you ever in love, boy?"

The young fellow's countenance crimsoned to the roots of his sandy hair.

"I see; you will be wanting a license yourself soon," went on his amiable tormentor. "Well, about this paper. Forty years ago this lady and I were engaged to be married. She was the prettiest girl in Michigan, and she lived down near Monroe. She belongs to an old French-Canadian family of these parts. A few years earlier I had come over the Alleghanies from Virginia to seek my fortune, and when I met Marie I was sure I had found it. I was right; but, you see, fortune sometimes dodges one nearly all one's life.

"The day was fixed for the wedding. Marie had all her sewing done, she said; the wedding cake was made, the guests were invited, and I obtained the license. With all our preparations, however, until shortly before the appointed day we had never decided who should marry us. When the question came up, Marie, being a Catholic, declared that, of course, no one but a priest should perform the ceremony. I, being a hard-shell Baptist, wanted a preacher of my own way of thinking.

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Marie was so conscientious and I so stubborn that neither of us would yield. Thus it happened, young man, that the wedding did not take place; but I kept the license, with the hope that it might be of use some time in the future, if Marie changed her mind, or I did.

"That was the first year of the Civil War. In a desperate mood, but still, I trust, with some motive of patriotism, I enlisted and went to the front with a Michigan regiment.

"If I had left a loving bride at home, weeping away the sight of her pretty eyes because I had to go, no doubt I would have been killed in the first battle. But despite the fact that I was a poor de'il who had no one to love or to pray for him—"

"Now, Phil, I have told you that I prayed for you every day," interposed the old lady sweetly.

"In spite of the fact that I had no right to expect any one to love or pray for me," continued Mr. Brendin, correcting himself—"I fought through the war unscathed, except for a shot through the shoulder, where the bullet is yet.

"I came home, to find my sweetheart (this lady), but friends told me that another suitor and a rich one had gained her favor.

"I had made up my mind to surrender on her terms, but this news sent me up into the northern peninsula, among the pine woods. The soldier boys who came home were all looked upon as heroes, as well as those who gave their lives for our country, and I was made something of, because my wound meant that I had saved the colors of our company in a sharp skirmish. But no word of congratulation on the gaining of my laurels came to me from Marie, and so disappointed was I that I did not wait to see her."

Here the visitors, led by Hackett, reached the license office; but the clerk being engaged, they seated themselves on a bench by the wall, and, having found in Tom a willing listener, the chatty old gentleman proceeded with his story.

"With a few hundred dollars that came to me as a legacy I bought a piece of timber land," he said, "and that was the beginning. Up there in the solitudes I prospered, boy; true, I saw few people except the rough men of the lumber camps, but the years were golden ones to me. It was there I knew your father; he was of a different stamp than many of the men. For a long time I was too engrossed with my work and business

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plans to think of taking a wife, but I supposed Marie had married her other suitor, who was of her religion, and possessed a fine farm on the river.

"I did not come to Detroit for years; my business took me to Chicago instead. After awhile I began to tell myself that I might as well marry, instead of knocking around the world alone. But I could not find any one like Marie, and no one else seemed to suit me."

At this point Mr. Brendin paused to glance at the lady, who laughed in a dignified way, shook her fan at him in mild protest, and rising, devoted her attention to the study of a portrait of one of the former judges of probate, that hung above her head.

"And how did you make it all up in the end, sir?" inquired Tom. Young lover and old had met on the equal ground of romance, that fascinating "field of the cloth of gold."

Notwithstanding his gentle companion's appealing glance, warning him to be less communicative, Mr. Brendin talked on with the loquacity of one launched on the all-absorbing theme of the love that has influenced his life.

"Well, it did come about in a strange manner," he admitted. "It is years since I left the woods, and I've lived in Chicago and on a ranch in California; but I still own timber in the northern part of this State. Last summer I went up to look after it and spent Sunday at the camp. It happened that the night before a Catholic priest, travelling through the region, asked hospitality of the men. He said he was preaching round in the neighborhood, looking out to see if any of his people were up there. Now, on Sunday in a lumber camp there is nothing doing but drinking and gambling, unless the men get into a quarrel, when things are lively enough. There were no Catholics in our camp; but, for the sake of the novelty, the men asked the priest to stay and preach to them.

"This he did, and I went to hear him with the rest. We gathered in a clearing; the men sat on logs or tree-stumps, or on the ground, and he stood on the platform they had built for a dance awhile before. My word, but he spoke to the point; no shilly-shallying, not too much fire and brimstone, but it seemed as if he flashed a search-light into every man's heart! Didn't reveal him to his fellows, you understand, but just showed every man his own conscience as it was.

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"The next day the priest and I travelled on together for some hours, and before we separated I promised to call on him in Chicago. I did go more than once, and soon I began to see many things in a different light, and found that upon some matters I had been wrong-headed all my life. The upshot of it was, my boy, that I became a Catholic."

Young Hackett had listened with ever-increasing interest. "I too am a convert," he here interjected.

"Then you know all about it," said Mr. Brendin beamingly. "Well, some time after I had joined the church the thought came to me that I would like Marie to know. 'The husband whom she has loved and made happy all these years will surely not grudge me the opportunity to tell her of my conversion,' I said to myself. 'And she, in her gentle charity, will be glad for my sake.'

"So I came to Detroit, made inquiries among former acquaintances, and found, to my astonishment and happiness, that Marie had not married at all. Down I went to Monroe by the next train. She was living in her old home still, and the place seemed little changed, except that the trees about the house are taller and cast a deeper shade, and the vines about the gallery are thicker than in the evenings when we used to linger there, oblivious of the hum of mosquitoes.

"Marie received me cordially, but when I turned the conversation to old times she showed a coldness that discomfited me. Beginning at the wrong end of my story, and without telling her of my conversion, I blurted out:

"'Marie, like a worthless penny I have come back to you, after all these years. I thought you had married long ago; to my joy I find you free. I love you far more dearly than I did when we were both young, although I gave you all my heart then. No other woman has ever had my love. In the years since we last met I have had much time to think. I have come back to you to say, that if you will marry me now, I shall be more than willing to be married by the old curé here, or any one whom you may select.'

"Of course I was far too presumptuous," pursued Mr. Brendin with a side glance at the lady, who pretended to be deaf to what her old lover was saying, since she could not check the exuberance of his spirits.

"So confident was I that the one obstacle to our union

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was removed that I expected her to say 'yes' without demur," he acknowledged. "But, bless my heart, no matter how well a man thinks he knows a woman, she will surprise him after all.

"Instead of answering demurely that she was willing to become my wife, that she had waited for me all these years, as I know she did (here his eyes twinkled with sly humor)—instead of this, Marie flared up.

"'During the years that have gone by I too have had time to think, Philip Brendin,' she said. 'And if you want to know the result of my reflections, here it is: You have taken almost a life-time to make up your mind to be married in the Catholic Church, and you have yielded at last only because you could not win me in any other way.'

"'Marie, you are mistaken; I thought you were married,' I interrupted; but she would not hear me.

"'What kind of a life would I have with a man as bigoted and prejudiced as you are,' she went on earnestly. 'No, no, I shall pray for you, as I have always done; but (and here her voice broke a little) I have lived to thank God, Philip, that He has saved me from the trials and dangers of a marriage with one not of my faith. And so, if you please, we will remain only friends,—but, I hope, we shall be good friends always.'

"'What if I told you that now, even to win the one woman who is all the world to me, I would not be married by any one but a priest?' I said, looking into her sweet eyes that, bright with unshed tears, told me her heart was still mine. 'What if I told you that now, thank God, we are both of the same faith?'

"For a moment Marie looked at me, in dazed amazement. Presently, as those tears fell in a glistening rain, she smiled, and in that smile I read the answer she could not just then speak."

"And what happened next?" queried Hackett, good-humoredly twitting the old gentleman.

"Well," answered Mr. Brendin, pulling himself together, "I did what you, my boy, or any young fellow would have done under similar circumstances. I went over and sat beside her and kissed her. Then, as I took her hand in mine, there upon her finger I saw the very ring I had given her when we were young. I had refused to take it back when we parted.

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How women treasure the keepsakes and the memories of their early love!"

"To make a long story short in the end, this lady, Mademoiselle Roy, and I are to be married this afternoon, though I must admit we have chosen a mighty hot day for the ceremony. I know that I spoiled her life and mine by my obstinacy, but I'll try to make her happy during the days that are left to us.

"There is the clerk at leisure now," he continued, mopping his brow with his fine cambric handkerchief. "Sir, I want to know if this license is good, or has it become outlawed or debarred by the statute of limitations? If it is good, say so, and we will not delay longer. If it is useless, then give us a license that will pass muster."

The lady laughed softly at the impetuosity of her long errant lover. The clerk, having read over the time-yellowed paper with as much astonishment as Hackett had displayed on perusing it, said at last:

"A marriage license holds good until used, sir, unless it is cancelled by another; but, to prevent any question of the legality of this one, I will make out another for you, which you may present also."

Five minutes later the sweet-faced elderly bride-elect, and the chivalrous, silver-haired bridegroom, departed with the license, for which the clerk declined to accept payment, saying that the office did not see such a romance every day. The same evening the newspapers of Detroit contained the following notice:

MARRIED.

This afternoon, at the Cathedral, Mr. Philip Brendin, a wealthy lumberman of Chicago, and Mademoiselle Marie Roy, of Monroe, were married by the Rev. Father D——. The wedding is said to be the outcome of an early romance. For their bridal trip Mr. and Mrs. Brendin will make a tour of the Lakes. On their return they intend to reside for a time here in the City of the Straits.

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MODERN ELECTRICITY AND ORTHODOXY.

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

IN demonstrating that the science of electricity owes its origin and the fundamental discoveries on which it is founded to great scientists, who were at the same time simple, faithful believers in Christianity, it was only necessary to give some account of the lives of the men whose names are undeniably associated with the origin of this science. When it comes, however, to the question of showing that the continuation also of electrical science is due to men who were orthodox believers in the great Christian doctrines, the subject becomes more difficult because there may be some disagreement as to whom modern progress in electrical science must be attributed. But no one, however partial, can possibly object that our selection of representative physicists who are responsible for advance in electricity is made arbitrarily if we take those men whose names were chosen by the International Commission of the International Congress of Electricians to be used as terms for the units of electrical science.

These names have become familiar, almost household words, because of the frequency with which they are employed in the description of electrical apparatus and industrial applications of electricity. They include, besides Volta and Faraday, of whom we have already spoken, the names of Ampère, Ohm, and Coulomb. If to these we add the distinguished English physicists whose special work in electricity has made their names well known in English-speaking countries, Clerk Maxwell and Lord Kelvin, whose recent visit to America makes him seem almost like a personal acquaintance, it can scarcely be said that the men selected either do not deserve a place in the list of honor of great electrical discoverers and scientists or that their merits as representative men of science are being fictitiously exaggerated for the purpose of making a better showing for the advocates of Christianity.

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ANDRÉ MARIE AMPÈRE.

We closed the chapter of original discoverers in electricity with Oersted. Within a week after Oersted's announcement of the influence of electric currents upon the magnetic needle, Ampère, working in Paris, was able to show by a series of most ingenious demonstrations that magnetic effects can be produced by electric currents alone without the aid of magnets. As the result of these observations, he suggested the theory that every molecule of magnetic matter is acted upon by a closed electric current, and that magnetization takes place in proportion as the direction of these currents approaches parallelism. This is the principle that underlies all our modern applications of electricity and constitutes the firm basis of electro-dynamics. This work was accomplished in 1821. Within the year Ampère had anticipated the invention of the electric telegraph by suggesting an apparatus with a special wire for each letter of the alphabet. This would, of course, have proved a very complicated mechanism and very likely have been extremely slow in action, but that it would have been practicable is easy to see; and had it once been put in use, there seems no doubt that improvements would soon have followed.

The man who was thus able to follow out so successfully the suggestive work of the Swedish scientist was destined to hold deservedly a high place in nineteenth century science. From his earliest years he took a passionate delight in nature study and in mathematics, working at hard sums in arithmetic by means of pebbles and bread-crumbs before he knew the figures. His father wished to teach him Latin, but desisted, seeing his boy's wonderful aptitude and inclination for mathematics. Ampère later on learned Latin for himself, in order to be able to read the mathematical works of Euler and Bernoulli. He lost his father by proscription during the Revolution, and seems to have lost his faith at the same time. Just at the beginning of the nineteenth century he wrote a book on the mathematical theory of gambling, in which he solved a problem that had occupied the attention of Buffon and Pascal. In this he demonstrated that the chances of play are always against the habitual gambler. His book attracted attention and he was given a position as mathematical instructor at the

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Polytechnic school of Paris, where he became a professor some years later.

After his discoveries in electricity he came to be acknowledged as one of the greatest of living scientists, and was honored as such by most of the distinguished scientific societies of Europe. His work was not confined to electricity alone, however, and late in life he prepared what has been well called a remarkable work on the classification of the sciences. This showed that, far from being a mere electrical specialist, or even a profound thinker in physics, he understood better probably than any man of his generation the relation of the sciences to one another. He was a broad-minded, profound thinker in the highest sense of the words, and in many things seems to have had almost an intuition into the processes of nature, though he was at the same time an untiring experimenter, eminently successful in arranging experiments to answer the questions he put to nature.

If we turn to the other side of his character we shall find that after the first period of infidelity, brought on by the spirit of the French Revolution, had passed, he became one of the most sincere and devout Christians. He had his doubts, it is true, near middle life, but after that he had the blessing of clear-eyed faith. Frederick Ozanam lived with him for a time, and said that conversations with him always led up to God. Ampère used to take his broad forehead between his hands and say, "How great is God, Ozanam! How great is God, and how little is our knowledge!"

"In addition to his scientific achievements," says Ozanam, "this brilliant genius has other claims upon the admiration and affection of Catholics. He was our brother in the same faith. It was religion which guided the labors of his mind and illuminated his contemplations; he judged all things, science itself, by the exalted standard of religion. . . . This venerable head, which was crowned by achievements and honors, bowed without reserve before the mysteries of the faith, down even below the line which the church has marked for us. He prayed before the same altars before which Descartes and Pascal had knelt; beside the poor widow and the small child who may have been less humble in mind than he was. Nobody observed the regulations of the church more conscientiously — the regulations which are so hard on nature, and yet so sweet

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in the habit. Above all things, however, it is beautiful to see what sublime things Christianity wrought in his great soul; this admirable simplicity, the unassumingness of a mind that recognized everything except its own genius; this high rectitude in matters of science—now so rare—seeking nothing but the truth and never rewards and distinction; this pleasant and ungrudging amiability; and, lastly, this kindliness with which he met every one, especially young people. We know several towards whom he showed the thoughtfulness and the obliging care of a father. I can say that those who know only the intelligence of the man, know only the less perfect part. If he thought much, he loved more."

Sainte-Beuve, whose testimony in a matter like this would surely be unsuspected of any leaning towards making Ampère more Catholic than he was, in his introduction to Ampère's essay on the Philosophy of the Sciences, Paris, 1843, says:

"The religious struggles and doubts of his earlier life had ceased. What disturbed him now lay in less exalted regions. Years ago his interior conflicts, his instinctive yearning for the Eternal, and a lively correspondence with his old friend, Father Barrett, combined with the general tendency of the time of the Restoration, had led him back to that faith and devotion which he expressed so strikingly in 1803. . . . During the years which followed, up to the time of his death, we were filled with wonder and admiration at the way in which, without effort, he united religion and science; faith and confidence in the intellectual possibilities of man with adoring submission to the revealed word of God."

The religious exercises to which Ampère was most devoted were the rosary and the reading of the *Imitation of Christ.* Ozanam relates two incidents with regard to these which are exemplary indices of Ampère's religious character. Ozanam himself on one occasion was troubled very much by doubts with regard to the mysteries of Christianity, and in the midst of them went into a church in the hope that prayer would help him, or at least that the quiet and seclusion of the holy edifice might be an inspiration. In a quiet corner of the edifice he found Ampère all by himself reciting his beads. It can readily be understood what an effect the sight of this distinguished old scientist thus humbly and religiously employed

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would have upon the young man. Ozanam's doubts vanished at once.

With regard to the *Imitation*, Ozanam tells that Ampère, when dying, was asked whether they should read a chapter of the *Imitation* to him. He said no, that he knew it by heart, and that he was at the very moment engaged in repeating to himself some of the chapters which he knew by experience would prove a source of consolation to him now.

This characteristic incident of Ampère's devotion to what he considered his religious duty is related also by Ozanam. The latter was, of course, a much younger man and considered that he was under the obligation of fasting. He was surprised, however, to find that Ampère also fasted, and very scrupulously. Ozanam asked him whether he considered that a man doing as much work as he was at his age was bound by the obligation of fasting. Ampère's reply was the simple *argumentum ad hominem*. "You fast; why should n't I?"

Ampère had what Americans might consider a peculiar habit, but one that is very common among Frenchmen, or at least was a generation or two ago, especially among those who lectured often. Even now it is not uncommon to see beside a lecturer's table a glass of water, into which the lecturer puts as much sugar as is suited to his taste, making that favorite drink, eau sucrée—sugar water. Though Ampère had contracted the habit of taking this frequently, he considered that on fast days this was not in accordance with the strict observance of the precepts of abstinence.

With all his pietistic devotion, Ampère was full of the deepest human sympathy. He had the greatest enthusiasm for the inhabitants of South America in their various struggles in order to establish independent republican governments. News from South America was always very welcome to him, and he followed with the intensest interest the efforts of Bolivar and of Canaris to obtain the independence of their countries. He was indeed deeply interested in everything that could possibly make life more livable for his generation. He laid down the principles for what he considered a new science, which he called *cœnolbiologique*, or the science of public felicity, a very different thing from our modern sociology, and one that treated not of the rights of men, and especially of the upper classes, as regards their fellow-men, but rather of the duties of men

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towards one another, in order to secure for them what we in America are apt to speak of as the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

Ampère was much more, then, than a merely devotional Christian, or one who sought only his own personal satisfaction in religious feelings. He wrote a book, in which were collected all the historical proofs of the divinity of Christianity, and devoted not a little of his time to every form of effort calculated to bring the great truths of Christianity prominently before the men of his generation. It is no wonder, then, that in accepting the dedication of Valson's life and works of Ampère,* the Archbishop of Lyons said that "Ampère was at once a great scientist and a great Christian."

CHARLES AUGUSTIN COULOMB.

The International Congress of electricians held at Paris in 1881 found that what was most needed for the proper development of the science of practical electricity, and for the ready understanding of advances made in all parts of the world, was a system of electrical units. Accordingly an International Commission was formed for the purpose of deciding on such units, giving them names and determining their value. Three years later this commission reported their agreement on the names and value of units, which have since been in universal use—the volt, the ampère, the ohm, the coulomb, the farad, to which was subsequently added, at the suggestion of Sir Werner Siemens, the watt. All of these names, with the exception of coulomb, were already familiar even to tyros in electricity.

The fact that the commission should go back to recognize work done nearly a century before by Charles Augustin Coulomb, a French investigator, shows to what extent the representative electrical scientists of the world valued Coulomb's work. The coulomb is the unit of quantity of electricity, and is defined as that quantity which traverses the section of a conductor in a second when a current of the strength of an ampère is passing through it. It is not as much used as are the other terms, volt, ampère, and ohm, but it is an important measure of electrical energy, and when first applied was thought to be of greater use than has proved to be the case.

The name was applied because of the value of the original

* *La Vie et les Travaux d'André Marie Ampère.* Par C. A. Valson. Lyons, 1886.

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work which Coulomb had performed. It was he who discovered the remarkable law in reference to magnetism that magnetic attractions and repulsions are inversely as the squares of the distances. Like most of these early investigators, Coulomb owed something of his success as an original observer to his capacity for mechanical demonstration of his ideas. He proved his law by means of two methods, that of the torsion balance, which is very familiar to all students of physics, and that of oscillations. In the use of the torsion balance due allowances were made for the earth's magnetism at any given point, and the method of demonstration as it came from Coulomb's hands is as complete as anything that has since been attempted.

The method of oscillations was quite as ingenious, and depends on the use of the ready expedient of considering that a magnetic needle oscillating under the influence of the earth's magnetism may be considered as a pendulum. Coulomb first caused a magnetic needle to oscillate under the influence of the earth's magnetism alone, and then under the combined influence of the earth's magnetism and of a magnet placed at varying distances. The very simplicity of the methods and instruments employed stamp the discoveries that resulted therefrom with the hall-mark of genius.

Coulomb had done some excellent work in other departments of physics besides that of electricity. He made a series of investigations with regard to the circulation of sap in trees, and some valuable investigations with regard to heat. When about forty years of age he obtained the prize of the Academy of Sciences in Paris by his treatise explaining the *Theory of Simple Machines comprehending the Effects of Friction and the Stiffness of Ropes.* He had been for many years a military engineer, and afterwards was employed by the government in a number of important works in France.

While stationed at Paris he was sent as royal commissioner to report with regard to a system of canals which it was proposed to construct in Brittany. He was perhaps the most distinguished living authority in hydraulic matters at the time, and he disapproved of the plan that had been adopted, insisting that it would heap up expense and give no good results. Bribery and threats were both of no avail, and finally influence was brought to bear with the authorities and he was thrown to prison. He remained firm, however, in his declaration,

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and refused to give any other verdict with regard to the proposed plans. Before long those who would have had to pay the heavy imposts consequent upon the badly laid plan came to realize that his honorable firmness in the matter had saved them great and almost useless expense. As a result he was liberated, and was presented, as a testimonial, with a handsome watch, so arranged that very small divisions of time might for scientific purposes be readily ascertained. Not long after this he was made a member of the Legion of Honor and a member of the Academy of Sciences.

When the Revolution broke out he found himself out of sympathy with the men who were at the head of the movement, resigned his position, and retired to his estate at Blois, outside of Paris. Notwithstanding the storm of rationalism that swept over France, he retained his belief in Providence and would not allow himself to be carried away by the fanciful ideas of the Revolutionists. Biot, in his *Scientific and Literary Miscellanies*, published in Paris, 1858, said that "Coulomb lived patiently among the men of his time, only withdrawing himself from their passions and their errors, maintaining always the justice, the calmness, the firmness, and the dignity that became a great man of science."

GEORGE SIMON OHM.

After the great founder of electro-dynamics comes very naturally the man to whom we owe the law with regard to electrical resistance, which enabled his contemporaries and succeeding generations to plan their electrical machines in such a way as to secure the best possible efficiency. George Simon Ohm, after whom the unit of electrical resistance was named because of the discovery of the law, is one of the characters in the history of science of very great human interest because of his self-made career and his sympathetic qualities. He was born at Erlangen, in South Germany, just before the beginning of the last decade of the eighteenth century, and his father was a locksmith, but an artisan of broad intellectual qualities, who trained both his sons in mathematics as well as in his own trade. The father devoted himself to higher mathematics later in life. Both his sons became distinguished professors in mathematics, the younger one, Martin, dying as the professor of this subject at the military school at Berlin.

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George Ohm began as a teacher when he was about twenty-eight years of age, in a gymnasium under the control of the Jesuits at Cologne. Here he remained for over twelve years, receiving great encouragement in his work from the faculty of the school, and it was here that he made his ground-breaking discovery. In 1825 he announced a mathematical formula that would express the resistance encountered by an electric current which he had deduced from experimental observations. His training as a locksmith enabled him to make the apparatus necessary for the experimental observations. Too little was known about electricity, however, and his first formula proved incapable of responding to all the phenomena.

He was the first to recognize this himself, however, and in 1826 he published *Bestimmung des Gesetzes nach Welchem die Metalle die Contackt Electricitaet Leiten*—The Determination of the Law according to which Metals Conduct Electricity—which represents a further stage of his investigation. Finally, in 1827, he published *Galvanische Kette Mathematisch Bearbeitet*—Galvanic Circuits Mathematically Investigated—in which he definitely settled for all time the law of electric current conduction as far as regards resistance.

It is a rather interesting reflection that while Ohm's theory of electrical conduction involved the assumption that the free electricity was spread over the whole cross section of the conductor carrying the current, and this theory has now given place to the one which declares that the free electricity is all distributed on the surface of the conductor, yet the law which he deduced has remained unshaken during all the subsequent developments of electrical science. The application of the law to conductors of two and three dimensions was an immediate generalization which followed Ohm's work, and which he himself foresaw. Progress with regard to non-constant, or charging and discharging currents, has only served to establish his conclusions all the more firmly.

It was not alone in electricity, however, that Ohm showed his wonderful genius for original investigation. As the result of his work with regard to electrical resistance he became professor of physics at the University of Munich, and there established the law of acoustics, which is also known under his name. At the time that this law was announced it was opposed by many prominent investigators, and was practically

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set aside as being almost preposterous, since it was so different from the accustomed method of presenting the subject. When Helmholtz came, however, to solve all the problems that had been disturbing fundamental principles in this department of physics, Ohm's law was accepted. As Eugene Lommel said in an address delivered at the public meeting of the Royal Bavarian Academy of Sciences of Munich, held March 28, 1889, in honor of the one hundredth anniversary of Ohm's birth:

"Eight years after Ohm's death Helmholtz completely revolutionized acoustics and the theory of music by that classic work, *The Science of the Perception of Sound*, which is based on Ohm's law. 'This law states that the human ear perceives only pendulum-like vibration as a simple tone. Every other periodic motion it resolves into a collection of pendulum-like vibrations, which it then hears in the sound, as a series of single tones, fundamental and overtones.'" *

Ohm was a deeply religious man who, towards the close of his life, when he came to write the preface to the first volume of his *Molecular Physics*, which was to be his master-work, the fruit of his mature mind, states with the simple, earnest faith that seems more mediæval than modern, that a second and third volume, and even a fourth, will follow this first, if God prolongs his life. Once when he found that a discovery which he thought he was the first to make had been anticipated by a foreign scientist, though he was on the point of publishing an article with regard to it, he refrained, consoling himself with the words: "This gives me an occasion to realize the fullest sense of the proverb, 'Man proposes and God disposes.'"

He was, besides, an extremely lovable man and made many close friends. "Nature had given him," says his friend Lamont, "such a pleasant disposition and unselfishness to such a degree as are seldom seen. These valuable qualities form the groundwork of his character, and were the guiding influences of his intercourse with those around him."

JAMES CLERK MAXWELL.

Professor Clerk Maxwell, whose untimely death at the early age of forty-eight, just a quarter of a century ago, proved a serious loss to the world of science, was a man who well deserved the expressive encomium that "for more than half of

* Translated by William Hallock for the Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge.

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his brief life he held a prominent position in the very foremost rank of natural philosophers." He was a precocious genius, and before the age of twenty made several important contributions to physical science. Indeed, one of them, a short paper on the mechanical method of tracing Cartesian ovals, was communicated by Professor Forbes, of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, while its author was still in his fifteenth year.

His original work touched every department of physical science. When he was twenty-eight he obtained, in 1859, the Adams prize in Cambridge for a very original and powerful essay on the Stability of the Motion of Saturn's Rings. He published a series of valuable investigations connected with the perception of color and with the significance of color-blindness. The mathematical ideas he introduced into this subject did more, perhaps, than any other investigations to put this question on a scientific basis. For this, when he was thirty, he received the Rumford medal. He showed his mechanical skill by devising a set of very ingenious instruments for conducting these investigations. His work on gases would alone have given him a place among the great physicists of the century. He worked out the mathematics of the Kinetic Theory of gases and placed that subject on an absolutely scientific plane. His work with regard to the laws of gaseous friction proved him an able experimenter, capable of devising means to answer the questions he put to nature, as well as a great mathematician. In a word, his was no subjective mind, but one as thoroughly objective as any of the most experimental of scientists would demand.

Far more important, however, than any of these works was what he accomplished for electricity. His great treatise on Electricity and Magnetism contained the germs of ideas that have been fruitful sources of suggestion for his own and for our generation. Scientists united in declaring it one of the most splendid monuments ever raised by the genius of a single individual. Maxwell showed how to reduce all electric and magnetic phenomena to stresses and motions of a material medium. To him we owe the first suggestion of electricity as a strain in the ether, and he did away with the necessity for considering that electrical action is action indistans. Dr. Peter Guthrie Tait declared in his sketch of Maxwell, "there seems to be no longer any possibility of doubt that Maxwell took

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the first grand step towards the discovery of the true nature of electrical phenomena."

While Maxwell was thus the leader of scientific thought in England, he was in private life one of the simplest and most beautiful characters that the world of science has ever known. Occupied with the highest problems of mathematics and of electrical theory, every day, in his position as professor of experimental physics at the University of Cambridge, he went home at evening to lead his family at evening prayers. He was a regular attendant at church services and was a monthly communicant. He was especially known as a liberal contributor to all the charitable efforts of the parish, and considered it his duty to give freely of his time also, in order that works of charity might be better directed.

His religious feeling showed itself very clearly in his last illness. Feeling his end approaching, he acknowledged his belief in the Incarnation, in the Redemption through Christ, and in the power of the Holy Ghost. During the days before his death he was often heard to repeat these lines from Richard Baxter, the famous Anglican divine:

"Lord, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live;
To love and serve Thee is my share,
And that Thy grace must give."

Clerk Maxwell's life was written by Lewis Campbell and William Garnett.* It contains the following paragraph with regard to Maxwell's death, and his religious feelings not only at the approach of death but also for many years before:

"He was a constant, regular attendant at church, and seldom, if ever, failed to join in our monthly celebration of holy communion, and he was a generous contributor to all our parish charitable institutions. But his illness drew out the whole heart and soul and spirit of the man; his firm and undoubting faith in the Incarnation and all its results; in the full sufficing of the Atonement; in the work of the Holy Spirit. He had gauged and fathomed all the schemes and systems of philosophy, and had found them utterly empty and unsatisfying —'unworkable' was his own word about them—and he turned with simple faith to the Gospel of the Saviour."

* London, 1882.

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Maxwell, far from being a self-centred, forbidding genius, was one of the most companionable of men. His friends were enthusiastic about his kindness of heart and congeniality of disposition. On this point the national dictionary of biography said: "As a man Maxwell was loved and honored by all who knew him; to his pupils he was the kindest and most sympathetic of teachers, to his friends he was the most charming of companions, brimful of fun, the life and soul of a Red Lion dinner at the British Association meetings; but in due season grave and thoughtful, with a keen interest in problems that lay outside the domain of his own work, and throughout his life a stern foe to all that was superficial or untrue. On religious questions his beliefs were strong and deeply rooted." The words which close one of his lectures, given not long before his death, express faith in "Him who in the beginning created not only the heaven and the earth, but the materials out of which the heaven and earth consist," have often been quoted.

In closing the sketch of Maxwell which Mr. Tait wrote for the *Encyclopædia Brittanica* he said: "In private life Clerk Maxwell was one of the most lovable of men, a sincere and unostentatious Christian. Though perfectly free from any trace of envy or ill-will, he yet showed on fit occasion his contempt for that pseudo-science which seeks for the applause of the ignorant by professing to reduce the whole system of the universe to a fortuitous sequence of uncaused events."

LORD KELVIN.

Lord Kelvin is undoubtedly the greatest of living physicists. He is especially distinguished for a number of practical applications of electrical principles in the development and perfection of the submarine cable. It has sometimes been said that without his work in this chapter of applied science submarine telegraphing would have been delayed for several decades at least, and very seriously hampered in its development. Lord Kelvin is, however, much more than a practical scientist. He is a great theorist, who has thrown more light on many of the unsolved problems of physics than any one in our generation. In one of his recent talks he made it very clear how valuable has been the hypothesis of the existence of an ether for the explanation of the conduction of light and electricity. He more than any other has made it clear that the assumption of the

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existence of ether is a true theory, and not a mere working hypothesis. To most people this very genius for theory would seem to contradict the notion of his being deeply religious. It is, however, only shallow theorists who find contradictions between their theory and orthodox religious thought.

One of Lord Kelvin's important discoveries which illustrates very well the practical character of his scientific genius is the compass which is now almost universally used on board steamships. With the construction of iron vessels there came many difficulties because of the inevitable magnetic qualities in the ship's hull. Thousands of suggestions and inventions were made to ameliorate the conditions and do away with the possibilities of error which thus arose. Lord Kelvin, then plain William Thompson, suggested the use of a light needle with a very light card, most of the material out near the periphery, and small amounts of metal for correcting purposes. The light, long needle was slow in its swing, thus being a better guide, while its lightness made it less wearing upon the pivot, and consequently more lasting and less likely to be disturbed by friction. These qualities secured for his invention almost universal adoption.

In the character of Lord Kelvin as a man one finds many things to recall his friend and fellow-laborer in science, Clerk Maxwell. Especially is this true as regards his attitude towards practical Christianity.

Only last year Lord Kelvin made it very clear that he believed not only in a Creator, but declared emphatically that our modern science, far from being atheistic or materialistic in its tendencies, actually affords evidence of the existence of a Creator. As he put it: "Science positively affirms creative power. It makes every one feel a miracle in himself. It is not in dead matter that we live and move and have our being, but in the creating and directive power which science compels us to accept as an article of belief. Modern biologists, he asserted, are once more coming to a firm acceptance of the existence of a vital principle. They know God only in his works, but they are absolutely forced by science to admit and to believe with absolute confidence in a directive power—in an influence other than physical, dynamical, electrical forces."

He further affirmed that there is nothing between absolute scientific belief in creative power and the acceptance of the theory of a fortuitous concourse of atoms. Is there anything,

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he asks, so absurd as to believe that a number of atoms, by falling together, can of their own accord make a sprig of moss, a microbe, or a living animal? In confirmation of this he related a story of his experience with Liebig, the great chemist of the middle of the nineteenth century, with regard to nearly this same question. Lord Kelvin was very proud to have the opportunity to meet Liebig, who was at that time the great master-worker in chemistry. In the course of a walk which they took together, Lord Kelvin asked Liebig if he thought it possible that the flower which he plucked by the roadside could possibly have come into being by chance. To which Liebig at once replied that he would as soon think that a book of botany describing the flower had come into existence by a chance arrangement of letters and words, and chapters and pages, as that the flower itself had thus come into fortuitous existence.

Lord Kelvin, like Clerk Maxwell, was one of those men who win hearts and make fast friends. Both of them were of the sort who deeply enjoy and prize friendship. Lord Kelvin has said that his ideal condition for happiness is to live among friends. On the other hand, he has not hesitated to say that his idea of "a treasure of which no word can adequately describe the value is the good will, kindness, sympathy, friendship, and encouragement for more work of sincere friends." Something of the wonderful respect for the man that is common in the scientific world may very well be gathered from the reception accorded to him here in America.

He was welcomed as the Dean of living physicists, but he was welcomed still more as the genial companion, the kindly friend, the loving master whom many disciples have learned to honor, the great scientist to whom workers could turn at any time confident of appreciation of their work, with readiness to help by suggestion, to encourage, and yet kindly to point out flaws in logic or demonstration.

It is no wonder, then, that Father Karl Alois Kneller, S.J., in a recent number of the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*,* the periodical of the German Jesuits, says: "When the half-educated man is carried so easily through the streets in electric cars, which are lighted so brilliantly by electric lamps,

* *Stimmen aus Maria Laach, 1903.* Herder, Freiburg. "Ergaenzungsband, xxi., Ergaenzungsheft, 84 and 85." It is to this article that we owe many of the details with regard to the religious attitude of these great scientists.

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when from his room he is able to talk to friends who are hundreds of miles away and to recognize their voices,—when he considers these wonders, how readily will a contemptuous smile cross his lips for the old woman who still says her prayers on her rosary, or even for the sermons and for church services. How easy it is for him to despise old times and to consider that anything that previous ages have given us is practically obsolete; that even Christianity itself cannot be excepted from this condemnation. Is it not, however, only his own precious ignorance and superficiality which make him think so? and is not his contempt really an index of his own lack of correct knowledge? The great intellectual men, to whom above all we owe our modern scientific advances, have been satisfied to take their places as humble Christians and to bow before Christianity. The skilled hands which first, on the experiment table, demonstrated the existence of the latent forces of electricity have often been folded in prayer, and men like Volta and Ampère have also been proud to say their rosaries.

"However it may be, then, in other branches of science, this much is certain, that in the department of electricity, which has attracted the greatest attention on the part of the popular mind, the supreme authorities cannot be used as a cloak by those who would be but too glad to cover up their own hostility to Christianity by the examples of distinguished scientists."

HUMBLE NATURAL PHILOSOPHY AND CONCEITED PSEUDO-SCIENCE.

After this sketch of the lives of the prominent electricians of the nineteenth century, so many of whom were at the same time distinguished physicists, it may be hard to understand how the impression should have gained such general acceptance that physical science tends to unorthodoxy, or that there is an opposition between science and religion. The lives of the greatest men of science, far from proclaiming this, show exactly the opposite. And this is true not only in electricity but in astronomy, in biology, and even, God save the mark! in much suspected medicine.

The greatest scientific geniuses, on close inspection of their lives, are seen to be what in derision is sometimes called mediæval in their adhesion to the great principles of faith.

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Whence, then, has come the idea that science and scientists are almost inevitably associated with neglect of religion and unorthodoxy in thought?

The explanation has often been given, but will have to be repeated often and often again. The very great scientists are honest, simple-minded, humble men. Those who take the important steps into the unknown which represent great discoveries realize how little they know. They are like St. Augustine on the sea-shore, after, according to the legend, he had seen the angel trying to drain the ocean with a spoon, and had realized the aptness of the symbol to his own position with regard to the limitless expanse of knowledge. Following in the footsteps of thought and often a long way from the greatest scientists, come the mediocre minds who more than make up in conceit what they lack in intellectual power. They must attract attention, and they find it hard to do so. Long ago Horace said that neither the gods nor men, nor even the booksellers, had any use for the mediocre poets, and the world has not very much use, even in the present day of skilled advertisement and the press agent, for mediocrity.

There is an easy way, however, for the mediocre scientist to attract attention. He simply makes the announcement that the last discovery does away with certain of the old religious principles, and makes religion generally something that old women may cling to, but with which sensible men in the midst of modern scientific progress cannot rationally and with entire candor have anything to do. The number of these is legion. But it is as well to say at once that no one of them has ever made a really ground-breaking discovery. Theirs is not the type of mind that is likely to make discoveries. It requires a simpler, an honester and less self-conscious intelligence.

With regard to this we shall quote once more an expression of Professor Guthrie Tait, the distinguished physicist to whom we owe the details of Clerk Maxwell's discoveries and lovable character. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Tait, rendered impatient by the claims of pseudo-scientists with regard to the significance of their discoveries and their bearing upon great religious principles, said in an address, delivered as one of the vice-presidents, before the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the most representative body of scientific men in the world: "On the other hand, there is a numerous

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group, not in the slightest degree entitled to rank as Physicists (though in general they assume the proud title of Philosophers), who assert that not merely Life, but even Volition and Consciousness, are mere physical manifestations. These opposite errors, into neither of which is it possible for a genuine scientific man to fall, so long at least as he retains his reason, are easily seen to be very closely allied. They are both to be attributed to that Credulity which is characteristic alike of Ignorance and of Incapacity. Unfortunately there is no cure; the case is hopeless, for great ignorance almost necessarily presumes incapacity, whether it show itself in the comparatively harmless folly of the Spiritualist or in the pernicious nonsense of the Materialist."

IN THE HOLLOW OF HIS HAND.

BY M. H. LAWLESS.

HAT if the moon in jubilee of silver
Of her one last reflected beam were shorn?
What if the sun's last gold and crimson setting
Should prove his funeral pyre before the morn?

What if the law to worlds and planets given
Came to the end of its propelling force:
Stars and planets overturned and shaken,
And spheres cast headlong from their olden course?

Beyond dead suns would still survive their Maker,
Beyond spent law the force that bade it cease,
Beyond destruction a new transformation
Of crash and chaos into order, peace.

And midst the terror and the devastation
Of worlds, no soul shall ever go astray,—
They, born of Love, obey Love's gravitation,
And to Love's Centre find at last their way.

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THE STORY OF A FAMOUS CHURCH.

BY BERNARD ST. JOHN,

Author of "The Blessed Virgin in the Nineteenth Century."

ON hearing the words, the *Vieille Église des Carmes*, no Parisian doubts as to what church they apply. The building is in the Rue de Vaugirard. Set as it is in the great conventual block to which it belongs, there is no convent church or chapel in the French capital that can compare with it in the matter of a certain kind of celebrity. The celebrity to which it lays claim is not based on intrinsic beauty or on general historic interest, but on one page in its history which tells us that little more than a century ago stones in its precincts were dabbled with the blood of a hecatomb of martyred priests. Yes, it is the massacres of September 2, 1792, that rendered the old Carmelite Church of the Rue de Vaugirard for ever famous.

With its contiguous buildings it goes to form a fine architectural block, grand, massive, imposing, and moreover intact, showing us just what it was in pre-Revolutionary times. The old monastic garden, too, is as it was before the breaking of the great wave of Revolutionary fury over France. We say it is just as it was. This is true after allowing for the lopping off of a certain portion of its ground in order to admit of the opening of fresh thoroughfares. Thus, where at the present day, in the Rue d'Assas and the Rue de Rennes, vehicles whirl and Parisians hurry along, of yore barefooted Carmelites trod the ground with feet on their own soil. Altogether these Carmelite premises form a little world apart, pervaded by a very old-world air indeed, and completely shut in from public gaze by tall houses around.

Before the moment in its history when the spot suddenly acquired vivid and sanguinary interest, the Carmelite church and convent we are considering could only point to two centuries of previous history. The pile had been founded by the first barefooted Carmelites who came to France. These pioneers formed a very little band, and made their appearance

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on French soil soon after the glorious St. Teresa had reformed the order of which she was to become the most shining light.

The newcomers were well received. Ground was given them in the Rue de Vaugirard, on which they began at once to build a church, the foundation stone of which was laid 1613, with great ceremony, by the Queen Marie de Médici, who, history tells us, used a silver trowel on the occasion. The church becoming quickly almost as we see it now, was shortly afterwards the scene of several days' religious rejoicing. It was illuminated, and fireworks, at the queen's expense, were let off at the top at eleven o'clock at night. This was in honor of the canonization of St. Teresa.

Two centuries of uneventful, unostentatious history followed. The monks were not only holy but useful, and became deservedly popular. This may in a measure account for their not being interfered with at the first outbreak of the Revolutionary storm when, in 1790, the National Assembly voted the suppression of the religious orders and the confiscation of their property. These measures began at once to be put into execution, as similar measures voted in France more than a hundred and ten years later are now, thanks to M. Combes, President of the Council, being carried into effect in the most summary manner possible before our eyes.

Our Carmelites, left alone as we say for the moment, proved so amenable that their premises shortly afterwards were made to serve as the seat of the Revolutionary "District" of the locality. "Districts" soon giving place to "Sections," we read of the "*Section du Luxembourg*," instead of the "*District des Carmes.*" The horizon had become more lurid.

We are at the end of August, 1792. By this time the Carmelite monks of the Rue de Vaugirard had disappeared, and their church was serving as a prison. In the course of a few days upwards of a hundred and sixty priests had been located within it, charged with no other offence than that of having refused to subscribe to the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. They were kept penned together in the sacred precincts, like sheep literally awaiting their slaughter. There they ate, sat, and slept; there they watched and waited. Each morning they fell on their knees and offered their sufferings to God and their lives as a sacrifice. One priest sat on a chair in the same position without being able to move for nearly twenty-four hours.

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At length, sanitary conditions becoming intolerable, it was found necessary to let the prisoners spend some time each day in the garden. They were assembled there on the afternoon of September 2.

Rumors from the outside world reached them. They knew something of the political atmosphere without. Gambetta's famous axiom, "*Le Cléricalisme voilà l'ennemi!*" of nearly a hundred years later, was being forestalled as to theory and practice. The Reign of Terror was beginning in earnest with the shouts of "*Mort aux Prêtres!*" (Death to priests). These shouts were being echoed by an infuriated populace, with women to the front. The Paris Commune was already whetting its fury with the blood of priests. Yes, sacerdotal blood was actually being shed. This the prisoners at the *Carmes* did not know, although they had the direst forebodings as to the fate in store for them. Nor did they know that their death had been decreed that very afternoon by the "Section of the Luxembourg," sitting at the neighboring church of St. Sulpice. That day—perhaps just before the fatal hour to which we come—the prisoners had questioned among themselves whether in order to save their lives they might, by a legitimate stretch of conscience, consent to take the oath of the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. Their answer had been a unanimous "No"! Never had a nobler *non possumus* come from human lips. They waited and prayed, some seated on the old stone seats around, some walking in groups, some assembled in a little chapel in the garden and around a statue of the Blessed Virgin, which at the present day by the faint blood-stains upon it tells us something of the tragic scene we are recording.

The aspect of the spot was one of peace. A soft September light was upon lilacs and lime-trees, and on the circular pond of ornamental water in the middle.

At about four o'clock a band of armed men, straight from St. Sulpice, rushed into the Carmelite convent. They could not rush at once into the grounds beyond, the door leading thereto being locked. Frustrated for the moment, they filled the premises looking upon the garden, howling forth their rage the while, and thrusting through the iron bars of the windows swords, lances, and pikes. These were the instruments that were to do the deadly work that followed.

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After a few minutes the great door was thrown or burst open and the human bloodhounds, separating into two bands, rushed upon their prey.

The first victim to be struck down was a solitary priest, Abbé Girault, who was standing or sitting by the circular pond. He was reading—probably his Office—and took no notice of the intruders. He was killed in a moment. Another priest came forward as if to remonstrate. He met a similar fate.

While this was occupying the attention of one of the bands of ruffians the other band had set off in the direction of a few priests gathered in an alley near the garden chapel. One of these priests was Mgr. Dulau, Archbishop of Arles. He was evidently of the prey that the bloodhounds were in search of. "Are you the Archbishop of Arles?" said one, addressing by mistake another ecclesiastic. No answer being elicited, he who had spoken turned to the prelate and said: "Then it is you who are the Archbishop of Arles?" "Yes, it is I," was the mild rejoinder. Insults following, Mgr. Dulau continued: "I have done harm to no man." "But we are about to do harm to you," was the response. Upon this the archbishop received a sword thrust in the head. He remained motionless. Another stroke followed which clove his skull. As he was instinctively raising his hand to the injured part the hand was struck off. A few seconds afterwards he was left dead on the ground.

The next great act in connection with this frightful two-hours' tragedy took place in the little chapel, in which a good number of priests had taken refuge. They were there on their knees, and had already given each other absolution. They were gathered around the statue of the Blessed Virgin already alluded to. They were struck down as wild animals that it was necessary to kill in as short a time as possible. Mgr. de la Rochefoucauld, Bishop of Beauvais, was of the number. This prelate received a mortal wound; but his death, to be preceded by a mock trial, was reserved for an hour or so afterwards. His brother, the Bishop of Saintes, was among those around expecting every moment to be sent into eternity. These two were united by the strongest bond of fraternal affection; one did not wish to be left on earth without the other.

The chapel, witness of the awful scene, saw its walls, floor, and stone benches not only sprinkled but streaming with blood.

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While this had been going on within four walls, similar scenes on a smaller scale had been enacted in different parts of the garden.

Presently a voice of command called from one of the windows of the convent, summoning within the executioners and their victims. The priests were hounded into the church, and there closely packed, like cattle, in the choir and sanctuary. The wounded Bishop of Beauvais was presently brought in by his assassins. The Bishop of Saintes, there before him, had been fervently praying that in this hour of anguish he might not be separated from his brother.

By this time the *Marseillais* murderers had been reinforced by the infamous Maillard and the band under him, who had just slaughtered twenty-one priests of the neighboring abbey of Germain-des-Près. A mock Revolutionary tribunal was quickly erected in the passage leading from the church to the garden. The victims were called out, two at a time, judged, condemned, and then massacred at the bottom of the steps outside. The premises being now just as they were then, we are enabled to see exactly how everything was done.

As the condemnatory process proceeded, the name of Pierre Louis de la Rochefoucauld, Bishop of Saintes, was called out, and almost directly afterward that of François Joseph de la Rochefoucauld, Bishop of Beauvais. "Here I am," said the wounded prelate: "but you see I cannot walk. In charity help me to go whither you would that I should go." The death of one brother preceded that of the other by a few minutes.

At the end of two hours the slaughter was over; a hundred and twenty priests had been massacred and about forty had effected their escape. One had managed to conceal himself in the church between two mattresses; but, betrayed in the end by his breathing, shared the fate of the hundred and forty others.

A good part of the remains of the murdered priests were carted away the next day to the cemetery of Vaugirard; the rest were thrown into a well in the convent grounds long to be known as the "Puits des Martyrs."

A portion of the Carmelite premises were then let to an enterprising *restaurateur*, one Langlais by name, who opened on them what was to be known as the "Bal des Tilleuls." Thus lewd women and ribald men danced on ground saturated

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just before with sacerdotal blood, and which had hardly had time to dry. But this was not to last. The "Reign of Terror" had but begun.

Shortly afterwards the Carmelite convent was again turned into a prison, in which in less than a year—that is, from December, 1793, to October, 1794—more than eight hundred persons were located. In the course of that time numbers were led thence to meet their death by the guillotine. Among these was Vicomte Alexandre Beauharnais, the husband of Josephine, afterwards the unhappy consort of Napoleon I. The night before he was to lay his head on the block, writing to his wife, whom he had left a prisoner at the *Carmes*, he said: "Adieu. I press thee and my dear children for the last time to my heart."

The room where Josephine Beauharnais was imprisoned, together with the Duchesse d'Aiguillon and others, is still shown. When we visited it a few weeks ago it was serving as a bedroom to an Irish seminarist. It is called the *Chambre des Epées* (the Room of Swords), because on the night of September 2, 1792, the *Marseillais*, after slaughtering the priests, retiring thither to drink and pass the night in riot, before beginning their orgie hung their still wet swords against the walls. The weapons dripped, leaving indelible stains behind them. A portion of the blood-stained wall, enshrined beneath glass, tells the story to this day.

In connection with the convent at this period we get a glimpse of one who was to dwell there for nearly fifty years as an angel in human form. This was Mademoiselle Thérèse de Soyecourt, a Carmelite nun in lay dress, who had had to leave her convent owing to the social upheaval. Her father, the Marquis de Soyecourt, was a prisoner at the Carmes. Debarred from obtaining access to him, her wish was at least to see him. Through the good offices of a menial she was introduced for a few moments into an upper room of the building looking on the garden. There she saw her father with the other prisoners. The marquis recognized his daughter, pulled his hat over his eyes to hide his tears, kissed his hand to her, and made a sign that she was to leave the spot at once. In truth her life was in danger. The Marquis de Soyecourt died by the guillotine a few months later, his eldest daughter, Madame d'Hinnisdal, following him to the block shortly afterwards.

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Thérèse de Soyecourt escaped with her life, but her whole future was to be shadowed and hallowed by the memory of these events. When order was in a measure restored, she bought a portion of the Carmelite premises and established thereon a community of Carmelite nuns, who, with her at their head, were, far into the nineteenth century, to shed forth an odor of sanctity.

This devoted and energetic daughter of St. Teresa chose for her cell the room occupied by her father during his imprisonment, and allowed herself as sole luxury the melancholy pleasure of looking upon this father's portrait on the wall with an inscription in verse beneath.

In 1840, in extreme old age, Thérèse de Soyecourt migrated with her community to another part of Paris, ceding her premises in the old Carmelite convent of the Rue de Vaugirard to the Archbishop of Paris, who wished to found there a school for the higher education of priests. This school, known as the *École de Hautes Eudes Ecclésiastiques*, was started in 1849, and in it we may see the germ of the Catholic Institute of Paris of to-day.

But another element was to come upon the scene and the convent premises were for a time to be divided. In a word, the greater part of them was to be given over by Mgr. Sibour, then Archbishhop of Paris, to Père Lacordaire for the nucleus of a Dominican community which this great reviver of the Order of Preaching Friars in France had founded.

Thus we see one of the greatest churchmen in France in the nineteenth century, one whose name has come to be synonymous with heroism and lofty ideals of the religious life, taking up his abode in a spot thrice hallowed by suffering, holiness, and blood. Lacordaire was to add to the place's wealth in these respects. He made, or helped to make, with his own hands a huge wooden cross which is still to be seen affixed to one of the pillars of the crypt. Fastened to it, he hung for three hours one Good Friday afternoon. There, in the same position, he was in the habit of having the discipline administered to him by one of his monks. It happened once that when the monk was too timid to do the work properly the superior took the scourge from his hand and lashed himself with it until the blood streamed. In this manner did Henri Dominique Lacordaire, in the full vigor of his splendid manhood, chastise his flesh. The crypt of the Carmelite church thus saw his blood start and stream not infrequently after one of his brilliant con-

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ferences at Notre Dame, when he had enthralled and electrified an audience as no other had done in France—at any rate since Bossuet—and as probably no other had done in Christian Europe since Savonarola.

With the advent of Napoleon III., Lacordaire and his monks vacated the old Carmelite premises, which were then entirely given up to the *École Normale Ecclésiastique.*

Somewhere near the year 1865 the opening of a new street which had to run through a portion of the convent garden drew attention to the well known as the *Puits des Martyrs,* to which tradition for the previous seventy years had pointed as the receptacle of a portion of the bones of the martyred priests of 1792. The Archbishop of Paris, Mgr. Darboy, took measures to ascertain what was really at the bottom of the well. The result of the investigations was the discovery of a quantity of human remains which proved undoubtedly to belong to the priests massacred by the *Septembriseurs.* These were reverently collected and placed in small side chapels around the central chapel of the crypt, thus rendering the subterranean half of the old church of the Carmelites a veritable ossuary, which was to become from that time forward a favorite site of pilgrimage in honor of the martyrs.

We come to the time when nominally it was to be no longer the *École Normale Ecclésiastique,* but the Catholic Institute of Paris, that was to draw attention to the old Carmelite premises, the foremost centre of Catholic intellectual activity in the French capital.

More than thirty French prelates launched the Catholic Institute of Paris into being and gave it its present form. The Institute thus born may claim, we think, to be showing us in its midst at the present day a revival of the once brilliant Theological Faculty of the old University of Paris. A movement of Catholic Feminism has emanated from it in quite recent times, having for object to raise the feminine educational standard among Catholics to the same level as that attained by the state *Lycées* for girls. This movement is by far the most forward of the kind in France.

After the changes in the old church of the Carmelites which we have noted, we now see a building serving as a place of worship to members and students of the new Catholic Univer-

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sity. At the same time it does duty as a parish church, while not professing to be one. People from the outside world flock to its offices and are often afforded the opportunity of listening to sermons of keen intellectual as well as religious interest.

Before leaving our subject we will glance at the church, wrapped round and permeated as it is by its very vivid memories. It is simple in style and classic with the classicism of the early seventeenth century Renaissance in France, and in itself presents little of striking interest.

With the lower church—the all eloquent crypt—the case is different. There the interest consists not only in the memories which the place evokes, but also in what one sees around.

Before reaching the centre chapel of the crypt, which is the Ossuary of the Martyrs, we pass through one—if chapel it may be called—frowning, massive, supported by solid piers, and which might well be termed a subterranean churchyard, for it was there that the Carmelite monks of old were buried. At the Revolution their tombs were desecrated and their remains scattered. Not far from where their bodies were laid are the tombs of Madame de Soyecourt and of some of her Carmelite nuns. Here too, against one of the pillars, we see the giant cross fashioned by Lacordaire to which allusion has been made. And against the same pillar, but on the other side, we see the statue of the Blessed Virgin towards which the priests assembled in the garden chapel looked as they were struck down by the *Septembriseurs*, on September 2, 1792.

We pass on and are in the centre chapel—the ossuary—with its wealth of human remains inviting inspection and veneration. Skulls are well in view, some intact and some fractured; some even with teeth; some showing that death had been brought about by a sword-thrust, and others by the point of a lance or the blow of an axe. A veritable tumulus of bones lies behind the iron grating of each of these miniature chapels. On occasions when the public are especially invited to the spot, at the time of the annual nine days' celebration beginning September 2, small pendant lamps burn, marking the architectural lines of the building and revealing the terribly realistic nature of these human relics. By aid of the modest side-lights we read around, in French, such inscriptions as the following, which we translate: "Having preferred death to the

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violation of God's law, they suffered death"; and "Remember these men, who were your guides and who preached to you the word of God. Consider their end, precious in the sight of the Lord, and follow their example."

In a small chapel communicating with the central one lie the remains of Frederick Ozanam, founder of the Conferences of St. Vincent of Paul. A plain marble slab covers them. They were taken thither in 1855, and by night.

In another contiguous chapel we are confronted with blood-stains, faint, worn, and but dimly suggestive of what they are. It is the blood of some of the martyred priests that thus speaks to us. The stones on which it is to be seen have been reverently conveyed to their present place from the garden.

The altars around and the objects upon them tell that the Holy Sacrifice is frequently offered in this spot. The public are admitted to take part in the celebrations. While on these occasions the speedy beatification of the martyrs by the voice of the church is ostensibly asked of Heaven, the burden of prayer of many for themselves is: *Orate pro nobis.*

A view of these premises would not be complete without a glimpse of the historic garden. In a general way this spot is forbidden ground to the public. We obtained access to it one day with the object of writing these lines. It was a fine spring morning; the scene was a smiling one. A solitary priest was sitting on one of the old stone seats by the circular pond. He was reading. Such as his must have been the figure of that Abbé Girault, the first victim of the *Septembriseurs* on the spot a hundred and ten years before.

There were lilac-trees around. "They are the same," said a voice near, for our personal information. "Seeds or off-shoots?" was the response we made in the form of a query. "No, the identical trees," continued our informant. "And the limes yonder are the same," said the same voice. We looked across at the rows of old limes pointed to. In truth they were the same, and the lilacs were the same, and the general arrangement of the ground was the same, as when the heroic priests of September 2, 1792, looked on the scene for the last time. Nations have fallen and others have arisen, and cities have had time to be born and come to maturity, while this little spot of earth in one of the most restless and volatile cities in the world has remained unchanged.

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OUR LADY OF SAGUENAY.*

BY M. F. O'BRIEN.

"GOD save us! Harken, Ruler of the deep
That lulled the waves of Galilee to sleep."
That was our prayer;
But where the lightning falchions angry gleamed
Upon the brow of heav'n, there almost seemed
No God to care.

"Help, help us!" Louder shrieked the awful gale,
And from the fated ship there rose a wail
Of mortal fear;
The storm-fiend answered with a shriller breath,
There seemed in all this darkened world of death
No God to hear.

"Then all must end?" Perhaps it was His will,
Who never wrought, tho' seeming, slightest ill;
Then be it done.
Silent we waited, waited thus to die,
Betimes strange startled by a last shrill cry
Or child's weak moan.

"Almighty God, 'tis o'er!" But lo! a form
Reels to the deck against the beating storm.
O Mary mild,
Thy shrine was but a wreck upon the sea,
And from the deep uprose a voice to thee,
With anguish wild.

*Vessels sailing the river Saguenay, on reaching a certain cliff where a statue of the Blessed Virgin has been placed, are accustomed to fire three salutes in her honor. By her intercession a ship's crew was saved from wreck, and this memorial was raised in thanksgiving.

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Man is but human, God is all divine,
Only His kingly mercy doth confine
The gulf between;
Mother of God, and yet a child of earth,
Holy, thrice holy was thy sinless birth,
O Virgin Queen.

Where yonder crag an iron brow doth bend
To where the restless waters stealthy wend,
Behold her there,
A figure standing robed in glimmering white;
Again I hear thro' all the awful night
That last wild prayer.

Hearken! those signals from our vessel's prow,
Thrice have I counted; she is passing now,
And I too say,
While still I hear the wingèd tempest rave,
Madonna, hail! Hail, Guardian of the wave
Of Saguenay!

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IMMIGRATION PROBLEMS.

BY J. C. MONAGHAN,
Head of U. S. Consular Service.

THE GERMAN IMMIGRANT.

DURING the thirty years ending December, 1902, 2,552,537 persons left Germany as emigrants for various parts of the world. Of these 2,321,058, or 90.7 per cent., came to the United States. Of the 32,098 persons who emigrated from the empire in 1902, 29,211, or 91 per cent., came to this country. Thus it will be seen that no effort, however eminent its advocates, or however patriotic its agents, has been able to deflect the stream of German emigration from our shores. For a long time a fear was felt that the Germans were going to get control of Brazil. And yet, in thirty years the total number of Germans who emigrated to Brazil was 53,671. During those years British America received 18,299, and all other American countries, exclusive of the United States and Brazil, got 31,246.

It is interesting and suggestive to note that only 13,960 Germans sailed from Bremen in 1902, while the number of non-Germans embarking at that port was 129,369. The figures for Hamburg were: Germans, 9,570; non-Germans, 92,063. Of these totals 68,421 were from Hungary, 67,622 from Austria, and 55,368 from Russia; 88 per cent. of the total came to the United States.

Writing about the character and occupations of German emigrants, Consul-General Mason says: "They have long been recognized as among the most valuable elements that our country has derived from any foreign source during the past half century. The comprehensive and rigidly enforced compulsory-education system of this country, and its fine equipment of primary, intermediate, and industrial schools, render the working millions of Germany the best-educated people of their class on the continent of Europe, with the possible exception of those in Switzerland. When they emigrate they do so with an intelligent purpose and a good understanding of the country to which they are going. There is no disposition on the part

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of the government to encourage or promote their emigration. On the contrary, whatever official influence is exerted at all is to retain them at home, or, if they must emigrate, to direct their course toward one of the German colonies, to Brazil, or to some other country than the United States, where their identity as German subjects is so soon and inevitably merged in their new allegiance."

It is hardly necessary to add anything to this estimate. But I would like to call attention to a line or two in which Mr. Mason refers to the attitude of the German press in regard to emigration. He writes that "it is generally more or less openly opposed to all emigration except that to Brazil or the German colonies in Africa or Asia, and the *Kolonial Zeitschrift*, organ of the colonizing interest, speaks eloquently and persistently from the one unvarying text that German subjects should emigrate only to countries where they can enjoy full privileges as citizens while retaining their German nationality, and which countries draw their principal supplies of manufactured goods from the Fatherland."

If each immigrant entering our gates is worth all the way from $500 to $5,000, the German average will be far up towards $5,000. No people that have come to the United States have done more towards its upbuilding than have the Germans. Many regret their falling off in favor of others. That, however, was hardly to be helped. Nor is there any good reason to regret the change. Those coming now will never do less for the Republic than was done for it by the millions that came to us in the nineteenth century.

The German stream is to continue to come, for the increase of population in Germany is nearly a million a year. I would not be surprised to see a large number of these make their way towards Argentina, Brazil, Chili, Peru, and other South American states. Once the South German catches the fever that leads men to leave the old land for foreign parts, he will be attracted by the conditions in the countries named. Hundreds have gone thither, and other hundreds are sure to follow. As the United States fills up, the other lands, offering opportunities equal to or better than anything we will then be able to offer, except perhaps to experts, will attract thousands where to-day they attract only hundreds. Besides, the welcome with which the German is met here is hardly any warmer than the

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welcome that awaits him by the Amazon, the La Plata, the St. Lawrence, the Murray, and the Congo. Hans has a happy way with him, one that endears him to the organizers of colonial enterprise. He is a willing worker. He never tires. He is always fairly well educated. In many cases he is an agricultural or industrial expert.

Die Woche, a leading German paper, has a leader in its issue of April 9, 1904. It deals with "Das Deutschthum in Ausland"—Germans in foreign parts. It calls particular attention to the General German Protective School Union, or Association. The object of the society is to aid German emigrants in the lands to which they go. It looks upon every land into which Germans enter as a field for its activities. It aims to aid the exiled German to establish schools and organizations for the ("Erhaltung des Deutschthums in Ausland") securing of German influence in foreign parts. It is composed of government officials, merchants, retired officers, professors, writers, etc. It has branches in every part of the empire. It carries on correspondence between the home land and the foreign land. It publishes and sends forth books for use in the German schools established in foreign lands. In several paragraphs dealing with the society's efforts to perpetuate the spirit of the German race in America, *Die Woche* says: "If we wish to contribute to the maintenanee of the German spirit in the United States, we must remember that it cannot be done by means of money. It must be done by *Wort und Schrift*—*i.e.*, by literature, by means of friendly and intellectual contact."

The empire's daily press will be doing a good work when it gives more attention to the individual lives of the German Americans; for a movement is on in America. There one finds German papers, German houses, and German Turnvereins; the German language and literature are everywhere in evidence, etc. There is promise of great progress along the lines of German culture in the universities, common, private, and parochial schools. One finds it in every educational institution, from the kindergarten to the seminary. The German genius is pressing westwards. In San Francisco, facing the Pacific, is Rietschel's statue of Goethe and Schiller. They look forth from a land in which the Germans have done much, towards the East, in which the race is reaping a rich reward for its enterprise, enthusiasm, and energy.

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ITALIAN IMMIGRATION.

Any one who is dealing with the problems presented by the movements of immigrants is in duty bound, after devoting a great many paragraphs to German and Irish immigrants, to give a fair if not an equal number of paragraphs to the Italians and Slavs. When one is told that more than a million and a half Italians have come to this country from 1821 to 1903 inclusive, the importance of the problems presented by this movement appears. Estimates of the amounts of money sent back annually by Italian immigrants to relatives and friends left in the old land, put the amounts away up in the millions, some as high as $30,000,000. It is safe to say that $20,000,000 is not too high an estimate. This tendency, on the part of Italians and others, to take or send their earnings back to the old countries, is the cause of a great deal of very careless calculations. It is claimed that because immigrants will save and send back, they should not be allowed to come in. As if we did not get full value in the products of their labor for every dollar paid out and sent back. Of course it would be better for the country if the immigrant's earnings could be kept in circulation here; but the fact that the immigrant sends it back is the very best sign of the immigrant's value to his adopted country. That kind of an immigrant is sure to make a good citizen. It is hardly necessary, I hope, to suggest more than the foregoing to those who are worrying over the losses entailed by the immigrants' remittances home.

The bulk of those Italians coming to this country are from southern Italy. As a class they seem far inferior to their Piedmont, Lombard, and Tuscan countrymen. The difference after all is not very great. Most of the so-called superiority is imaginary rather than real. All are thrifty, industrious, and willing to work. They love Italy. They love their kith and kin. Hewers of wood and drawers of water they were at home; builders too of public works, railroads, docks, and wharves. Hewers of wood and drawers of water they are here. Experts in building lines, they are eagerly sought by American builders and contractors. Every effort made by the Italians who come to us to emancipate themselves from poverty and dependence ought to meet with encouragement. The Italy of to-day is not the Italy of yesterday. The country,

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long handicapped, industrially and commercially, because it had no coal, is again taking its place among industrial states, because the Alps and the Pyrenees are literally pouring power into its mills. By the migratory movements Italy as well as the United States is bound to be benefited. Movements of this kind have always resulted in benefit to both parties. It would be hard to estimate the effects of America on Germany's commercial and industrial life. It is to affect Italy in the very same way.

HOW TO HELP THE IMMIGRANTS.

In connection with Italian immigration, it may not be out of place to call attention to existing evils under which immigrants suffer and to the efforts that have been made to minimize or eradicate them. Immigrants from Continental Europe are, as a rule, ignorant of English, and English, after all, is the language of this country. For fifty years the people who have come in at our gates have been the victims of the vilest kind of parasites. Young girls have been lured into dens of infamy. Indeed, there are those who maintain that European victims are systematically procured for the brothels of New York, Boston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Heartless men hire out their countrymen for wages wickedly below what the poor laborer is worth. Cases have come before the courts in which workingmen were most wantonly defrauded of their wages.

IMMIGRANT AID SOCIETIES.

Every large seaport into which immigrants are pouring has its "Immigrant Aid Association." These are based upon a belief that before they were established the immigrant was robbed, plundered, led astray or imposed upon. Effective as are most of these associations, they have only partially succeeded. Even now the number of immigrants who fall victims to the boarding-house agent, the money-changer, the padrone, the "friend who will find work for them," etc., is enormous. Among the organizations aiding immigrants the "Society for the Protection of Italian Immigrants," founded two years ago by American citizens, is doing excellent work.

It was organized—

"(1) To afford advice, information, aid, and protection of all kinds to Italian immigrants.

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(2) By assisting, wherever possible, such immigrants as are unfamiliar with the language and customs of the country to a practical knowledge thereof.

(3) By learning the character of the labor for which each individual immigrant is best fitted, and endeavoring to procure for said immigrant employment at his particular trade or calling, or at some remunerative occupation, that he may not, through want of work, become a charge to the state or a burden to society.

(4) By investigating and remedying, if possible, all abuses to which Italian immigrants are exposed and all wrongs inflicted upon them.

(5) By familiarizing immigrants with their rights and duties under the State and Federal constitutions, and securing for them the entire enjoyment of their constitutional rights."

A writer in the *Outlook* of April 16, 1904, calls attention to the dangers run by immigrants after they pass from the protection of the United States immigration agents into the hands of the crooks and the sharpers, who wait like wolves for their victims at the Battery Landing. He cites an instance in which of 36 immigrants, under the care of agents of the Italian Immigration Society, referred to above, 19 fell victims to the runners and crooks.

If the percentage of victims among protected immigrants is more than 50 per cent., what must be the loss among the unprotected? Is it strange that the immigrant's ideas of America undergo a change before he has had a chance to learn even a little of the real America. And after all is n't this the thing condemned, a part of the real America? Is not American society responsible for these parasites? Has New York, or the United States, no responsibilities? They certainly have.

CITY AND COUNTRY.

Of all the evils associated with the problems of immigration one of the greatest is connected with the immigrants' desire to remain in the large cities. Could some method be devised for getting them to go to the country, out into the farming villages, north, south, east, and west, the assimilation would be better. It might not be quicker; it might not be as quick. Congregated in the country districts with their own pastors or priests, the foreigner soon clamors for his own

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schools,* his own paper, and his own club. Give him these. No harm has ever come from it. The Scandinavians and Germans of Minnesota, the Dakotas, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Nebraska, insist upon their right to perpetuate their languages and religion. To this end they have forced the school boards of the West to put the German and Scandinavian languages into the schools. When able to do so, they have built their own schools. Is there a better type of citizen, north or south, than the farmers of the Northwest? The very fact that the Irish, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, etc., love their native lands, and are true to them and their traditions, is one of the very best traits in their characters. The people who come to us and have no love for the land left behind will be wanting in one of a strong man's noblest characteristics. I would not be understood as advocating a continuance of the separate schools, papers, churches, etc. If assimilation is to go on rapidly, every school, paper, and church in which a foreign tongue figures is in some measure a hindrance.

THE IRISH IMMIGRANT.

The number of Irish immigrants from 1821 to 1903, inclusive, as recorded, was 3,979,569. During the same period Germany sent us 5,138,091, England and Wales 2,766,156, and Scotland 388,506. Persons more or less familiar with the questions of immigration think a large share of those accredited to England, Wales, and Scotland are undoubtedly due to Ireland. Thousands of Irish in Scotland and England, and even many persons in Ireland, were in the habit of sailing from Glasgow and Liverpool. Hence the actual number of Irish immigrants to the United States is nearly if not quite as large as the number from Germany.

Consul Waterman, of Dublin, writing about Irish emigrants, says: "Generally speaking, those emigrants from Ireland who go to the United States are a very intelligent and sober people of a high moral character. They are, as a rule, law-abid-

* In the *Columbia* of April 1, 1904, a German-American journal of commerce, published in Berlin, Germany, the Rev. P. H. Gerhard, a German pastor, published an excellent article about the German farmer in the West. In that article he says the Germans not only build their German churches but German schools. The motive is to help the rising generation of German-Americans to keep the German language.

Praiseworthy these efforts may be. Their success is not very great. In spite of every effort to keep the immigrants Italians, Germans, etc., they soon become thoroughly Americanized. The rising generation refuse to speak the old tongues. They take to English in spite of every effort to keep them from doing so.

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ing and are capable of becoming excellent citizens, as they all seem to have a great love for the United States. Being drawn principally from the agricultural classes, they do not, as a rule, belong to any trade unions, although those who have trades usually belong to some trade society. One of the characteristics of Irishmen is their strong conservatism."

This last line will surprise a great many who have been led to look upon the Irish as little less than revolutionary radicals. It only shows the keenness with which Consul Waterman has watched and discriminated between the superficial and the deep currents of Irish life. That the race is really conservative is known by all those who are at all familiar with Irish history.

Writing about the effort to stop emigration, he continues:

"The more thoughtful people in Ireland are beginning to realize that from an Irish point of view emigration is most deplorable. Those leaving Ireland are the bone and sinew of the country, and their emigration means a lower marriage rate, a much lower birth rate, and a consequent depopulation of the country, to say nothing of the economic loss incurred in raising the people for what practically amounts to exportation for nothing. Even calculating the cost of raising a person in Ireland at $200—and this is one-fifth of the supposed cost in the United States—emigration has cost Ireland since 1851, when the statistics were first kept, about $800,000,000. An anti-emigration society has been started in Dublin and is doing what it can to stem the tide of emigration. Its plan of campaign is to show that while some of the emigrants do better their condition, many of them do not, and that these latter almost invariably reach a lower state of misery than is possible in Ireland, where the worst they have to face is poverty, but poverty without the moral degradation common in large cities. This society, which has the support of many of the bishops and priests of the country and of the more prominent members of Parliament, has arranged to hold an anti-emigration conference at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904 in the hope that it may do something among Irish people in the United States to prevent them in any way assisting emigration from Ireland and to try to get our immigration laws as stringently enforced as regards Ireland as possible."

If the Irish, Scandinavians, British, and Germans fall off while the others increase, the problem of assimilation will pre-

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sent new but not necessarily more dangerous phenomena. If by assimilation is meant the conversion of the immigrants into New England Yankees, the sooner the idea of doing this is abandoned the better. Bad as any other result might be, such a hybrid is hardly the best possible transformation. The nation is never again to be what it was. Nor will it be worse than it would have been had we continued to get only Anglo-Saxons and Irish. It may not be better. Nobody knows what it would have been had we acted differently; nobody knows what it will be. It will be what we make it. If each does what he finds to be done at his own door, the reward reaped by the Republic will be rich and rare.

In the building of the Republic the best blood of the Irish was given. From the very earliest years they penetrated into all parts of the country. The prejudiced predicted great evils from the tremendous tide that came in during the forties and early fifties. How gladly we would welcome them now! As it was with the Irish so will it be with the Italians. They are bound to come even in greater numbers. They will work as the Irish worked, and the country will be the better for it. Thousands of the best men in Minnesota and Wisconsin, Oregon and California, Texas and Tennessee, Maine and Massachusetts, first saw the light by the banks of the Liffey or the Lee, the Shannon or the Suir. In war and in peace the nation has no more patriotic citizens. Faithful to the old land with a love that is heroic, they are still devoted to their adopted country. An eloquent orator once pictured the dual love as that of a man for his bride and for his mother. America is the immigrant's bride; the one chosen from all the world. The old land is the mother land. The man who has little or no love for the land of his birth will bear watching. The man who is ashamed of his country or his creed is usually a man of whom country and creed have good reason to feel ashamed. The Irishman's love for the Green Isle, the German's fondness for the Fatherland, the Italian's devotion to Italia are good signs.

CHINESE EMIGRATION.

In view of the fact that a great deal of fear is felt in regard to the possibility of Chinese emigrants overwhelming lands into which they are allowed to enter, it may prove interesting to review the figures of Chinese emigration for a term of years.

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Most of the emigration has been along the empire's waterways. A very large part of those that go out are from the south. Only one province in the north, Shantung, has sent out any very considerable number of its inhabitants. Most of these go either to the north, into the Amur lands, or into the regions of Eastern Asia.

The total number of Chinese outside of China is only 7,642,650. Take from these the Chinese in Formosa, 2,600,000, till the war with Japan a Chinese province, and those in Siam (2,500,000), and the total scattered over the world is only a trifle more than two and a half millions, or far less than one in a hundred; for China's population is said to be above 400,000,000. Nearly all of the emigrants from China proper went to Asiatic places. In the last twenty-six years 1,629,947 Chinese left Amoy; of these 1,309,787 returned. 1,794,298 left Swatow; but of these 1,307,744 returned. From Kiung-Chou 298,772 went out, and 296,233 returned. From Hong Kong about 1,130,000 emigrated, but of these 1,090,000 returned. In 1876, 113,269 persons left China for foreign parts, in 1886 the number was 258,341, in 1895 261,373, in 1900, the largest number ever recorded up to that date, 383,523. The figures do not include those for Hong Kong. Here is the danger. While 400,000 emigrants from China would be but one-tenth of one per cent., it would be a huge amount to add to the eight or nine hundred thousand that enter the United States annually at the present time. South Africa, India, the Strait Settlements, even Central America, all tropical lands, are turning to the Chinese as to the one laborer capable of solving the problem of tropical labor.

The demand for this labor is increasing. Just what South Africa is to suffer or to gain by the introduction of the Chinese can only be conjectured. Whether it is wise or unwise to put the Chinese into the mines side by side with white and Kaffir labor remains to be seen. That the 400,000,000 of the Chinese Empire could, in time, supply enough to conquer the tropics is probable. The problem is unique. The Chinese emigrant is unlike any other. When he goes forth it is, as a rule, under some kind of a contract that provides for sending him back dead or alive. The significance of the figures already submitted may be measured only after this fact is fully understood. Whether any great waves will ever sweep again out of the East into the West is problematic. Every effort that has been

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made to make the vast masses of the empire move from one part to another has failed. If a call goes up from Africa, South and Central America, and from other tropical regions for Chinese labor, the world's industrial, commercial, agricultural, and consequently financial, equilibrium will undergo great changes. Recent efforts have induced hundreds to go to Madagascar.

South Africa is trying to get light on the question of Coolie labor. Efforts are being made to legalize their introduction under careful governmental supervision.

The one important fact furnished by the foregoing figures is found in the statement that of the 4,850,000 Chinese emigrants that left China in the last twenty-six years 4,000,000 have returned. If one allows eight per cent. for deaths, etc., the number now alive in foreign parts is only 450,000. The statistician and economist who thinks a land loses by allowing immigrants to enter who after working awhile depart carrying with them fairly large sums of money saved from the wages paid for their labor, will see in the Chinese only undesirable acquisitions. The real danger, however, it seems to me, is not in the fact that the Chinaman or any laborer goes away with his savings; it is to be found in the fact that they materially disturb the labor market. If the Chinese are willing to work in the tropics, or anywhere else, at wages far below what white men demand, the white man's burden will be increased by every Coolie that comes in at our gates. But the same is true of every Hungarian, Bohemian, Silesian, or Italian that is willing to work for lower wages than are paid to Welshmen, Irishmen, Englishmen, Scotchmen, or Americans.

Only the largest and most liberal statesmanship should be allowed to touch the problem of labor and the problem of immigration, for both are bound up in each other. Elsewhere I have called attention to the large-hearted and liberal way with which the laborers of the United States have opened their arms to the toiling masses of all countries. If they have acted differently towards the East, it is because they could not foresee what terrible consequences might arise were our gates left open to the rapidly rising tides of Eastern immigrants. It became a question of self-preservation; and that is as much a law of nations as it is of individuals. Whether we like or dislike indiscriminate immigration, we must look the facts in the face. Certain evils are inseparable from every form of immigration, but the benefits have seldom been less than the evils.

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A glance at the list of the lands or people contributing to the heterogeneous thing we call an American citizen will serve to emphasize the very cosmopolitan character of our immigration. Entering our gates are the following races, or peoples: African (black), Armenian, Bohemian, Bosnian, Bulgarian, Chinese, Croatian, Cuban, Dalmatian, Dutch, East Indian, English, Filipino, Finnish, Flemish, French, German, Greek, Hebrew, Herzegovinian, Irish, Italian, North Italian, South Japanese, Korean, Lithuanian, Magyar, Mexican, Montenegrin, Moravian, Pacific Islander, Polish, Portuguese, Roumanian, Russian, Ruthenian (Russniak), Syrian, Scandinavian (Norway, Sweden, Denmark), Scotch, Servian, Slovak, Slovenian, Spanish, Spanish-American, Turkish, Welsh, West Indian.

Between what is worst and best in the long list rolls an average tide that is sure to take care that the Republic will never repent it of having opened its gates to those that go in at them from so many places. In a generation or two Jew and Gentile, Italian and Norwegian, are lost in the larger American.

There are those who seem to think that a man is not an American unless his father fought in the Revolution. Hence our Sons of the Revolution. Again, there are those who believe that the real American begins at Bull Run or Sumter. It is all vain. The immigrant who, of his own will, adopts this land and our flag as his own has as great a claim to the title of American citizen as the boy born among the green hills of Vermont, the granite hills of Maine, New Hampshire, or Massachusetts. The brave breasts of the "foreigners" who fought side by side with Sigel, Osterhaus, or Rosecrans, by the side of Shields, Sheridan, and Meagher—fighting, some of them as substitutes for the men who "maintained the Union" by staying behind—have earned the right to be here, and equal right have the thousands and thousands of foreign-born *volunteers* who when Lincoln called to arms went out with their native leaders to battle for the Union, to stand or fall for liberty. We are a silly people, at times; we do stupid things. The idiotic effort to re-establish what deluge after deluge of ridicule and rage has wiped away is amusing—hardly interesting. The genealogical societies of the country seeking to set up an American aristocracy are false to the first principles of the Declaration of Independence.

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COUSIN TO A KING.

BY LELIA HARDIN BUGG.

FOR a week the quaint old city of Stuttlau was to play hostess to half the crowned heads of Europe. They had come to witness the coronation of the young King of Rougaria. Never before had she numbered such a throng within her gates.

People poured in on every train; suburban folk entered in carriages, wagons, carts; peasants trudged merrily on foot.

The streets were festive with the bunting which the world over denotes public joy; or in sombre black, public mourning. Bunting festooned, draped, wreathed, coiled in spiral-like twists decorated in gorgeous hues the narrow old streets, and the broad new ones—new with that sort of made-over newness which renders ancient thoroughfares foreign in their own lawful abiding place.

Modern business blocks, palaces of the nobility, town houses of commerce, winter-summer hovels of the poor, all were in holiday attire, yet with an aspect of staid Teuton respectability befitting an occasion of national and permanent importance not to be compared with the ephemeral joy of a Parisian at the installation of a president who to-morrow might be again merely a private citizen.

Triumphal arches made of bunting manipulated to look like white marble, with patriotic inscriptions picked out in smilax, spanned the thoroughfares. Flags were flying everywhere, ribbons in the national colors decked the manes of high-stepping horses and the dogs harnessed to the milk-carts, fastened the tresses of the school-girl and made coquettish the cap of the matron. Bands were playing national airs, and the tramp, tramp of a mighty concourse of people sent exhilarating thrills to the finger-tips of the veriest stranger.

There might have been philosophers in the crowd to moralize on the vanity of human greatness, and the fickleness of man triumphs; philosophers who remembered the national

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mourning which only a little time before had draped every façade in deepest black, and burdened the air with solemn dirges.

The king was dead!

Loyal Rougarians had shown a decent and becoming regret, tinged with a mild expectancy of speedy consolation.

The old king had been very kind in his way; had contributed to their charities, laid their corner-stones, addressed the widows left by brave soldiers to their country in a fatherly speech carefully prepared by his private secretary; he had been most considerate in throwing open to the public, free of charge, his famous picture-galleries, and on Sundays and holidays students and bank clerks, and fathers and mothers with their children, had wandered through these splendid museums and gazed at the pictures and treasures paid for by their taxes; but they had lost sight of this fact, and so had the king, and the act was regarded as a piece of fatherly kindness which merited and received unbounded gratitude.

The old king had given them many pleasures, and on his birthday, always kept as a national holiday, his subjects, old and young, sat around little tables in the gardens, and drank his health in great schooners of foaming beer, while the band played divinely under the lindens; good housewives gave their children generous slices of seed-cake of the kind which their mothers and grandmothers had given to them; women and girls in the great vestment factories, and flower-making establishments, and book-binderies, had a bottle of real wine with their dinners, and in the afternoons they strolled in the beautiful parks or went on enchanting excursions into the country; students paraded in uniform and made their throats sore hurrahing for the king, and marching until ready to drop with fatigue before admiring parents and envious little brothers.

So in one way or another the Rougarians were glad that they had a king and that he graciously permitted himself a birthday.

Life was hard, very hard for too many, but it had its joys too, and it went on from generation to generation without much change. They lived as their grandfathers had lived under the regent—noted for his vices and his love of German opera; and as their fathers had lived under the king who succeeded the regent—a weak king, who loved horses and Rhine wine, and who did whatever his prime minister told him to do,

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unless he got obstinate, as very weak people have the habit of doing at times, and then affairs of state went tobogganing down the road to ruin.

They had lithographs in their homes of the old king and his sensible, commonplace wife, said by admiring housefraus to be an excellent cook. They read about the royal children, and frowned when their qualities were compared unfavorably with the qualities of the little Russian or Prussian royalties, their twenty-ninth cousins. But if one wanted to quarrel, the height of a royal duke aged ten, or the color of the eyes of a royal princess aged seven, were as good as anything else to fight about, and rival factions of students had been known to quarrel lustily on subjects of no more importance, as they sipped their beer on a royal birthday.

There was something very child-like in this attitude of the people; the king was their king, and his children near and dear to them for this reason, and there was a sort of vicarious enjoyment in his splendor, his popularity, his importance.

After he was dead the newspapers presented him with every kingly attribute, and among other post-mortem information had chronicled his fondness for stewed mushrooms and the remedies he had tried for dyspepsia. In reality he had been a rather pleasing old gentleman, who loved his two daughters and worshipped the memory of his son, a youth snatched away on the threshold of manhood, leaving no brother to console king or people. The king had done his duty so far as he knew it, and, on the whole, had been a fairly satisfactory ruler.

Of course there were disaffected elements in the little kingdom, especially in the towns; anarchists who believed in a general upheaval of old forms in order to build on their ruins the new; revolutionists who met in secret and talked of liberty, equality, and fraternity; there were leaders among them selfishly plotting for their own ends, and using their followers as so many tools; and there were other leaders with the fire of patriotism in their veins, a fire fanned and fed by the hard, cruel, sordid conditions crushing the helpless people; men with brains and aspirations in frantic rebellion, like so many caged lions, against the iron fetters of poverty, low wages, ignorance, and heavy taxes.

But scarcely an echo of their cries had ever reached the palace. Now the king was dead; his nephew was to succeed

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to his throne, his honors and responsibilities, and perhaps, in time, to his dyspepsia. The people looked to this young man to remedy many evils.

The day for the coronation was beautiful with the charm of early June at its best. The birds in the graceful lindens which lined many of the streets chirped and twittered and trilled in a passionate joyous chorus as if they understood that their song was the real coronation ode; the sky was brilliantly blue with here and there a fleck of mist like a bridal veil, and the sun arose in majestic splendor behind castle turrets as if glad to add his royal gift, without which all others would have seemed dull and gray.

From early dawn the city was astir. The procession was to leave the palace gates at eleven o'clock; but long before that hour the multitude, who had paid all sorts of prices for any sort of perching-place along the route, were seated and awaiting the procession in enthusiastic patience.

Among the vast concourse of people lining the streets even to the roofs of the tallest buildings were two Americans, Jack Remington, a clever young broker from Chicago, and Constance, his pretty wife, seated in blissful content in a little festooned balcony.

The pair had just landed in Europe, and had come out of their route to the quaint old city of Stuttlau in order to witness the coronation procession; in the words of irreverent Jack, "to see monarchy dressed in its Sunday clothes."

"This is enchanting, Jack!" cried Constance as she leaned over the iron railing and smiled down upon a band playing the "Washington Post" immediately beneath the balcony.

"Of course the price is something outrageous; and in advance, too! I forget the exact number of roubles or marks or thalers that woman had the assurance to demand—it means plain American dollars in the end. And do look!—there is a horse exactly like Rob Roy"—Rob Roy being Mrs. Remington's own special equine possession, now on a vacation with the very *élite* of horsedom at a big farm in Illinois.

A detachment of cavalry swept down the street, and were cheered frantically.

"See that officer in white plumes; doesn't he ride superbly?" ejaculated Constance. "He must be a prince, or a count at the very least!"

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"The police in Chicago ride just as well and look far more consequential," answered Remington.

"Oh, is n't this pitiful?—that poor old woman on crutches! Here, give me some money—quick! Ah, she is gone; but she could n't have found it in such a crowd.

"Is n't that house opposite hideous?—and so disgustingly modern! I dare say they pulled down a perfectly enchanting old palace with high, tiny windows, and big doors, and lofty, long, draughty halls filled with ancestral ghosts, and all to make room for—this! Fancy a self-respecting ghost coming to a house with electric lights and speaking-tubes. Listen to that! The Rougarians shout loud enough to make one believe that their king is something of an archangel."

"They are making the best of the occasion," answered Jack. He did not always take the trouble to reply to his wife's comments, or even her questions.

"There is no hope—I mean no prospect, of another coronation very soon. They say the king is young and he comes from a long-lived race."

"Is n't that picturesque?—those girls in caps. Is that the national costume of the peasantry? It is so much more becoming than the cheap finery of our poor people."

"Our poor would n't wear a peasant's dress if it were as beautiful as a Paris dressmaker's dream of heaven. Perish the thought in a land where every woman can make a fool of herself if she chooses!"

Then the chimes from a neighboring church played merrily for a minute, and the great bell of the cathedral rang out in sonorous clangor, cannons boomed, and the expectant multitude knew that the procession had started from the palace.

The splendid pageant came into view far up the street, and the crowd broke out into renewed cheering. One was tempted to wonder if their voices would ever get back to their normal pitch, for they had shouted themselves hoarse hours before.

Guards with drawn swords lined the way. Outriders on splendidly caparisoned horses advanced slowly, looking neither to the right nor the left; then followed the soldiers, so many of them that Constance Remington wickedly declared that they had been borrowed for the occasion; the national air pulsed on the warm June breeze and was caught up by the bands all along the route.

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Solemnly and beautifully the pageant advanced until the king himself was passing—the king in a splendid state carriage, all gold and red velvet, drawn by six white horses with arched necks and quivering nostrils, their skins shining like bridal satin.

At the sight of the handsome young man, flushed but dignified and gracious, the people were fairly swept off their feet; women waved their handkerchiefs frantically, and some sobbed hysterically.

Then some poor lunatic shouted, "Down with the king! Liberty for ever!" and was promptly hustled off to prison.

Again tremendous cheering, and all eyes were fastened on a beautiful girl seated in a royal carriage to the left of a sad-eyed old woman—an old woman who looked rather pitifully at the throng, but was playing her part too well to betray her heart. She was the Queen Dowager, but no one minded her now—her day was past; the shout was for the beautiful princess at her side, a girl with soft brown eyes and auburn hair, and a dazzling complexion, with dimples and a dainty chin, and smiles on the rich red lips. She was the Princess Helen, and her day was just beginning—the fair young princess who was to marry the king.

For once a royal alliance was to be a genuine love match. They were third cousins and had known each other all their lives. When Helen was eighteen and Louis twenty-one they had been thrown together all during a summer at the palace of a great personage nearly related to both. There was no prospect then that Prince Louis would ever ascend the throne, a healthy cousin aged twenty, and an equally healthy uncle under sixty, standing between him and that high destiny. Hence he was allowed much liberty in his wooing, and he had not been slow to make use of his opportunities. In the freedom from ceremony when royalty was off duty, so to speak, he spent long, sweet summer hours with the young girl, and their betrothal followed with the consent of all concerned.

Suddenly the crown prince died, and soon afterwards the uncle, and Prince Louis found himself standing in the shadow of the throne.

His marriage was thus transformed into a matter of national importance. Still there had been no serious objections raised to the Princess Helen, and it was generally believed that their union would soon follow. The prime minister, however,

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opposed it with all his powerful might, and a king sometimes risks a great deal when he ventures to act counter to his ministers. Thus it came about that there was no queen consort at his side to receive the anointing chrism.

The Princess Helen was evidently the people's choice.

With the passing of the last carriage the coronation was over so far as concerned the Remingtons, who, as private American citizens, could have no share in the festivities that would continue for the favored ones during the week. There was to be a court ball, a review of the well-drilled toy army, and a special opera festival at the court theatre, with singers brought from Dresden and Berlin. There were to be private banquets without number, and the decorated cafés afforded people a chance to get indigestion in honor of the new king, at only a slight advance of regular prices. No one has explained why it is that public or national joy usually expresses itself in eating, and especially in drinking, rather than in more æsthetic forms.

Rougaria might be small, but she could play hostess to Europe as well as the richest of her sisters, and she meant to do her part royally. There were want and wretchedness and bitter discontent within her borders, but these things were hidden away. Kingdoms as well as individuals have their skeletons, but they are not taken out and exhibited to visitors.

The Remingtons left Stuttlau on the evening train. They meant to go down the Rhine, as far north as St. Petersburg, and, perhaps, as far south as Constantinople—certainly as far as Athens.

Their homeward passage was booked on the *Campania* for the latter part of October, and between the first of June and the end of October a clever couple who know how to travel can cover a great deal of territory in an intelligible and fairly satisfactory way.

Constance declared herself to be fascinated by Stuttlau, and wherever they chanced to be she never failed to read the news of the old Rougarian capital. Jack Remington accused his wife of looking for Rougaria before turning her eyes to the meagre despatches contained in the Paris dailies from the United States.

The news was sometimes very disquieting. A month after the coronation there had been a bread riot, and many people

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were without employment. The Princess Helen sent a diamond necklace to Paris to be sold, and the proceeds had been her contribution to the bread fund.

The king was said to be personally very popular among all classes, but some of the measures forced upon him by a short-sighted ministry were turning the tide of public sentiment against him.

"The future looks rather stormy for his Royal Youthfulness," said Remington after reading one of the Rougarian despatches. "We saw him crowned—at least we saw the procession—and I rather fancy that if we live to be a sober, middle-aged couple we shall see the crown fall off his head. He will be in luck if his head does not fall with it."

"Oh, Jack, how can you say anything so perfectly bloodthirsty as that?" cried Constance in horror.

"My saying it won't make it happen any more surely. If he'd send to the United States and get a progressive man of affairs with brains, and take his advice, his Majesty might save himself some trouble. Old Rhenwold is a back number, and about as well fitted to assist a nation on the road to modern progress and prosperity as a bat would be to lead a fire brigade."

The first of October found the Remingtons again in Stuttlau. Their circular ticket included that city, and Constance wanted to stop there for a day or two, having discovered that carved wood and lace could be purchased more cheaply in the Stuttlau shops than in any other market in Europe.

"How like a woman to spend fifty dollars in hotels and carriages in order to save twenty-five dollars on a purchase of bric-a-brac!" put in Remington.

However, he was willing enough to accede to his wife's wishes, for there were some pictures in the cathedral that a Nevada silver mine could not buy, and these he had been unable to see during the rush of the coronation week.

They had been warned that Stuttlau was positively not safe, and that a revolution was liable to break out at any moment; but they laughed at such a contingency, remembering the enthusiastic and spontaneous cheering that had burst from a quarter of a million of loyal Rougarians' throats only three months earlier.

They went to an unpretentious hostelry in a quiet street,

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crossing the main thoroughfare, which had been recommended most highly by some American friends.

"I am so glad we came here instead of going to that tiresome Continental," said Constance, taking off her gloves in an old-fashioned room looking out upon a crooked street with tiled roofs.

"This is much more characteristically Rougarian. The flickering little flames of yellow gas, and the rheumatic lift which under no provocation will lift you down, and the candles in rows in the halls, are more than worth the price of admission. And these stuffy green sausages filled with feathers that they put on the top of your little bed make admirable foot-warmers."

After dinner the pair sauntered out for an airing and chanced upon a square where a gathering of socialists were holding a meeting, making the most incendiary speeches to an angry populace massed around a little kiosk! The police were evidently afraid to arrest even the leaders.

"This is the beginning of the end," said Remington half sadly. "I think, my dear, it would be the wisdom which is said to be the better part of valor for us to take our departure on the first train to-morrow. When these Europeans get a notion to have a revolution they don't waste much time on preliminaries."

Then for the first time on their journeyings they were genuinely glad of the passports safely tucked away in Jack's inside pocket. They had been abroad on their bridal trip and had not thought of passports, but since their summer outing held Russia and Turkey in prospect they had deemed a passport not a bad precaution.

"We must leave Stuttlau to-morrow," repeated Remington as he disappeared behind the green feather "sausage."

But the old-fashioned quaintness and the absence of the modern electric elevator which had so delighted Constance were destined by fate to play a mighty part in the lives of several people.

Jack Remington, in descending the winding flight of stairs on his way to the dining-room for the regulation cup of coffee the following morning, slipped, turned his ankle, and sank with a groan to the floor.

A doctor was hastily summoned, and this autocrat of ailing

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flesh peremptorily forbade any thought of travel under at least a week. There was nothing else to do but to submit to destiny.

Remington fumed and swore softly under his breath, and in his forgetfulness moved his foot and swore again at the pain.

His oaths were usually by Jupiter and thunder, and his wife counted them as harmless.

The doctor laughed at the idea of imminent danger; he said that the anarchists were talking too much to do any real mischief.

In less than forty-eight hours the city was in possession of the mob. All night long it tramped and howled through the streets; the shops had closed their doors, and the troops were hastily mobilized at the palace. Men went about singing ribald songs against the king and the Princess Helen, and even the little newsboys shouted themselves hoarse with scurrilities one could only hope they did not understand.

And Jack Remington lay on a couch drawn up by the window, powerless to stir, whilst a revolution surged in the streets all around him.

The offices of the principal newspapers had been taken possession of by the revolutionists, who called themselves the press censors of the commune; and the manifestoes printed in the biggest type procurable were the first intimation that the great mass of the people had that there was a commune, and that the king had been deposed.

Human nature, when it lays bare its ugly side and vomits forth the accumulated venom of two hundred thousand infuriated beings, sends a shudder through the frame of society, and it is long before it again recovers its normal heart-beats.

The most contradictory reports were flying about as to the king; one hour it was said that he had escaped, disguised as a pedlar, to the frontier; the next that he was still in the palace.

The waiter who brought the Remingtons their meals in the little sitting-room, and was not unmindful of their liberal tips, brought them sundry bits of information. At dinner on the third day he said that ten thousand people, many of them women, were battering at the palace gates, and that they would surely break them down before midnight.

For some reason for which there was no plausible explanation the soldiers had not yet fired on the mob. It was rumored that this was by command of the king, some claiming it to be cowardice and some humanity.

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"It certainly is not cowardice; his Majesty is anything but a coward," said Constance, although sympathy for Louis IX. was not just the most popular chord with the class to which their waiter belonged.

The royal palace was but a few blocks away from the hotel, and Constance was tingling to get a glimpse of the mob. It seemed the refinement of torture to be in the very midst of a revolution and yet not be able to see the tiniest bit of it except the fragments that came under the hotel windows.

"Jack, dear, why were you so inconsiderate as to sprain your ankle at such a very inopportune time?"

"Do you think that I'd let you go into the streets if I had twenty ankles?" answered her suffering lord.

Again the night was rendered hideous by the clamor of the unbridled multitude, and before dawn the news was flashed over the city that the mob was in possession of the palace, but that the king had escaped.

It was thought that he would try to reach Belgium, for it was reported that the Princess Helen on the first day of the outburst had gone to Brussels with only her maid in attendance. It was known that her grandmother, with whom she resided, was still at Aix-les-Bains.

The first edition of the morning papers declared triumphantly that the king would be a prisoner before night, for the trains were not running out of the city, and every avenue of escape was closely guarded.

Constance, republican to the core of her American heart, yet felt a thrill of pity for the king hunted like a criminal in the capital of his royal forbears, where but yesterday he had reigned its cherished sovereign. The experience did not serve to increase her estimate of popular applause. It seemed a very fickle sort of temperament that could be swayed in two opposing directions in such a very short time. If she had not been present at the coronation, when these same people went wild with enthusiasm for their king, she could not have believed that Louis had ever been anything but the most loathed of tyrants.

During the day the city suddenly grew quiet, and it was whispered that more troops were marching to the rescue of the king. His fate was still unknown.

On the following morning Jack, who was beginning to hob-

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ble about, made his way leaning on the strong arm of the portier, to the reading-room of the hotel. He wanted to hear what the other men had to say about the revolution.

Constance regarded this desertion as the most flagrant hard-heartedness. She determined that she too would see something.

She put on her hat and jacket and stole out of the entrance, making a sort of mental compact with herself that she would go just to the corner to get a breath of fresh air.

The streets seemed quiet, almost deserted. An old woman, seated by a basket of chestnuts, was knitting a blue stocking, and a cart drawn by a dog and a woman harnessed together rattled over the uneven cobblestones.

"I don't see why I should be shut up in that stuffy hotel," thought Constance. "Why, the streets are as quiet as a New England village on Sunday morning. But Jack is such a goose about women; he thinks that we are to be handled with care, like some costly and especially rare old china. Dear boy! would n't you have a fit if you knew that I 'm out in the street alone?"

She walked on in the direction of the palace, knowing that she dared not go all the way, yet longing for a glimpse of those demolished gates. As she turned a corner she saw a man with a cap drawn over his eyes, and a long military cloak wrapped around him, walking rather hurriedly towards her. There was something familiar in his appearance, yet she could not recall where she had seen him. He wore enormous spectacles, and his face was clean shaven.

In a moment there was the rush of many feet behind her, and the cry went out, "The king! the king!" And with a yell of savagery two men grabbed the fugitive and the others closed in around them.

"The king!" Ah, that was the face she could not recall!

It required but an instant for Constance to force her way through the gathering mob.

"How dare you, how dare you lay hands on my husband?" she cried, pulling at the arm of the king.

"We are Americans, and we shall make you pay dearly for this outrage," she cried with perfectly acted indignation. She spoke the language very well, for modern languages had been a fad in her own particular coterie, and since her marriage she

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had kept up her studies, encouraged in her efforts by her husband, who admired clever women.

"Go with us instantly to the American consul," she demanded; then she spoke to the king in English, chancing it that he would understand; she knew that foreign languages form usually a very important part in the training of royal children, probably with a view to their matrimonial alliances. It would be most unpleasant not to be able to maintain a difference of opinion with one's husband or wife for the want of a common medium of exchange.

Then she turned again to the mob, as if translating her husband's words. "My husband does n't speak German," she exclaimed; and this was true, for Jack Remington had never mastered the Teutonic construction of sentences. The king was quick to take his cue, and by a telegraphic glance he showed that he understood his rôle. He murmured in English, "I am grateful."

"My husband wishes you to call a cab and take us to the consul; we can't be standing here all day. Or else go with us to the Keiser hotel—we have our passports there. Do you take us for spies? What do we, two strange Americans, know about your revolution or your king either? A pretty sort of king he must be, when an American gentleman can be arrested in the streets of Stuttlau. Where is the American consul? Why don't you take us to him?"

The men looked at her as if in a daze, and loosened their hold on the king. The leader stepped back. It was something unexpected to face this infuriated young woman who clamored for the American consul, and threatened vengeance. It was not the time to get into trouble with the powerful American government. The arrest might prove rather a serious thing for themselves.

"We have made a mistake, lady," he said. "We thought this gentleman was the king. We beg a thousand pardons"; and he slunk away, followed by his companions.

"What an idea! My husband does n't look in the least like your king!" she called, and then, taking the king's arm, hurried back in the direction of the hotel.

"How can I thank you, madame? My life and more than my life you have saved this day," began his Majesty.

"Hush! somebody might hear you," cautioned Constance.

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"Now you are my cousin from America. If we can get past the portier I think you will be safe—at least for the present."

They stepped into the hallway of the hotel, and confronted the portier in his resplendent uniform of green and gold.

Constance, inwardly quaking like a whole forest of aspens, chatted in her gayest manner.

"Jack will be so delighted to see you—such a surprise! When did you have letters from America? We expect to find a whole pile of mail in Brussels; we didn't count on being here over a day, but that horrid accident—how nice that we can all go together."

By this time they had reached the stairs, Constance generally preferring to walk up to her rooms rather than to wait for the uncertain lift. Fortunately they encountered no one in the hall except the timid little chambermaid from whom Constance obtained the key to her apartments, and with a gasp of relief she saw the king inside the door.

"Your Majesty is welcome to our poor best," she said with a deep courtesy.

"Madame, how can I ever thank you?" replied her royal guest. "Kings in exile have ever found friends in Americans, but none owes so deep a gratitude as I!"

Remington had not yet returned from the smoking-room. Constance glanced at the clock. Could it be possible that only fifty minutes had passed since she had left her apartment?

She rang the bell and sent the maid to summon her husband, explaining, with a sudden accession of friendliness, that a cousin from America had unexpectedly arrived, and would be their guest until their departure from Stuttlau.

The king was shown into the adjoining room.

"Now, Jack, don't faint, or cry out, or anything; I have a surprise for you," began Constance when her husband appeared. "There is somebody in the next room—a cousin from America!"

Their cousins would naturally be from America considering their ancestry.

Then she went up close, and putting her arms around his neck whispered in his ear: "The king!"

"Hush," and her slender white hand touched his lips softly. "Now don't be angry. I went out for a little fresh air, just two blocks, and there was no danger," and hastily she proceeded with her explanation.

Jack being thus prepared in a measure for the unexpected

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honor of entertaining royalty, the king was summoned into the sitting-room.

A bed-room which communicated with the Remingtons' apartment was assigned to the king, who would, of course, take his meals with his hosts. There was the danger that he would be recognized by the waiter, and very serious consequences ensue, to the Remingtons themselves as well as to the king.

They dined late and the lights were turned very low for this their first meal, and Constance watched in fear and trembling to detect a glance of recognition on the part of the waiter. But none came.

She ordered wine of a certain vintage, explaining that her cousin spoke very little German, and the dinner passed off without incident.

They lived in the seclusion of their apartments for two days. By that time Remington was able to travel, and they decided to make the attempt to reach Belgium. Stuttlau had howled itself insane with fury at the escape of the king. There seemed to be no doubt that he had escaped.

As the king had entered the hotel as Mrs. Remington's husband it was decided that he leave it in the same character, for the men who had attempted the arrest might still have some suspicions and be lurking around the station to watch their exit.

"Your tongue must be covered all over with little black blisters," said Remington to his wife when they planned the details of their departure.

"Not at all," retorted Constance in defence. "Our guest is acting the part of an American gentleman and I am coaching him in the rôle."

King Louis was armed with the passports of Mr. John Remington and his wife, Constance. The description was not bad. Medium height—the king was that; age thirty-two—the king was only twenty-five, but some people look young for their years, so that did not matter; gray eyes—the king's eyes were blue, but gray eyes look blue at times, and one does not examine very closely.

Remington had never worn a beard.

"I know now why kings always have a beard or mustache," cried Constance. "If they have to leave a place 'suddenly,' and under circumstances that render their identity a matter of importance to conceal, they can shave and so help to an effective disguise."

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Remington transferred some receipted bills and his card-case to the pockets of the king.

"If you should happen to forget your name and the forgetfulness prove somewhat embarrassing, you can simply hand the other man your 'card.'" Remington's awe of royalty, never very great, was merging into a genuine appreciation of a most charming companion.

"You must come and see something of the United States until this little unpleasantness blows over," he said hospitably.

The party drove to the station in a closed carriage, and Remington, in the character of a "cousin George" who had no existence, saw to the tickets and luggage.

They secured a compartment to themselves. The king limped when he did not forget, having acquired Remington's infirmity along with his passport. They filled up every seat with boxes and bags, and explained to the guard that the American gentleman was suffering from a sprained ankle, emphasizing the explanation with a round piece of yellow metal, and that it would be most annoying to have any one else enter the compartment.

There was but one more danger, and that was at the frontier.

Mr. Remington attended to the luggage at the custom-house, and the inspector contented himself with a hurried visit to their compartment, and a question as to whether the sick gentleman had any cigars in his pockets. It seemed a very long time to the three before the whistle sounded, the train moved out of the station, and they were at last surely and safely over the frontier.

At Brussels the Princess Helen joined them at their hotel, and a council of state was held.

Mrs. Remington's voice decided the day. "It seems to me," she said, "that since you two are unalterably determined to get married, the sensible thing to do is to be married as soon as possible."

The king supplemented this: "Your grandmother will never consent now that I am a king without a throne—you might say, almost, a man without a country; and as we love each other and desire with all our hearts to be married, there is but one thing to do, and that is to be married first, and to ask the consent of our dear relatives afterwards."

The princess became an American girl for the time, return-

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ing with her friends after a year's musical study in Dresden, although her English was quaintly foreign, and most original in construction. However, no occasion arose for her to be anything except her own charming self, and they reached the Victoria Hotel in London from Brussels without incident or mishap.

"Why not the Savoy?" said Remington.

"And run into a party of continental nobles," answered Constance, "who would recognize the king as soon as he alighted from a cab at the door! The Victoria is filled with Americans, and we can go and come without comment."

Although very tired and somewhat pale, for they had crossed in a choppy sea, the two gentlemen hastened away from the hotel on a very important mission.

Early the next morning the four went out in a closed carriage, and were driven through the gray London streets, the air heavy with the mist from the River Thames, and drew up before the door of the residence of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Westminster.

They were received with due ceremony by his Eminence, and conducted to his private chapel.

And there before the little altar, plain and simple with only a few candles to relieve its bareness, the Princess Helen Marie Louise was married to King Louis of Rougaria.

The bridal party were entertained at breakfast by his Eminence, and the happy pair left on a special train at noon to make their peace with their royal English relatives then sojourning in Scotland.

The Remingtons decided upon the cathedral towns as a soporific for sorely-tried nerves.

Once again to themselves in their apartment at the Victoria Jack Remington drew forth two crumpled and worn passports and laid them carefully on the table.

"It is the unexpected that happens," he said. "Who could have foretold that an innocuous-looking document like that was destined to make an honest democrat cousin to a king!"

"And, Jack, you behaved like a veteran diplomat," said Constance admiringly. "How deliciously romantic it has all been! I'm glad, though, that they are married and safe on English soil. A revolution is rather exciting. We shall probably find our pictures in all the American papers."

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NOTES ON THE MOSELY COMMISSION REPORT.

II.

THE Mosely Commissioners as a whole, in their joint report, express themselves as deeply impressed with the absolute belief entertained by the American people in the value of education both to the community at large and to agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and the service of the state; they are impressed with the spirit of enthusiasm for education which animates both teachers and pupils; with the close connection between theory and practice, and the important part assigned to manual training; with the liberal expenditure, both public and private, on behalf of education, and with the extent to which education is organized and co-ordinated. The Commissioners do not institute detailed comparisons between American and English schools, although some of them recognize the differences and find points of superiority in the American to the English, and *vice versa*. One of the Commissioners, Professor Armstrong, involves both systems in a common condemnation. "The entire system of education," he says, "both here and in America seems to require reconstruction from bottom to top; it would be well, if I may say so, if we could scrap the whole academic show, and start afresh, in order that it may be greatly improved in quality and shortened in duration." Mr. Ruskin has gone to even greater lengths in his condemnation of the methods of popular education. "Modern education, for the most part," he says, "signifies giving people the faculty of thinking wrong on every conceivable subject of importance to them." With this statement we agree so far as modern education is dissociated from religious education. Professor Armstrong looks upon the professional courses in America as unpractical. "American education," he says, "is, for the most part, still governed by eminently academic and conservative traditions; in some respects it lacks depth and practical outlook to a strange extent." In technical schools and polytechnics it is behind England. Evening class instruction is com-

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paratively almost unknown. While the belief in manual training is growing, the American schools are undoubtedly behind the English in promoting it, and are even more bookish in their tendencies; the nature studies are eminently superficial and worthless. "There is a high-flown air of unreality about the instruction given in the pedagogic classes; too much precept, too little practice; no really severe practice. . . . I am almost led to doubt whether in matters of education our American cousins may justly be regarded as a practical people." Over-teaching crushes out the mental procreative power; it is only the genius that can survive. The industrial leaders of America are mostly men who have not had a liberal education. Owing to the influence of the women teachers, who have a vastly predominant influence in the education of the young, and also to the bringing up of boys and girls together, the virility of the men is departing. "The boy in America is not being brought up to punch another boy's head or to stand having his own punched in a healthy and proper manner; there is a strange and indefinable feminine air coming over the men." Professor Armstrong was struck by the way in which Americans have learned to work together and to accept and support party rule. "They seem indeed," he says, "to tolerate direction and to subordinate their individual opinions to an extent which we have difficulty in believing possible—so much so that they may be said to lack individuality."

The whole report of Professor Armstrong is worthy of special attention because he has for many years been a keen student of educational questions; the present report, too, is the outcome of a study made some six years ago and not merely the record of impressions received in a visit of a few years. Nor does he write as an admirer of English methods of education; in fact, he is outspoken in his condemnation of them. At the same time it is only fair to call attention to the opinion of Professor W. E. Ayrton, once a president of the Institution of Electrical Engineers. He, too, has visited this country before, and therefore gives a record of more than a superficial impression. He confined himself to the study of one branch only of education—that of the young electrical engineer. The conclusion he came to was that the American system, so far as this branch of education is concerned, is in the highest degree practical and far away in advance of any-

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thing attained to in England. So far from success in this department being achieved by those who have not had a collegiate course, he brings evidence to show that it is only by those who have had this advantage that success can be attained—by a due co-ordination and mutual upbringing of the two. "The British system," he says, "turns out a man full of knowledge and principles, while the American product is a business man with scientific training. . . . To America we look for that rapid, bold, and successful application of science to industry which has brought about the commercial invasion of the world, while to Europe we look for those scientific imaginings and creations which are apparently so unimportant to-day, but which to morrow revolutionize old industries and give birth to new ones."

The criticisms of Professor Armstrong of the general common-school education are not without support on this side of the water. A New York merchant, writing in the New York *Times* of the 9th of January last, finds the same fault with the instruction given in the public schools. He says that he knows of many parents who complain that their children are crammed with studies which are not and never will be of any use, while they are not thoroughly taught in reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, or the history of their country. From his own personal knowledge he testifies that the education given twenty years ago, before fads and fancies were introduced, was better than it is now. The Brooklyn *Eagle*, too, of the 1st of February last, brings evidence to show that there is too much government, too much centralized power, too little real education. On the other hand, Father Finlay thinks that the American universities furnish a model for the new universities which are springing up in England of the way in which the best thought of the country is placed at the service of its industries. Father Finlay calls attention, however, to a defect not, as we think, in the purpose but in the result of the teaching in the elementary schools, which may go far to counterbalance or even frustrate all the hopes placed in them for the formation of a distinctive American people—in the sense, at all events, in which the founders of the American system intended. The class of unskilled laborers, "without which the city is not built," and who by their votes have their part in the government, are not moulded by the common-school system;

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it in fact unfits them for doing the necessary work of the country. "The schools," Father Finlay says, "do not aim at educating the unskilled laborer for his work in life—the unskilled laborer of America is supplied from abroad—from Italy, Hungary, the Slav countries, and Scandinavia, and at present, in diminishing proportion, from Ireland. No boy in the American school looks forward to digging and delving for hire as a means of livelihood, nor does any girl contemplate domestic service as her future work in life. Speaking to a contractor who had thousands of men employed on the earth-works of an important contract, I asked how many of his laborers had been educated in an American school. He answered promptly: 'Probably not one.' On leaving school the American boy enters an office, a store, or a factory, or becomes apprenticed in a trade; the American girl becomes a book-keeper, a clerk, a stenographer, or factory worker." There is no doubt some little exaggeration in this statement, for throughout the country there are thousands of schools, to which farmers and their helpers resort, which Father Finlay had no opportunity to inspect, in which the course of instruction is adapted to the wants of the scholars. It is true, however, of the city schools, and the fact indicates how great is the danger that the schools will not serve that purpose of making a nation which is hoped for.

Other points dealt with by the Commissioners are the training and supply of teachers. By the training several were not favorably impressed. Dr. Gray, a specialist, agreeing in this with Professor Armstrong, thinks the preponderance of women teachers has an effeminating effect upon the American youth, having a tendency to instil sentimental views of facts rather than to derive principles of conduct from them. Another Commissioner thinks that something of true manliness is lost. The reason of this preponderance they find in the fact that the remuneration is too low except in some of the larger cities. Co-education of the sexes, manual training as an integral part of education, technical education, secondary education, are other subjects with which the Commissioners deal. The chief excellence of the American system as a whole is thought to be the freedom from the examination system—"that octopus," according to Professor Rhys, which threatens to strangle in its ubiquitous coils all that deserves to be called education. Hence (and it seems a strange thing to say of anything in America) "there is in the

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American college," according to Professor Foster, "an atmosphere of quiet study and scholarly work . . . undisturbed by feverish bursts of cramming, such as characterize British colleges and universities."

With the exception of a paragraph devoted to the parochial schools by Father Finlay, the Commissioners, by mutual consent, made no report upon religious teaching in the United States, either in common or as individuals. One of the Commissioners, however, the Rev. T. L. Papillon, has published in the *Guardian* an account of his impressions on this subject. The American system differs from the English in this important point, that the English system is the gift of the upper classes to the lower, while the American is the act of the nation as a whole, an act rendered necessary in the view of all by the democratic system of government, education from the very beginning of national independence being looked upon as a corollary of self-government. It has never been a special function of the church, as it has until recently been in England. It has from the first been the special concern of the statesman. President Madison laid it down that "a well-instructed people can alone be a free people." The Ordinance of 1787 enacts that "religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall for ever be encouraged." The kind of schools necessary for good government was unfortunately, on account of the fundamental principle that no religion should be established by law, schools from which all definite religious teaching was excluded, not from anti-religious feeling but merely that all persons might be left free to choose their own religion. The result of this exclusion is beginning to be perceived by thoughtful Americans, and not only to be seen but to be deplored. Mr. Papillon quotes the recent utterances of Dr. Murray Butler. Dr. Butler, although he recognizes the evil results flowing from secular schools, thinks that they can be obviated by more careful religious instruction in Sunday-schools and elsewhere; and is unwilling to apportion the taxes to the support of schools giving definite religious instruction of the many various existent kinds, because the result would be to break up the greatest single force making for the unity of the nation. Mr. Papillon thinks that there is little likelihood of Americans retreating from this position, inasmuch as the desire

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of unity is the supreme desire of every American. It is to this that the Protestant principle of private judgment has brought the country. Religious education must be given elsewhere, in Sunday and parochial schools. Mr. Papillon refers to the Catholic parochial schools, and states that they have everywhere earned for themselves a name for good work, and that notwithstanding all their difficulties they show fair results; but they only bring a fraction of the children under systematic religious teaching. As to the other agency, the Sunday-school, Mr. Papillon, while praising a few of them as well organized and efficient, proceeds to give his opinion of them in the following terms: "I saw enough to make it tolerably clear that the lack of religious education in the public schools is not, and cannot, be made up by the Sunday-school, however well organized; nor does any one profess to believe that it can." He quotes Dr. Murray Butler: "One of the most pathetic sights in America is the ordinary Sunday-school, taught by untrained persons, not properly co-ordinated, with text-books the poorest and ideas the most vague." The following are Mr. Papillon's concluding words: "We see in America an experiment on a large scale of secular public education, with religious training left to voluntary agency; and the result so far is not encouraging. But America is a land where everything is as yet unfinished and unsettled, and almost anything is possible; and it is something that there is in the best minds of the country a touch of 'divine discontent' with existing conditions, and a feeling that there is a still unsolved problem of religion in education."

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The Latest Books.

PHILOSOPHY OF THEISM.
By J. T. Driscoll.

We cordially welcome a second and enlarged edition of Father Driscoll's treatise on Natural Theology.* It is a book vitally needed in our day of prevalent scepticism, doubt, and infidelity, and is certain to do great good in the cause of Christian apologetic. Father Driscoll in this volume, as also in his work on the Soul, follows the comparative method; that is to say, in the discussion of every question, he first gives the opinions of the great non-theistic schools of thought, and then over against them he establishes the Christian thesis. An excellent outcome of this method is that the general reader will gain from it a large store of information concerning prevalent modes of philosophic thinking, and will acquire a fair insight into the history of philosophy. Father Driscoll has been able to make this portion of his treatise especially attractive from his own wide reading in the literature of philosophy. For, however uncompromising an adherent of the scholastic system he is, he has fairly and honorably heard the other side, and if he delivers many a strong criticism against his opponents, he does so only after they have presented their claim in open court.

In style and manner this work is adapted for popular use. The language is simple, the illustrations are familiar, and the discussion is not beyond the depth of an ordinarily intelligent reader. It is well to keep this in mind in passing judgment on the book; for doubtless a student who has gone deeply into philosophy would find some matters rather inadequately treated. But as a popular apology for Christian theism it admirably answers its purpose, and deserves a rich measure of success.

By way of introduction to this edition, Father Driscoll reprints his *North American Review* article against Mallock. Also he adds two appendices in criticism of the celebrated Gifford Lectures of Professors Royce and James. This criticism is all too short. It contains suggestions so striking that

* *God: Being a Contribution to the Philosophy of Theism.* By Rev. J. T. Driscoll, S.T.L. New York: Benziger Brothers.

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it is to be regretted it were not lengthened. A more extended examination of the lectures of the two Harvard teachers from the pen of Father Driscoll is a thing we would greatly desire to see.

HISTORY OF POSITIVE THEOLOGY. By Turmel.

M. Turmel, who has won for himself an eminent name in the history of Christian dogma, has published a volume* admirably adapted to serve as an introduction to positive theology. How timely such a work is no one acquainted with recent theological literature needs to be told. Of late years the historical method, universally applied in other sciences, has been knocking loudly at the door of theology. It is still knocking, and like the importunate noctural beggar in the Gospel, will probably be admitted soon, despite the growls of anger that have thus far come from the master of the house. Theology, at present, as every one who has ever studied it is aware, is predominantly speculative. In its great fundamental lines it is based on Scripture, of course; but once we leave these fundamentals, we discover in theology a certain set of theses, conclusions, and principles, and then, deduced from these innumerable corollaries, scholia and applications, which we are asked to accept because of the source they are drawn from, and to consider true because they are needed to fill out the symmetry and complete the harmony of the whole. Hence our arguments *ex analogia fidei*, *e convenientia*, and *e ratione theologica*. This is an eminently just and reasonable method, and runs through every systematized scheme of human knowledge. But, consistent in itself as it is, beautiful in classic proportion as all acknowledge it to be, it is a method that is defective without the help, and light, and truth of history. For suppose the speculative method says with finality that such and such a theological deduction is true, because it harmonizes with other deductions which in turn rest upon a principle embedded in the very essence of faith; and then suppose that a scientific study of the Fathers reveals the fact that the deduction in question was openly denied by some of the greatest writers of the early ages; why, we shall have to revise our ideas of "analogy of faith," and "theological convenience," shall have

* *Histoire de la Théologie Positive depuis l'origine jusqu'au Concile de Trente.* Par Joseph Turmel. Paris: Librairie Delhomme et Briquet.

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to disturb our artificial *à priori* symmetry, and devise a new symmetry which will have the merit of historic truth.

Has this ever happened? Has the symmetry of the speculative theologian ever been knocked askew by the facts of the positive or historic theologian? In matters not strictly of faith, why should not such a thing be possible? Now, whether besides being possible it has been also actual, is a question which, in the face of controversies still raging, many a prudent man prefers not to answer aloud. At any rate it is beyond all doubt that a study of the vicissitudes through which Christian doctrine has passed should go hand-in-hand with a study of the systematic co-ordination which Christian doctrine has reached. And at the present time this is all the more necessary, since, as was said, the historical method is recognized in all sciences as indispensable. Hence the Abbé Turmel has given us a timely book, one greatly needed, and one guaranteed as good by his name upon the title-page.

The plan of the work is to take practically all the topics in theology—Christology, the Sacraments, grace, the Church, the Papacy, eschatology—and study first what the Fathers said about these doctrines as such, and secondly, what they said about the Scriptural passages usually alleged in support of such doctrines. Naturally the treatment of so vast a field is summary; but nevertheless this volume contains a very large amount of Patristic erudition, and a more just and scientific exposition of early Christian thought than any other work of similar size. Those to whom historical theology is unfamiliar, and whose chief guides in theological learning have been our ordinary seminary manuals, will find here new and sometimes startling light thrown upon many a question which once seemed laid to permanent repose beneath the headstone of a syllogism. It is a splendid supplement to a Hurter, a Pesch, or a Tanqueray, and we wish it a wide circulation among readers of theology.

CONFERENCES ON PRAYER. By Father McNabb.

To write interestingly on prayer is not an ordinary achievement, but Father McNabb has accomplished it.* His eight conferences, spoken originally to the Catholic undergraduates at Oxford, are characterized by an easy grace, a clear method, a whole-

* *Oxford Conferences on Prayer.* By Vincent McNabb, O.P. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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some spirit, and a moving fervor which make the reading of them a spiritual and intellectual delight. Any one familiar with Father McNabb's previous writings will find here that modernity and sympathetic acquaintance with the best thought of our day which give him honorable distinction among Catholic authors. Always sure of his footing in theology, and constantly referring us to St. Thomas, he stands ever before his reader as a guide who seems to know the way and is impatient of making curious by-excursions for the mere novelty of it. Prayer with him is going to God, looking upon God, and learning of God. It is first our own soul's elevation to its Maker; and it is next the consecrated expression of the church's liturgy. To encourage interior communion with the Everlasting, and to stimulate love for those heavenly supplications and sublime outpourings of praise with which the public offices of the Catholic Church hallow life and clothe death with beauty, is the lofty purpose of this book. There could be no higher purpose, and none more timely for these days of ours, when we hear and read so often the mischievous doctrine that no man can pray interiorly unless he wear the harness of some or other set of exercises, and when the grand old monastic doctors of prayer are superseded by impertinent purveyors of new devotionalism, which to intelligent people, within and without the church, is, on the one hand, the sorest of trials, and on the other, the gravest of obstacles.

GREATER AMERICA. By Colquhoun.

Mr. Archibald Colquhoun is a political publicist of wide travel and trained observation, and it is only to be expected that a book of his on *Greater America** should be interesting and clever. Clever, we think, is a very good word to use in speaking of this volume, inasmuch as what we find here is journalism rather than philosophy, the keen insight of the politician rather than the deep judgment of the statesman. In a frankly critical but cordially sympathetic spirit, Mr. Colquhoun tells us of our present condition, our past blunders, and our future opportunities and dangers, now that we have stepped up into the front rank of world powers. It is plain to see that he wishes us success in our new and momentous adventure. As an educated English-

* *Greater America.* By Archibald R. Colquhoun. New York: Harpers.

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man he perceives that our failure as a colonizing nation would be a loss to civilization and a grave disadvantage for his own country. And so his criticisms do not sting; we feel that he is admonishing rather than censuring us, is a friend and not a foe.

Our Philippine experiment, this volume says, echoing the sentiment of many thousands of Americans, has been very creditable to our heart, but nothing to brag about as to brains. Certainly the United States has reason to be proud of the policy with which she entered upon the government of the Philippines; a policy which would place the ballot in the hands of a people long subject to miserable despotism; would throw open schools everywhere in a land hitherto destitute of systematic education, and would generally elevate the life of the natives by generous provision for labor, by wise encouragement of agriculture and industry, and by honest and efficient public service. This was and still is our programme. If carried out it will ultimately lead the Filipinos, we may hope, to complete autonomy and independence. But this programme we were too impulsive in executing. In order to raise the condition of labor we artificially inflated wages; in order to educate, we rather frantically unloaded troops of teachers from America; in order to teach self-government, we too hastily introduced the voting system among a people not ready for it. We took the clothes of our American nationality, clapped them without change or ceremony upon our mongrel Spanish-Malay-Oriental dependency, congratulated ourselves upon the rapidity with which the investiture was accomplished, and are only now beginning to observe the amusement of the onlookers at the grotesque appearance of our overdressed infant. We should have gone less rapidly, thinks Mr. Colquhoun. We should have opened normal schools for the training of teachers, instead of introducing a plan which will result in importing into the islands every two or three years a new set of bewildered American pedagogues. We should have been cautious about entrusting the ballot to a people peculiarly susceptible just yet to bribery and bossism. And we should have gradually shown the laborer how to improve his own condition, instead of artificially improving it ourselves in a manner which cannot be permanently maintained. In one word, we should rule the Filipinos as though recognizing in them utter inferiority and ineptitude, and discarding all fictitious and impractical notions about democratic self-govern-

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ment and equality. Mr. Colquhoun is not a lover of democracy, and he is apt to regard only its incidental disadvantages, without considering its great and ultimate recompense. Still, allowing for this serious limitation, we are of opinion that he comes very near the truth when he puts as our prime error in the Philippines, well-meaning but unwise and impulsive haste. His warnings and criticisms upon this head are worth the serious consideration of our statesmen.

Mr. Colquhoun pays high tribute to the officials who faced the enormous task of introducing American rule into the Philippines. They richly deserve his eulogy. When we consider the problems that had to be studied and solved in those islands during the past five years, when we reflect that the highway of the new American civilization had to be cleared of the decay and *débris* of centuries of an old civilization, and that a complete readjustment of social, political, and religious interests had to be brought about, we think it will be the verdict of impartial history that no country and no colony ever had a more conscientious, able, self-sacrificing, and patriotic public servant than Governor William Taft. Whatever else our colonial policy may result in, this at least it has demonstrated: that the race of patriots and statesmen has not perished in our country.

Mr. Colquhoun hates the Irish. He says they are a source of grave political corruption in the United States. This is a specimen of the journalistic precipitancy and insular narrowness which very effectively bar his way to greatness as a political writer. The most notable recent instances of political corruption have been almost free from Celtic names. Philadelphia, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Rhode Island, and Missouri have lately been disagreeably notorious as dens of thieves, to say nothing of Postal and Indian Land scandals, and among the criminals there discovered very few indeed are of the race against which Mr. Colquhoun directs his small and spiteful calumny. And even if some members or descendants of the Irish race have been officially dishonest, Mr. Colquhoun, if he possessed anything of historical candor or philosophic breadth of mind, should not have failed to give us also the other side of the case. He should have mentioned some of the inestimable services which the Irish immigrant and his children have done for their country. They are foremost in their love for religion, and the last to yield to the infidelity which is threatening us. Their historic virtue is purity. Their immemorial glory is daunt-

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less courage. Their chief trait of temperament is the sense of the poetical as opposed to the grossly material which, Mr. Colquhoun himself says, is deplorably predominant in American civilization. And finally, it would have been only fair in him to hint, at least, at those men of Irish blood whose public service has been incorruptible and distinguished. Boston at this moment is governed by an Irish mayor who was re-elected by the greatest majority ever given in that city; and who has won the enthusiastic support of all honorable men by his watchful economy, his whole-hearted devotion to the public good, and his unquestionable integrity in every detail of official conduct.

Nothing of all this in Mr. Colquhoun's book; but simply the direct implication that Irish immigration is the nursery of public corruption. Perhaps it pleased Mr. Colquhoun to publish that sort of thing, and very likely it gratified a prejudice with which he was born into this world. But it displays so disagreeably his defective education, his stubborn partiality, and his lack of scientific caution in making important statements, that with seriously-minded people his reputation will grievously suffer, and he will find that prejudice means disastrous failure for any historian who exploits it.

ROBERT EMMET.
By Miss Guiney.

It happens no oftener than once in a year's reading that one comes upon so charming a sketch as Miss Guiney's monograph of Emmet.* Familiar as the story is of the young patriot's life, love, and death; well known as is the tragedy of Sarah Curran, his betrothed; fixed fast as are the words of Emmet's immortal speech in all our memories; the story, the tragedy, and that last appeal are renewed, and lit up, and touched with fresh life as Miss Guiney speaks the elegy so dear to the wide world's heart. With an instinctive story-teller's art, she allows her ordinary narrative to portray the character of her subject. She does not formally hold up Robert Emmet's character to investigation, and by analysis, deduction, and exhaustive examination of his forbears and environment set before us in abstract terms what manner of man he was; but with a mere word lets us know that, as an inheritor of Emmet and Temple blood, he was of splendid stock, our author wisely leaves any wider revelation

* *Robert Emmet.* By Louise Imogen Guiney. London: David Nutt.

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of his character to his own deeds and hopes, defeats and sufferings. It is thus that every hero set in the shrine of a people's love ought to be depicted. Psychological history may be needed for very great and remote celebrities; but for those whose picture hangs upon every cabin wall, the simple telling of their story, the primitive recounting of their joys and woes, is most meet and fit. Hence Miss Guiney's book appeals to one very forcibly, as with a cultured ease of style, and with a quiet sort of chivalrous devotion to her theme, she narrates how young Robert conceived his plan for Ireland's freedom; how he shared every secret of his project with John Philpot Curran's daughter, whom he loved; how in an incredible misery of failure his hopes perished utterly; and how at last in fearless fortitude and unostentatious magnanimity he died—the boy martyr of Erin, whose epitaph will not be written till his country is free. It is a sublime chapter in human history, and the latest pen to write it is as able as any that has ever attempted it before.

THE YOUNG PRIEST. By Cardinal Vaughan.

A book on the priesthood * by a prelate of so wide an experience and so holy a life as the late Cardinal Vaughan must, of course, possess notable merit. We have not in English an extensive literature on the priesthood; and it is seldom that we enjoy the privilege of listening to the grave counsels of a bishop who speaks to his younger brothers in the ministry out of an experience of fifty years. Cardinal Vaughan's work is needed because the province it occupies has been but slenderly cultivated, and it is welcome because of the rich life out of which it addresses us. Every priest who reads it will be consoled and uplifted, and the young priest who forms his life upon it will enter upon the highway of sacerdotal sanctity and success.

For all but a spiritual genius, it will probably be ever a disadvantage to English writers on the priesthood that their work will have to stand comparison with Cardinal Manning's *Eternal Priesthood.* That mighty classic stands alone. It is no disparagement to other works on the same theme to say that they do not equal it; and it will not at all imply that this volume of Cardinal Vaughan's is not excellent, to say that it is inferior to it. The *Eternal Priesthood* is a book of first principles; it goes to the ultimate realities of the spiritual life,

* *The Young Priest.* By Cardinal Vaughan. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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exposes them with a sure grasp and a luminous method, and has a biblical dignity and austere simplicity of style which incomparably befit its sublime purpose and its holy author. Cardinal Vaughan does not express so transparently the great principles of priestliness. He decidedly weakens his work and lessens its practical value by too often uttering his message, not as a reasoned code of sanctity but in the form of a vision vouchsafed to some saint. This would be very good by way of example, but it is not at all good when it usurps the place of evangelic axioms and spiritual principles.

Perhaps, too, in a few matters of detail we would wish that Cardinal Vaughan's treatment were more adequate and profound; but we would not be understood as passing adverse judgment upon this book. We repeat that it is excellent, sane, and inspiring, and we promise that every priest who reads it will be a hundredfold repaid. Many of its recommendations are in the highest degree timely; for example, listen to these words on new devotions: "Much injury has been done to souls both within and without the church by a neglect of what is solid and fundamental. A frivolous, superstitious, and foolish type of religious character has been generated, lacking depth and strength, and alienating many from the church, which they contemptuously say is a nursery for women and children."

We must regret a foot-note of the editor's which we are sure does injustice to Cardinal Vaughan. The cardinal says that God showed to a certain priest the wickedness of sin by means of a repulsive comparison with physical disease. Whereat the footnote says solemnly: "The priest here referred to was the cardinal himself." This, of course, would lead us to imagine that a supernatural vision was vouchsafed to the author of this book. Undoubtedly Cardinal Vaughan had no such thing in mind, but simply meant that in some moment of reflection and prayer he pictured to his fancy the simile he develops. The editor's note is an absurdity. Finally, we cannot help remarking on the number of mistakes in the Latin quotations which are frequent throughout the volume. Thus, *ordinem a vobis susceptam*, instead of *susceptum*, occurs twice; *dignitor* is put for *dignitas*; *probam* for *probum*; *ipso Christo* for *ipsi Christo*; *enter sanctos* for *inter sanctos*; *in vaceum* for *in vacuum*; *successaribus* for *successoribus*; and no possible license can justify: *contemplans in eo non tam vulnerum livorem quam mundi salus.*

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THE SILENT PLACES.
By Stewart White.

Mr. Stewart Edward White's newest book, *The Silent Places*,* is a fresh and invigorating bit of fiction which breathes the spirit of the Canadian woods. The tale is a slender one, but it suffices to allure the reader through some three hundred pages of glowing description. Because a dishonest Indian failed to pay his debt of one hundred dollars to the Hudson Bay Company, the company resolved to make an example of him, and sent two trusted runners to bring him to justice. This man-hunt covers a period of more than a year, and many hundreds of miles by canoe and sledge. An Indian maiden is met by the way and a love theme ensues. The maiden becomes an uninvited third person in the quest. Her dogged devotion to the white man who spurns her, and the amount of physical and mental torture which the three take upon themselves, are rather a heavy tax on the reader's credulity. It was a long chase after one wretched Indian who owed the Hudson Bay Company one hundred dollars. But Mr. White has a fine gift of story-telling, and much poetic fire burns in his pages. The book is beautifully illustrated.

BY THE GOOD SAINTE ANNE.
By A. C. Ray.

A heroine named Nancy, and three possible suitors in the persons of an Englishman, a Canadian, and a Frenchman, are the characters which hold the centre of the stage in Anna Chapin Ray's latest novel, *By the Good Sainte Anne*.† Nancy possesses all the charms which have characterized all other Nancys in fiction. Her vivacity, impulsiveness, and capriciousness make her as delightful and lovable as her name warrants. The story opens in the village of Beaupré. There, at the shrine of good Sainte Anne, Mr. Cecil Barth sprains his ankle and Nancy comes to his rescue. The romance which inevitably follows is attributed by the two lovers to nothing less than Sainte Anne's miraculous powers.

The story has little plot and no problems. Although it is laid in Quebec and most of its incidents take place in that ancient city, no attempt has been made to add historical features. In fact, the author has attempted nothing more than a simple, old-fashioned love-story, and she has succeeded admirably.

* *The Silent Places*. By Stewart Edward White. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.
† *By the Good Sainte Anne*. By Anna Chapin Ray. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

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Library Table.

The Tablet (May 14): At a recent session of the House of Commons Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman declared, in the discussion of the Crimes Act, that self-government was the remedy which he would apply to Ireland. Consequently, Mr. Balfour takes occasion of the annual demonstration of the Primrose League to say a few words by way of offset to Mr. Bannerman's speech. Mr. Balfour commends his opponent's political honesty and consistence, states that the League exists to maintain Imperialism and liberality throughout the widely-extended empire, and contends that both are overtly threatened by the Opposition.——A leader on France and the Vatican believes that a Papal protest against M. Loubet's conduct in Rome was a necessity of the situation. The position which the Vatican has hitherto maintained towards the Quirinal, and the significance to other countries of a silent acquiescence in the French minister's slight, have made a protest indispensable. Moreover, the feeling of Catholic peoples more loyal and resolute, hence less bullied and trampled upon, would be outraged were their respective rulers to follow the precedent established by the President of France.——Abbot Gasquet comments on the Abbé Loisy letter which appeared in the *Tablet* last week. He states that he has positive knowledge to the effect that the communication to France was written by Cardinal Merry Del Val on the distinct order of the Holy Father, and that it was submitted to the Pope for his approval and sanction before being despatched. He adds that it is misleading and foolish to represent such a letter as merely the private opinion of the cardinal. (May 21): We are informed, through the Roman Correspondent, of a change in the temper of the Italian deputies towards the Holy See. A deputy named Alessio rose one day to warn the government of the necessity of "keeping its thumb on the Church." Similar admonitions have heretofore been met with general applause,

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but this time the result was different. Deputy Santini took up the challenge of Alessio and, before a very attentive and, for the most part, sympathetic audience, asserted his belief that "the disagreement between church and state is a source of great weakness to the latter." The speaker dwelt at length on the Pontiff's patriotism and courtesy towards the Italian government, recalling the many occasions on which this feeling has been manifested. Pius X. was declared to be "an essentially Italian Pope," and it was advised that all unpleasant relations with the Vatican should be avoided.

The Month: In this number Rev. Herbert Thurston treats of the *Tractatus de Conceptione beatæ Mariæ Virginis.* His endeavor is to decide whether or not the authorship of the treatise is rightly ascribed to St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury.——This issue reviews *London Education*, by Sydney Webb, a book worthy of attention owing to its bearing on the acts of 1902 and 1903. The reviewer (Rev. S. F. Smith) gives summarily Mr. Webb's conception of a complete educational scheme, and also Mr. Webb's plan for the rectification of the defects in the present system.

Revue du Monde Catholique (15 May): Contains an article by Mgr. Justin Févre on the attitude of Pius X. towards the religious crisis in France, as set forth in his well-known discourse on that subject to the members of the Sacred College. The writer dwells upon the outspoken, militant policy of the Pontiff as contrasted with the more cautious and diplomatic course pursued by his illustrious predecessor, and reviews at length the conditions which render such a determined policy at present both opportune and necessary. From this positive stand and fearless initiative on the part of the Holy Father much is to be expected for the good of the church in France, if only it be seconded by the united efforts and earnest cooperation of hierarchy and people——"La Politique et le Clergé," by J. Santoni, is an interesting article on the position of the French clergy in reference to the government, their duties and obligations in the civil and political affairs of the Republic.

Annales de Philosophie Chrétienne (April): In a first instalment

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of an article entitled "De l'influence du piétisme sur la philosophie de Kant," the writer, F. Carchet, after giving a brief description of the Pietism of the seventeenth century, considers the character of Kant—the man—and finds that, through the influence of his Pietist masters, Prof. Schultz at the Frederician College, and later Prof. Knutzen at the Kœnigsberg University, Pietism had a deep and lasting effect upon Kant.——M. Charles Cébée, writing on Catholicism and Monism, an article evidently inspired by a chapter on Taine in a recent publication of the Abbé Klein, discusses Taine's Monistic philosophy and points out that the Christian conception of the God-Man is not merely a subjective consolation but is also a most important factor in a very objective cosmology, and that Catholicism answers far better than Monism to the demands of the most advanced intellectualism.——"La Bible et la Critique" is an article by a professor of the Grand Séminaire. In it the writer administers a severe rebuke to those who are so ready to hurl invectives against the Biblical critic, answering in detail their criticisms of the critic and pointing out the feebleness of their arguments. The writer then takes up the positive side of his thesis and explains that the Biblical critic does not touch the necessary element of the Bible, but is occupied exclusively with the contingent—that is, the human element. (May): L. Lefranc writes on the Biblico-scientific problem. The naïve conception of an inspired as a passive instrument, a pen, a lyre, is no longer held. Inspiration is limited to protection against error, according to some, and to illumination of the intellect, according to others. For a century the great problem for Catholics has been to decide whether inspiration is limited to matters of faith and morals or includes other things. In the past some have regarded Scripture as the source of all truth, and have found—after the event—the latest discoveries of science in its pages, finding the earth's rotation taught in Ecclesiastes (i. 5-7), the hydrogenic theory of matter advanced in St. Peter's Second Epistle (iii. 5), and railroads, bicycles, automobiles, and modern artillery referred to in the Apocalypse. Nowadays, however, it is gener-

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ally recognized that to unveil the secrets of nature is not the object of Scripture. But it cannot be denied that there are points of contact between the Bible and science; and that the results of modern investigation do not harmonize with the old conceptions used by the sacred writers.

It would not do to reproduce the unjust accusation that the church has always opposed science, but apologists become too zealous when they affirm she has always protected and has never combated it. In one case, that of Galileo, the highest ecclesiastical authority was compromised. Assemblies of cardinals, presided over by popes, condemned it as absurd, erroneous, and heretical inasmuch as it was formally opposed to Scripture; the system of Copernicus and Galileo about the rotation of the earth; and pontifical decrees prohibited from 1616 to 1835 all books teaching the new Biblico-scientific heresy. Papal infallibility was, of course, not involved in the least, but it is plain that in this instance the church opposed, in the name of Scripture, the true astronomical principles, and for two centuries the official prohibition of the Index tended to perpetuate among Catholics the erroneous ideas of the ancients about the geocentric world. The bitter lesson was of no profit to some partisans of the universal competency of the sacred writers. Many such opposed the nascent science of geology and the work of deciphering hieroglyphics; and the Catholic Egyptologist Lenormant was put on the Index. Finally, apologists, perceiving it impossible to make the literal sense of Scripture triumph over science, adopted the less dangerous method of trying to harmonize the two by means of equivocal and violent interpretations. Then this was abandoned. Lenormant admitted the legendary character of the first chapters of Genesis; Bishop Clifford proposed an ideal interpretation of the Hexahmeron; Newman suggested that the *obiter dicta* need not be conformed to historical truth. Then came the progressive school, Duilhe de St. Projet, De Broglie, d'Hulst, Constant, Didiot, Nisius, Loisy, Margival, Lagrange. They contend that truths of a material order are guaranteed only in so far as they assure

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a spiritual advantage. The Providentissimus Deus, however, laid down that no error could attach to any matter in Scripture (though at the same time it made this large concession, that the sacred writers, since they had no purpose of revealing the nature of the visible world, used the language of their time and spoke according to appearances). In the years that followed the encyclical the Concordists have concorded with more zeal than ever, but in vain. There is still a problem to face. On the one hand, we must uphold the absolute veracity of the Biblical statements; on the other hand, we see that taken literally these do not conform to objective certainty. As yet no one has found the liberating formula which will calm the alarm of believers. But at any rate the doctrine of absolute inerrancy is not a dogma; the encyclical is not an infallible document, and one may presume that on this, as on other points, the Biblical Commission will prepare a solemn and definitive instruction.

La Quinzaine (16 May): Opens with an article by "Testis," on the situation of the political parties in Belgium. There are three parties striving for election: the liberal, the socialistic, and the Catholic party. The liberal is weak, demoralized, divided; claims the state has a right to interdict the free exercise of the prerogatives of religious liberty; and is incapable of governing. The second anti-clerical party is strong and well organized. It is recruited from the industrial centres of the country and from the large manufacturing towns. Founded in Belgium in 1885, it has grown steadily and is the chief opponent of the Catholic party. Although the Catholic party has had twenty years of uninterrupted exercise of power and has become the type of governing party, still it has to be careful to retain the popular favor.

(1 June): "The Eternal Christ and our Successive Christologies," by Baron von Hügel, goes deeply into the question of the relation between dogma and history. The writer disagrees amicably with M. Blondel and leans rather towards Loisy's opinion. Christian faith, although it transcends historical facts, demands these as a basis.

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These facts put the soul in contact with the eternal realities of the invisible world and show man where to attain the satisfaction of his deepest wants. An individual may refuse to respond, but humanity as a whole will be in some measure faithful; and will by faith elaborate, interpret, and transform phenomena which, without undergoing this process, would lack spiritual value and significance. Souls are led to Christ not by an accumulation of miracles or a series of prophetic realizations, but by the sense that he is demanded by the noblest aspirations of the human soul. Once that in the depth of our hearts we have felt the simple influence of our Lord, we shall for ever interpret, in the light of this experience, all the incidents recorded in his life. St. John has done this in his Gospel.——In view of the fact that the serial "Fils d'Ésprit," par Yves le Querdec, is drawing to a close, some indications are given of the comments made on it. The novel has been praised by Pierre Jay in the *Salut Publie*, and by M. Ladarnchet in the *Rappel républicain de Lyon;* and attacked in the *Verité Française* by some one who was supposed at first to be M. l'Abbé Fontaine, because he said that "Fonsegrive knows neither what he is, nor what he says, nor what he owes to others," and declared that the characters in the book were made to dance upon the grave of the Congregations before it had even been covered with sod. In rebuttal we have a bishop declaring the book is masterly and should be put in every one's hands; a seminary superior sending congratulations to Fonsegrive for saying out loud what every one has been whispering in secret; a Jesuit hoping that the young people of France will read and understand the book; a priest rejoicing that at last a writer has dared denounce "the prejudices in which we are living, or rather dying"; and a professor who gives the assaulted writer this condolence: "Some insults make eulogies needless."

Revue d'Histoire et de Littérature Religieuses (May–June): Contains two chief articles, both by men of illustrious name among historians of dogma, Morin and Turmel. Dom Morin summarizes the opinions of Köstlin, Harnack, Lahn,

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Swete, Kaltenbusch, and Kirsch, concerning the meaning and the history of the phrase *Sanctorum Communionem.* In view of their various opinions, he then gives a *critique* of the oldest commentaries on the article S. C. He decides with Swete, against Harnack, that the insertion of the S. C. into the Creed was made much earlier than 400 A. D. He maintains, against Lahn, that *communio sanctorum* meant originally, not a community of goods (the neuter plural), but of souls, while he admits that the concept was broadened from the exclusive, rigorous sense of the *communiad* of the actual children of the church to that of the *communiad* of all who try to live holily in the name of Christ.——Turmel, continuing his articles on Original Sin, considers especially the doctrine of St. Augustine, proving it to be in general novel and unique, not supported or anticipated by the earlier Greek doctors.

Studi Religiosi (March–April): P. Semeria presents part of a forthcoming study on the historical development of the Mass, considering the Scriptural and early Christian references to it, and its relation to the agape.——In a long article F. Mari discusses the relation of the recently discovered Babylonian Code of Hammurabi (2250 B. C.) to the Mosaic Law, and seems to favor the theory that both are based upon the same primitive legislation. The undeniable affinity of the two codes (of Hammurabi and of Moses) will not scandalize any one, but will help to deepen our knowledge of the Bible and make us better acquainted with the human means used by God in the fulfilling of his designs.——G. Bonaccorsi pursues his study of Harnack's theory of the development of Catholicism, and shows how little reason there is for regarding the church as injured by the facts alleged—*e. g.*, the derivation of details in worship and discipline from Judaism or from Paganism.——P. Minocchi gives a full account of the Loisy affair, and of the comments on it made by Harnack, Sanday, Von Hügel, and Mignot. Harnack, it seems, recognizes the force of Loisy's answer to him, but says that the Catholic attacks on Loisy's book diminish its importance.

Civiltà Cattolica (7 May): An explanation is given to a corre-

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spondent of the *Rivista delle riviste* for having questioned the accuracy of the *Civiltà's* statement that whosoever should affirm the Fourth Gospel to have been written after the death of all the Apostles, would be guilty of heresy, or at least of an error against the faith. Now, it is a dogmatic truth that the books of the New Testament are inspired; and again, that the inspiration is a revealed truth. But all (official) revelation terminated with the Apostles. Ergo, q. e. d. (for otherwise there would be an extra-apostolic revelation when the church was told about the inspiration.)

(21 May): Likens Loisy to the man who set the temple of Diana on fire in order to become famous, because he makes these assertions: 1st. Judging according to common sense, we find it impossible to harmonize what the Bible as a book gives us with what our theologians seem to affirm. 2d. The church does not interpret the Gospel according to the primitive sense.——An article on rationalism advances numerous statements as arguments to prove that rationalism is the offspring of sensuality.

(4 June): Goes over the history of the Loubet visit to Rome, and sums up with: The foregoing makes clear the rare prudence and sagacity of his Eminence the Secretary of State, and the puerility of the pretext offered as a cause for quarreling.——Speaks of Prof. Mercier as among the best representatives of Catholic scholarship, and cites approvingly the sentiment of the *Revue Scientifique*: "In order that the principles of scholasticism may penetrate the minds of modern students, the disciples of Aristotle and St. Thomas must include in their philosophy the contemporary researches of physiology and psychology, without making any concession and without ever distorting science."

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS are publishing a series of Literary Lives, in which a fitting place has been given to Cardinal Newman. Dr. Barry was chosen to write the volume, which is "the first adequate study of the work of the great Cardinal," according to the mind of an appreciative critic in the *Evening Sun*, whose words are here given in part:

Dr. Barry's book is not a Life. It is an essay on the greatest writer of English prose of the nineteenth century. The task has been performed with striking skill. There is not a single passage in it which would lead one to imagine that it was the work of a churchman, Catholic or otherwise. On the other hand, there are passages which might suggest, to those who didn't know, that the author was a layman utterly without ecclesiastical leanings, and living outside the ecclesiastical atmosphere.

Up to a certain point in his career Newman was disliked and distrusted by English-speaking Protestants, because of his progress from Calvinism to Laudism, from Laudism to Catholicism. He was associated with a movement which they detested. He had dropped his friends one by one on the road. He became a solitary. Then came the unjust attack of the blundering Kingsley. Newman behaved with a dignity that well became one who held his theories as to what a gentleman should be. Kingsley's lame apology was an insult. Newman sat tight. The novelist involved himself more and more. Then came the triumphant reply of the most skilful dialectician of his time. When the *Apologia* appeared the general opinion changed. From that moment, for Protestants even more than Catholics, John Henry Newman was one of the immortals.

Why, then, is John Henry Newman important to us? If we leave out of account the fact that he started a revival in religion which was effective on both sides of the Atlantic, what does he stand for? Whately said that he was the clearest-headed man he ever knew. You have only to read the *Apologia* and *The Grammar of Assent* to realize that this was no exaggeration. Macaulay had one of his sermons by heart; Macaulay knew an artist in prose when he saw one. Walter Bagehot, the cleverest political writer of his time, saturated himself with Newman's *Parochial Sermons*. A Liberal like the delicate and dainty Augustine Birrell, to whom Darwin and Moses are both right, and who finds no difference between the Gospel according to Matthew and the Gospel according to Matthew Arnold, is never tired of telling what he owes to this Prince of the Roman Church. The *Dream of Gerontius* has been the inspiration of one of the masters of modern music.

Dr. Barry has not written a popular book—that is to say, a book for the populace. He allows Newman to reveal himself as much as possible by weaving in deft excerpts from his works. After all, the cardinal was less a man than an intelligence walking about on two legs. Newman had the comic spirit, but he was not a humorist. His mind burned like a flame. To

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follow the manifestations of it as here set forth one must be prepared. Dr. Barry assumes in the fit reader some knowledge of what Newman wrote; some, too, of Greek philosophy, of ecclesiastical history, of the Fathers, of scholastic philosophy, of the modern science of Darwin, Huxley, and Spencer, and of the writings of Pascal, Descartes, and Renan.

There were three writers in the last century who were living protests against the materialism of their epoch—Carlyle, Ruskin, and Newman. Of the three time has taken less toll of Newman. And why? For one reason, because, though it never crossed his mind, his theory of development was not inconsistent with the evolutionary theory which is now applied to all things.

Hume himself, or even Descartes, while disagreeing, would have delighted in such a passage as the following, in which Newman set forth his view that reasoning is not an art, but a living, spontaneous energy. "The mind ranges to and fro, and spreads out, and advances forward with a quickness which has become a proverb, and a subtlety and versatility which baffle investigation. It passes on from point to point, gaining one by some indication; another on a probability; then availing itself of an association; then falling back on some received law; next seizing on testimony; then committing itself to some popular impression, or some inward instinct, or some obscure memory; and thus it makes progress not unlike a clamberer on a steep cliff, who, by quick eye, prompt hand, and sure foot, ascends, how he knows not himself, by personal endowments and by practice rather than rule, leaving no track behind him and unable to teach another. . . . And such, mainly, is the way in which all men, gifted or not gifted, commonly reason—not by rule, but by inward faculty."

Arnold's notions of the cultured man, R. L. Stevenson's rather priggish notions of the gentleman, are flat and unprofitable beside Newman's. He said that he did not wish to give up the tradition of a gentleman, which was a sort of survival of the feudal ages. But, with Platonic sanity, he added, there must be perfection of intellect: "That perfection of intellect is the clear, calm, accurate vision and comprehension of all things, each in its place, and with its own characteristics upon it. It is almost prophetic, from its knowledge of history; almost heart-searching, from its knowledge of human nature; it has almost supernatural charity, from its freedom from bitterness and prejudice; it has almost the repose of faith, because nothing can startle it; it has almost the beauty and harmony of heavenly contemplation, so intimate is it with the eternal order of things and the music of the spheres."

If ever a man wrote a description of himself, this is a description of Newman.

* * *

Miss Mary Catherine Crowley is now regarded as one of the foremost of Catholic writers. On the lecture platform also she has won recognition. She is a native of Boston, and had the good fortune to be born of scholarly stock. Her father, John C. Crowley, is an alumnus of Harvard University, and her mother (*née* Mary J. Cameron) is a graduate of the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, later the daughter's Alma Mater.

With favorable home and school influences, a large circle of travelled and

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book-loving relatives, a host of family friends among the clergy, and, in due time, a broad and varied social life, Miss Crowley's literary gift made rapid and symmetrical development.

Soon after the beginning of her literary career she went abroad, visiting Rome, Paris, Dresden, Vienna, and other old-world cities. For the past ten years she has lived in Detroit. She has travelled in Canada, and is familiar with Quebec and Montreal. Thus, among her acquaintance belonging to the old French-Canadian families, she gathered the material for the groundwork of her three novels—*A Daughter of New France*, *The Heroine of the Strait*, and *Love Thrives in War*, published by Little, Brown & Co., of Boston, in 1901, 1902, and 1903, respectively.

In the first of these novels she has narrated the adventures of the gallant Sieur Cadillac and the sons of Canadian seigneurs, in the founding of Detroit.

The second relates to the ceding of Detroit to the English and the siege of the town by the Indian chief Pontiac, and includes a fascinating love story.

The third is a stirring romance of the days of 1812.

A Daughter of New France was published just before the Bi-Centenary of the Founding of Detroit, and at the city's celebration of that historic event the book was much quoted, its descriptions were carefully followed, and it achieved an immense success. Miss Crowley was chosen to deliver the address on the Social Life of Early Detroit at the literary exercises of the Bi-Centenary, and she represented the women of the city on the historical committee. She was also one of a committee of five under whose supervision the fine Memorial History of Detroit was published.

At the dedication of the Madame Cadillac Memorial tablet at Detroit, in 1903, Miss Crowley delivered the address.

During the winter of 1903–1904 she lectured in Boston for the John Boyle O'Reilly Reading Circle, The Children of Mary of the Sacred Heart Convent, The Fitton Alumnæ, and the Guild of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and in Lawrence for the Aventine Club. In Detroit she has lectured for the Twentieth Century Club, the Catholic Study Club, the Alumnæ of the Sacred Heart Academy, and the Cathedral Reading Circle.

The novels *A Daughter of New France* and *The Heroine of the Strait* are in their ninth and tenth editions. *Love Thrives in War*, published only last year, is already in its fourth edition. Besides the standard editions, a popular edition of *A Daughter of New France* has been published this year.

Before the publication of the novels mentioned Miss Crowley had achieved an enviable reputation as a writer of stories for young people.

An Every-Day Girl, a charming story of school-life, was published by Benziger Brothers several years ago. *Apples Ripe and Rosy* was issued by the Ave Maria Press. Her short stories were reprinted by Wildermann, and her first books, *Merry Hearts and True* and *Happy-Go-Lucky* were brought out in 1889 and 1890 by James Sadlier & Co.

Miss Crowley has had experience in journalism and editorial work. Her short stories in the *Ave Maria* and the CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE have

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been widely copied, and she is also a contributor to the secular magazines, sometimes under a nom-de-plume. She was formerly connected with the New York and the New England Women's Press Associations, and is an honorary member of the Catholic Study Club and the Sacred Heart Alumnæ of Detroit.

* * *

In Australia, some time ago, when the Orange societies began to organize to prosecute that anti-Catholic campaign which has disgraced the whole state of New South Wales, the organ of the Cardinal-Archbishop of Sidney, the *Catholic Press*, earnestly exhorted the Catholic women to use their electoral privileges to the full and stand beside the friends of communal concord at the ballot-boxes, to defeat the "bandits who in the press and on the platform shamelessly confessed that they were engaged in a religious persecution, and that they would never rest content until Catholics disappeared from public life and public offices." The women in sympathy with the sectarian organizations would not fail to vote solidly with their men, but Catholics had nothing to fear, provided Catholic women did their duty at the polls.

Now the *Catholic Press* sorrowfully confesses (issue of December 31, 1903) that, despite its most earnest warnings, the Catholic women of New South Wales "failed lamentably when their day of power came." "Their absence from the polls was, in fact, a feature of an election which was otherwise remarkable for the heavy female vote recorded. They stood aside, whilst the women of their enemies went forth in thousands to foment religious discord and tread upon Catholic rights and Catholic liberty. They allowed their men folk to go out alone to combat a power which boasted that it would reduce the Catholics of this country to a condition approaching serfdom, and would set up a reign of bloody anti-Catholic anarchy. . . . What silly sentiment kept them at home we do not care to examine. . . . It would be thought that our women would have gladly delivered a blow in defence of their principles and their homes, instead of sitting with their hands in their laps, whilst the other women of their street decked themselves with party ribbons and went off enthusiastically to plump for a bigot. If they persevere in this attitude, the country has a black future before it. Our enemy's power is doubled, and to hold them in check ours must be doubled too. But our Catholic women have apparently so little interest in communal peace or the material welfare of their bread-winners that they will not walk across the street to exercise a political right which they should regard as a priceless boon."

M. C. M.

NEW SUPERIOR-GENERAL OF THE PAULISTS.

THE Very Reverend George M. Searle was chosen on June 15th to fill the office of Superior-General of the Paulist Community, left vacant by the death of Very Reverend George Deshon.

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Thomas Moore. ROBERT M. SILLARD.

When the Night is Young. B. E. WADE.

A Mission in Africa.

The Ghosts of the Abbey. AGNES O'FARRELL ROWE.

Columba and the Dove. P. J. COLEMAN.

Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B. REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

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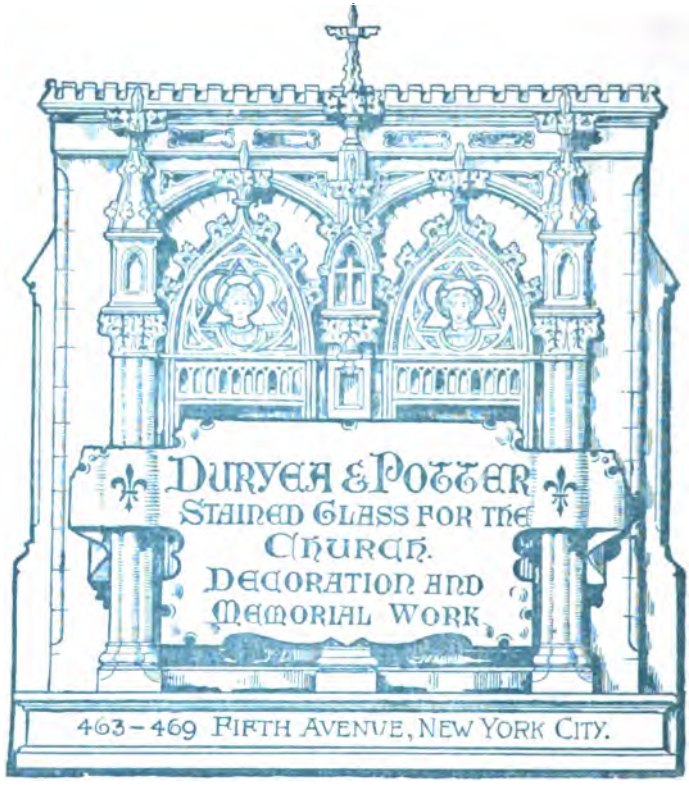

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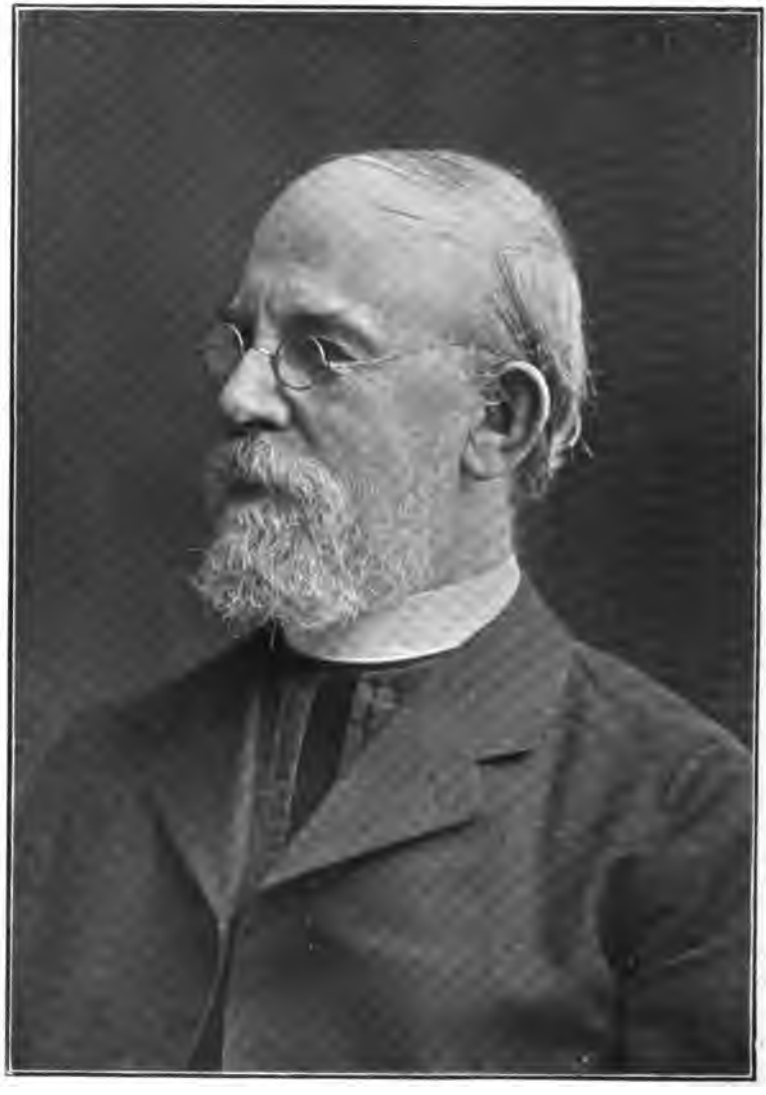

The Very Reverend George M. Searle,

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MGR. NOZALEDA AND THE ANTI-CLERICALS OF SPAIN.

BY WALTER M. DRUM, S.J.

THE revolutionists of Spain have lately made two daring yet unsuccessful attempts to assassinate Señor Maura, the President of the Council of Ministers—*i.e.*, the Prime Minister of the kingdom. The first attempt took place at Barcelona. Alfonso XIII. was visiting various cities in his realm. His court officials urged him to stay away from Barcelona—the hotbed of anarchy, socialism, jacobinism, anti-clericalism, and Spanish republicanism. The fearless young monarch would not be kept from knowing his people, and, regardless of the outcome, even went among the turbulent working classes of Barcelona. He came off untouched. Not so his suite. Señor Maura accompanied the king, and narrowly escaped a villanous assault. On April 6, the day of the king's arrival in Barcelona, some miscreant exploded a bomb among those who awaited the royal party. Several people were killed by the explosion. On April 12, Señor Maura was slightly wounded with a poniard by an anarchist. The Associated Press despatches for April 27 tell us of a second attempt to assassinate the Prime Minister. A fully organized mob of thirty or forty, armed with revolvers, attacked his car and wounded him before they were dispersed by a fusillade of the gendarmes.

What was the cause of this lawless violence? What occasion gave rise to it all? The cause is evident to any one who has followed the trend of Spanish politics since our late war; it was anti-clericalism, with its spirit of disorder and

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misrule. The occasion was the Nozaleda affair—el Asunto del Padre Nozaleda, as the Spaniards call it—which fired Señor Maura to a pitch of eloquence that has stirred every heart of Spain with emotions either of enthusiastic loyalty or of dogged hatred. It is the purpose of this paper to examine the occasion of these acts of violence, inasmuch as they throw light upon the true cause of the present political crisis in Spain.

While France was in a state of trouble and unrest over *l'affaire Loisy* last January and February, her neighbor Spain was tempest-tossed by a storm that the Nozaleda affair had occasioned. In the United States much attention was given to the case of Loisy; very little to that of Nozaleda. Somehow or other we Americans like to keep our fingers on the pulse of France; we let the pulse of Spain throb on unfelt. Yet we entered as no unimportant factor into the Nozaleda affair; we should take as much interest in it as in the Loisy affair.

What was the Nozaleda affair? The nomination of Mgr. Nozaleda for the archiepiscopal see of Valencia, and the uproar that followed.

Mgr. Nozaleda is a Dominican friar, who was ten years ago appointed Archbishop of Manila. He remained Metropolitan of the Philippines until two years after Spain had lost her supremacy in the islands; and then resigned the jurisdiction, that is now exercised by an American, Mgr. Harty. Since his resignation the ex-Archbishop of Manila has been without a see. Towards the end of last year occurred the death of Mgr. Herrero, the Cardinal-Archbishop of Valencia. This is the worthy prelate whose memory was brought into shameful and unwarranted notoriety by the false press-report that he had left a legacy of ten thousand dollars to be paid the Spanish general who would first land on our shores an army of invasion. The successor to Mgr. Herrero had to be nominated by the prime minister, for the government of Spain has during several centuries exercised the right to nominate candidates for bishoprics—a right such as the government of France now exercises in virtue of the Concordat of 1801 between Pius VII. and Napoleon I. Of course the Pope is free to reject any candidate; but he appoints the one nominated, unless grave reasons prévent him from so doing. On January 1 Señor Maura nominated Mgr. Nozaleda for the vacant see of Valencia.

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An uproar followed at once. The clouds of pent-up passion and hate burst open and a storm of anti-clericalism swept over the land. Ultra-liberals, republicans, socialists, jacobins, radicals, and anarchists gathered their forces for one combined attack. There is some distinction between the ideas of these different factions; but it is a distinction without a very clear-cut difference. They are at one in their attitude of hostility to religion. The members of the parties that go to form the extreme left in the Cortes of Spain must not for a moment be grouped with the parties of the same name in the United States. The republicans of Catholic Spain, for instance, would never allow the friar such freedom as he has in the United States under a republican form of government. At the nomination of a friar for the see of Valencia the republicans and their supporters strained to the utmost to cry down that friar. The din and confusion were such as to strike fear into the hearts and amazement into the minds of all that hoped for justice and abided by law and order. The liberal press sounded the tocsin of lawless discontent, the low theatres took up the alarm, the note of discord passed into the streets, and even violated the sacred sanctuary of that body whom the people have chosen to be the makers and protectors of their laws, the safeguard of their honor and their rights.

The liberal press took the lead, and set aside all regard for decency and truth in the abuse it heaped on, and the charges it fabricated against, its unfortunate victim, Mgr. Nozaleda. *El Diario Universal* of the Count de Romanones, the scurrilous Canalejas in his *Heraldo*, Moya in *El Liberal*, *El Imparcial* and its editor Gasset, the republican organ *El Pais*, Soriano's vile sheet *El Radical*—all the dailies that support the anti-clericals took up the hue and cry and vied with each other in smirching the fair name of a noble prelate of the church. "For two months the Nozaleda affair was the most noisy question of the day in Spain." * "Even the self-respecting papers treated of nothing else; in their leaders as well as their news-columns, everything had to do with Nozaleda." †

The low theatres took up the note of alarm that the press

* *Razón y Fe*, March, 1904, p. 405.

† *Lectura Dominical* for January 17, 1904. This weekly paper is the official organ of the Apostleship of the Press, which is under the care of a father of the Society of Jesus in Madrid.

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had sounded. They saw a chance to make capital. The usual features were taken off, something more timely was put on the boards. Mgr. Nozaleda was caricatured, vilified, and vituperated in song and story. Revolutionary songs, ribald and irreverent jests glutted the low appetites of noisy and unmanageable mobs. The theatres drew full houses. The governor of Madrid, Count de San Luis, took vigorous action, closed the Zarzuela, shut out the frantic crowd from applauding the revolutionary *pièce de résistance*, "El Mozo Cruo"—The Stevedore—and threatened to close the other disreputable theatres. The liberal papers were lashed to fury by this act of order and decency. They shouted their shibboleth, "the rights of man." They prophesied the heavens would fall if justice were not done the Zarzuela. Justice was done the Zarzuela; the Augean stables were cleaned. Nothing happened, save that the revolutionary and obscene songs came to an end. The Count de San Luis is a man of such character as is to-day much needed in posts of authority in Spain. For, a writer in *Lectura Dominical* says: "To brave it against a low theatre is a far greater feat than to brave it against the Yankees."*

The streets of the large cities were filled with anti-clerical and republican shouts of "Death to Nozaleda!" "Away with the friars!" "Down with the monarchy!" Riotous and socialistic gatherings, which the Spaniards have done us the honor to dub *mitins* or *meetings*, were held all over Spain. In Madrid alone there were, on January 10, thirty such meetings. Mgr. Nozaleda was made the butt of the most uncalled-for attacks. His venerable character was impugned with the basest insult and most impudent calumny. Martin Lazaro, a wretched priest of the archdiocese of Seville who was suspended for the scandal he had given, parodied the rites of the church, denied the possibility of miracles and the existence of purgatory, and became so revolutionary in his speeches that he was arrested. At once he was hailed as a hero by the liberal press, and was set up on a pedestal to receive the sympathy due to injured innocence; his portrait was put on the market, and his hangers-on swore his virtues were no less than apostolic. In fine, for well-nigh a month every means was taken to stir up discontent, and to intimidate the government before the opening of the Cortes.

* *Lectura Dominical.* The Spaniards call all Americans *yanquis.*

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The government would not be intimidated. On January 25 the Cortes held their first session. On January 26, in the second session of the lower house—called the Congress or the Chamber of Deputies—the Count de Romanones, one of the leaders of the liberals, introduced a measure to oppose the nomination of Mgr. Nozaleda. For ten days the battle waged. Señor Maura forgot his pet scheme of building up the army and bringing the navy back to life. Congress gave its exclusive attention to the discussion of the fitness of a candidate for nomination to an archbishopric—a discussion that it would ordinarily have relegated to one of its fixed committees. The issue was more far-reaching than it seemed. Catholic Spain was at once pitted against anti-clerical Spain. "Since there was question of the nomination of a friar, it gives surprise to nobody that the anti-clerical party struck out blindly and fiercely in its onset against the religious orders."* Señor Maura took up the defence. Almost single-handed he went into the conflict with the anti-clericals, and defeated them all one by one. Morayta, Canalejas, Salmerón, Lerroux, Soriano, all slunk away from Señor Maura's witty and weighty retorts. Nothing could have been more brilliant than the four longer speeches he delivered in the course of the debate. "They are models of parliamentary oratory, and will remain a lasting and a living witness to the straightforwardness and fearlessness with which he defended his cause and the cause of the innocent."†

Hitherto we have dealt with the manner rather than the matter of the charges made against Mgr. Nozaleda. Were there no facts behind all this hubbub and noise? Had not the anti-clericals, to say the least, some shadow of a fact that would serve in a slight degree to palliate their opposition? Was the part they played in the Nozaleda affair only froth with nothing of substance underneath? There was substance underneath. There were facts—stupendous facts; not the facts the anti-clericals thought to flaunt in the light of day, but the facts they wished to keep skulking in the darkness of night. Just here let us examine first the facts, or, rather, fictions trumped up by the republicans. What are the specific reasons why they opposed the nomination of Mgr. Nozaleda?

* *Razón y Fe*, March, 1904, p. 405.

† *Cf.* "The Anti-clerical Press and the National Assembly for the Good of the Press," by R. M. Velasco, S.J., in *Razón y Fe*, April, 1904.

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The first charge made is a negative one. They say there is no reason for nominating Mgr. Nozaleda to the see of Valencia. In his reply to the Count de Romanones, on January 26, Señor Maura neatly retorted that the question before the house was a question not of reasons for, but rather of reasons against the nomination. Such reasons would be inability to govern and lack of tact. Those reasons did not hold in the case of Mgr. Nozaleda. He had for ten years given evidence of tact and ability to rule; he had, during a most critical period, been eminent in the virtues of a bishop. "He is now without a diocese, and should therefore be given one."*

What, then, are the positive charges? There is one that reads like a nightmare. It was started by the editor of the republican organ *El Pais:* "The Dominicans have given $8,000,000 that Mgr. Nozaleda may be made bishop of Valencia or of any other place; just think of it, $8,000,000 to be divided between Maura, the two Pidal brothers, etc.!" This charge of bribery is most wanton and contemptible. To complete the picture, *El Pais* should have had the Dominicans all the world over forging checks and counterfeiting bank-notes to make up the enormous bribe. The prime minister makes little of the charge: "Padre Nozaleda, the ex-Archbishop of Manila, was proposed by me for the see of Valencia without a recommendation from anybody, without even a hint from any man living; of my own accord, from a sense of duty, after a conversation I had had on the subject with the minister of justice."† We hope that the efforts being made to curtail the license of the press will be successful. It is a shame that an editor may make such reckless accusation against any man without the least fear of a lawsuit for libel.

The charge of bribery is utter nonsense. The next lampoon is not a bit more happy in its results to the anti-clericals. Still, they cling most pertinaciously to one plank in the platform of their campaign of destruction: "Throw mud enough, and some is sure to stick." Señor Salmerón insists Nozaleda is a traitor. Why? Because he received into his residence the Catholic chaplain of the *Olympia,* and schemed with that Yankee to hand over the city to Dewey. What a wild story

* We quote parts of the speeches of Maura, Llorens, Nocedal, and their opponents, according to the reprint gotten out by *La Gaceta del Norte,* of Bilbao, under the title "El Asunto del P. Nozaleda."

† *Cf.* Speech before Congress, January 26, 1904.

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this is! Señor Nocedal* tears it to very shreds and riddles the unlucky Salmerón's speech by a sarcasm that no anti-clerical dares to stand up against. Why, there was no Catholic chaplain at all on board the *Olympia!* So the charge conceived in the flighty imagination of Señor Salmerón vanishes into thin air. The priest who visited the Archbishop of Manila was the late Rev. William D. McKinnon, chaplain of the first California volunteers from June 3, 1898, till September 21, 1899, and chaplain of regulars from October 27, 1899, till his death. His visit to Mgr. Nozaleda was of an ecclesiastical not a military character. The incident is referred to by the archbishop, in the clever defence he wrote against the formidable sham-attack of the republicans: "A priest of the California volunteers asked me for faculties to exercise his ministry within my jurisdiction; . . . was pleased to grant his request."† Father McKinnon did remark in an offhand way that the city would soon be captured—a fact that was patent to all—but Mgr. Nozaleda refused to speak on the subject. No one can blame the prelate. Only a distortion of the truth can fix the name of traitor to Mgr. Nozaleda. Señor Maura stands for the facts, in the face of the minority. They wince under the lash of his angry protest. They tell a lie to save a lie. "All Spain says Nozaleda is a traitor." All Spain does not say so! But of public opinion in all Spain about Mgr. Nozaleda we shall say a word later on.

The next charge sounds odd to an American, especially if he read the severe strictures of our press several years ago, when it was said Mgr. Nozaleda was too hostile to our government, too much identified with the government of Spain to remain archbishop of an American city. The anti-clerical cry now is that Mgr. Nozaleda was too much attached to Americans to be nominated archbishop of a city of Spain.‡

Señor Nocedal ridiculed the charge by a clever retort *ad hominem*, a slashing blow at certain anti-clericals: "A day or so ago one of the deputies now present branded the heroes of our nation as barbarians, because, forsooth, they set Napoleon's

* *Cf.* Speech before Congress, February 4, 1904.

† "Defensa Obligada contra Acusaciones Gratuitas," par P. Nozaleda, Arzobispo Dimisionario de Manila y Electo de Valencia. Madrid: Hijos de J. A. Garcia; Campomanes 6, p. 12.

‡ *Cf.* Speeches of Morayta, Canalejas, and Salmerón, on January 29 and February 1 and 3.

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culture at naught and uprooted the revolutionary principles which he had borne along on the points of his bayonets and had planted among us by sheer force. Would it be any worse if Padre Nozaleda had become convinced that the Yankees ought to ingraft into Filipino life the principles of Protestantism, and to introduce that culture which we, under a liberal government,* had not been able to afford them?

"A rector of a Spanish university—a man whose duty it is to bring up the coming generation of loyal Spaniards, whose words have gone through all Spain—said not so long ago, in *El Imparcial*, that the English had of late done us several good turns, of which the most important was the moral support they gave the Yankees in kindly relieving us from the dead weight of Cuba and the Philippines. In the face of this statement should it be considered the least bit out of the ordinary if Padre Nozaleda were won over by the reasoning of this teacher, this teacher of teachers, to the belief that the Yankees had done us the greatest favor in the world by shouldering for us the burden of the Philippines?" †

The arguments of Maura and the witty retorts of Nocedal bring some of the republicans to throw over the charge of treason. "Padre Nozaleda a traitor? Not at all! He was not a traitor, but a coward! He ran away from the Philippines. He turned over his post to the enemy." This charge of cowardice needs no answer. It is sufficiently refuted by the contradictions of the republicans themselves. As of old before the Sanhedrin, so of late in the Congress of Spain, "many bore false witness, . . . and their evidence did not agree." ‡

"In point of fact," says Señor Salmerón, § "Padre Nozaleda had no business staying in the islands two years under American rule. He gave up his allegiance to Spain; he ceased to recognize the sovereignty of Spain, to have the rights of a citizen of Spain; he was a Spaniard only in name." Most of the anti-clericals follow the lead of Señor Salmerón, and wield this same argument. They boast that it gives a sledge-hammer blow to the cause of Mgr. Nozaleda—a blow from which there is no escape. The Count de Romanones thinks he needs no other argument against the nomination of the ex-Archbishop

* Before the late war Spain was under control of the liberals, whose leader, Sagasta, was elected prime minister in 1897. Since the death of Sagasta the conservatives have been in power.

† *Cf.* Speech before Congress, February 4, 1904.

‡ Mark xiv. 56.

§ *Cf.* Speech before Congress, January 29, 1904.

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of Manila; he waives aside the grievous charges which the press tried to formulate out of fiction, the low theatres to substantiate by bold and indecent coloring, the mobs to drive home by shouts and threats. The count is a liberal; of course he is—as liberal as you chose; but he is not a non-Catholic; he protests against such an insinuation as preposterous. So he opens up the opposition to Mgr. Nozaleda with a very non-committal sort of introduction;* "I do not come here to repeat the accusations that have been made against Padre Nozaleda. It may be some are true; without doubt others are false." He then blames the prelate for staying in the islands two years after the colors of Spain had been struck. That is all he will insist on. He is willing to have his measure stand or fall by the proof or disproof of this charge. Then with delicious inconsistency he at once forgets the thesis he set himself to prove: "Padre Nozaleda is a friar; the incarnation and personification of all the friars beyond the seas. It is not one friar we are putting down, but each and every one of the friars that have gone to the Philippines and brought disgrace to us."† One charge at a time, Señor Conde; you are straying from the one point on which you staked your reputation as a logical debater, the single argument by which you would enforce the rejection of Mgr. Nozaleda. We shall keep you to that point, if you please, just for a little while.

So, Mgr. Nozaleda gave up his allegiance to Spain because of his stay in the Philippines! What a pretty bit of reasoning! Then all foreign missionaries must give up allegiance to the mother country! Señor Salmerón could not pay a visit to Cuba without ceasing to be a Spaniard! Señor Salmerón is a professor of the University of Madrid. He should be ashamed to make show of such ignorance. "According to international law of to-day, a man loses his nationality mainly by an act of his will. Against a man's will to remain a citizen of Spain, there is no power that can prevail. Now, Señor Salmerón can never prove Padre Nozaleda had the wish to give up his nationality. Against the unproved statement of Señor Salmerón we have the testimony of Padre Nozaleda himself, and of many who knew the prelate in Manila; more than this, we

* *Cf.* Speech before Congress, January 26, 1904.
† *Cf. Ibid.*

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have the stubborn fact that Padre Nozaleda was one of the very first to inscribe his name on the roll of citizens of Spain at the office of our consul in Manila."* Does this act of allegiance to Spain mean the wish to throw off the name and rights of a Spaniard?

So the mighty argument goes to the wall. Still, even though the archbishop did not cease to be a Spaniard, "he was untrue to his duty to Spain in that he stayed in the islands under the American flag. He did no good either to church or to country." Such is the new phase of the argument, as presented by Señor Menendez Pallarés. It is false on both counts.

He did no good to the church by his stay? How do you know this, Señor Menendez Pallarés? He stayed by special order of the Pope. Mgr. Nozaleda tells us: "Far from granting me leave to depart, the Holy See ordered me to stay at the head of the Metropolitan See of the Philippines. It was my duty to obey this high command."† Is not a prelate's obedience to the Pope for the good of the church? "Tell me, pray, Señor Menendez Pallarés, who are you to set your wish up against the wish of the Holy Father in the government of the church?"‡ "When ten years ago the government of Spain presented Padre Nozaleda for the Archbishopric of Manila and obtained his appointment by Rome, it should have known full well that no power on earth could relieve the prelate from the duty he had to his flock except the power of Rome."§

Rome did not relieve him; he stayed in Manila to do his duty to his affrighted flock; and well did he do it—too well, in very truth, to please such enemies of the church as the anti-clericals of Spain! There were in Manila a great many pious foundations, institutions of charity amply endowed, religious orders and congregations—all speaking louder than words of the efforts of the church for the well-being of the Filipinos in soul and body. "One patron, one sentinel, one defender stood firm for every one of the rights of each and all of these works; and he was the Archbishop of Manila. He

* *Cf.* Speech of Señor Maura before Congress, January 30, 1904.
† "Defensa Obligada, etc.," p. 35.
‡ *Cf.* Señor Maura's speech before Congress, January 28, 1904
§ *Cf.* Señor Maura's speech before Congress, January 26, 1904.

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held his ground and fought his way, till he saved to the church the works she had set on foot."* There was no self-interest in the stay of Mgr. Nozaleda in Manila. Why, he set his interests so far in the background that he lost sight of them entirely, and had to ask for alms to pay the expenses of his trip homeward.

The good he did the cause of the church were reason enough for the protracted stay of the archbishop in his see; but his presence in Manila meant much good also for his country. He took care of the interests of Spain, became an intermediary between her and the United States, and brought about the release of 4,000 captives whom the Tagalos held in durance. Yes, by him were at last saved 4,000 Spaniards, for whose release wives, children, and parents, day in and day out, kept petitioning and imploring those whose sworn duty it was to do that task which Mgr. Nozaleda superadded to the arduous tasks that stern duty had already laid upon him. And now Señor Morayta has the bad grace to blame the archbishop because, forsooth, there was a delay in the relief of those prisoners.† Yes, there was a delay—a hitch caused not by Mgr. Nozaleda, but by a government official in Manila, who denied that the Queen Regent of Spain had empowered the commission of General Rios to free the Spanish prisoners from Tarlac.‡ Such are the facts of the case. Señor Menendez Pallarés is wrong in both his statements. The enforced stay of Mgr. Nozaleda in Manila was most timely and providential to the interests as well of the people and government of Spain as of the Catholic Church in the archipelago.

The Count de Romanones can rely on his one weighty argument no more. It will drive down nothing before it. He can only try another tool of fancy, and say: "It is enough that public opinion condemns Nozaleda."§ "Not so!" answers Señor Maura, "there is against him no public opinion, only the low-down, rowdyish campaign of that small fry which poses as the press of Spain." His words are received with tremendous applause. "The public opinion that I give ear to is the opinion of those that stay at home or at their place of busi-

* *Cf.* Señor Maura's speech before Congress, January 26, 1904.
† *Cf.* Speech before Congress, January 29, 1904.
‡ *Cf.* Señor Maura's speech before Congress, January 30, 1904.
§ *Cf.* Speech before Congress, January 26, 1904.

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ness, that chat at the crossways, at the clubs, at their offices."* The opinion the anti-clericals have raised is mere noise. "There is a vast difference between public opinion and noise. For a whole month I have heard reproach, blame, dreadful charges against Padre Nozaleda; and on examination of his case I find naught but the most complete justification and glorification of the man at whom all these slanders were levelled. I had thought new facts would come to light. I expected they that raised this hue and cry, or they that took it up, would step forward and prove their charges to me face to face, man to man. To-day I find there is, in the opposition to Padre Nozaleda, nothing but the very same, oft-repeated dumb show and noise." †

No government should in justice court the favor of those that shout, threaten, and deny the right of self-defence, and prove nothing. They show by their methods what kind of government they would foist upon Spain. Salmerón, Soriano, and other republican leaders do their very best to add fuel to the flames of discontent, to parade fiction under the guise of well grounded facts, and to offset public opinion by turmoil and tumult. Señor Soriano has nothing to serve out even to Congress ‡ but the indecent abuse that has been hashed and rehashed in the depraved pages of his paper, *El Radical* of Valencia. He changes his ground of attack as readily as Proteus changes his form. A player on an autoharp can, by a mechanical device, shift the strings from key to key. Señor Soriano is just as shifty with his conscience. He will play it in sharps, or in flats, or in any way at all, so long as he may make the desired impression. No ruse is too low for this editor. He publishes in *El Radical* a letter signed by a respected colonel in Madrid, who is made to hurl abuse at Mgr. Nozaleda and the prime minister. The general in command at Valencia makes inquiries. And with what result? The whole letter turns out to be a base fabrication of Soriano. The signature is a forgery.§ The forger and defamer should serve time in a penitentiary for such a crime. But the laws of Spain are elastic in regard to freedom of the press. The mis-

* *Cf.* Speech before Congress, January 26, 1904.
† *Cf.* Speech before Congress, January 28, 1904.
‡ *Cf.* Speech before Congress, January 27, 1904.
§ *Cf.* Señor Maura's speech before Congress, January 28, 1904.

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creant gets off scot free no matter what he falsely lays to the charge of another. Soriano has no fear. He knows his power, and how to arouse what he calls public opinion.

Let us suppose public opinion were against Mgr. Nozaleda. What would that prove? It would prove that public opinion should be pulled down and built up again. That is all. Public opinion may serve to prop up a tottering cause; it will never justify a bad one. Justice is unchangeable. Señor Maura knows this truth, and bids fair to act up to it. "The authority of the government," he says, "is bound to lean to the side of reason and of justice; it must defend reason and justice, cost what the cost may be—yea, cost it even the very life-blood of that government. We cannot say: 'I know not if this man be justly or unjustly accused; he is accused, that is enough. I will not defend him.' Pilate argued thus; we cannot. . . . I have taken oath to wield my power not according to the changeful whims of public opinion, but according to the dictates of my conscience. If there be a conflict between my conscience and public opinion, I shall never put an end to that conflict by following public opinion; no, not till the day when that opinion will force me to quit the post I now hold."* Those are noble words—the key to a noble soul!

The radicals care naught for the conscience of the prime minister. They raise a new cry. Mgr. Nozaleda will never enter Valencia. The followers of Blasco Ibañez and Rodrigo Soriano will oppose such an entrance by that means which modern governments most fear—*i. e.*, a riot. They have looked well to it that there be some opposition in Valencia. The daily output of lies by *El Radical* has had a telling effect. Soriano has not hidden his purpose.

Before the opening of the Cortes he wrote up the future entrance of Mgr. Nozaleda into Valencia, and had it printed above his name, in *El Radical*, under the title: "Entrance of a Traitor into Valencia: Assassination of Nozaleda." He made use of his usual blatant, exaggerated style; and ended with a frenzied flourish: "Like a sea that leaps over its breakwater and swallows up all it meets, the surging mob leaped upon the proud archbishop. . . . His mitre, that had glistened on his brow, fell to the ground. A shower of stones pelted

* *Cf.* Speech before Congress, January 26, 1904.

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the mystical pastor. Daggers and poniards gleamed in the sunlight. Shots were heard, etc., etc. The sea of people returned to its breakwater and bore along a bit of the mitre and one or two bloody limbs—all that were left of Nozaleda." Such is a sample of the vile means taken by a deputy to Congress for arousing the basest passions of the lowest rabble against the cause of justice and of truth. A member of a railroad repair gang is heated, by the writings of Soriano, to such a degree of rashness and violence that in a meeting of republicans in Valencia he shouts out: "Have no fear that Nozaleda will enter Valencia. If he starts we shall pitch his train off the track before it gets there!" This patriotism calls for round after round of hearty applause.* Such men wish public authority to be exercised not by those whom the people elect but by a lawless, hooting mob.

Señor Maura does not cringe to mob rule, and has no fear that noise will overthrow his ministry. He assumes an attitude of defiance: "Padre Nozaleda will go to Valencia, even though it be necessary that he go between a line of bayonets." "But," urges Señor Salmerón, "the faithful of Valencia do not want him." That is false! 12,000 of the faithful of Valencia have sent to the prelate their loyal protest against the calumnies of the Soriano set. "Señor Salmerón," retorts Maura,† "do not take it ill that we refuse to accept your word as final. It was only a month ago you told the hair-splitting metaphysicians of Albacete not to bother their heads about the immortality of the soul, to take no heed of the life to come, for that all accounts were closed up and settled once and for all in this life. The man who talks such trash to day-laborers should assume no right to tell us who would or would not be a good prelate for the Catholics of Valencia."

Such is the array of false charges that were marshaled against Mgr. Nozaleda. They failed egregiously. The Count de Romanones' motion to reject Señor Maura's nomination was defeated by a vote of 128 to 69. The archbishop was presented to the Holy Father for the see of Valencia. The anticlericals were foiled and thwarted out and out. Could the result have been otherwise? Yes, it could! Were the Cham-

* *Lectura Dominical*, January 17, 1904.
† Cf. Speech before Congress, January 30, 1904.

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ber of Deputies of Spain so openly hostile to the church as is the Chamber of Deputies of France, truth and justice would have given way to falsehood and slander.

We have shown how contemptible and unreasonable the anti-clericals were in the Nozaleda affair. We have run the whole gamut of false notes that went to make up their inharmonious chorus. There is one note left, and that note is a true one. Yes, there is one charge against Mgr. Nozaleda that we admit, and admit with all our heart. The anti-clericals are right. Mgr. Nozaleda is a friar. The charge is true. What next? "Why, then," say they all, "he must be rejected!" Mark well their conclusion! No friar must be a bishop in Spain! The friars must go! Herein we have the keynote of anti-clericalism in Spain, the rallying point of all parties that are hostile to the best interests of the Catholic Church in that country.

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THOMAS MOORE.*

BY ROBERT M. SILLARD.

IT has often been remarked that the national music of Ireland is the truest of all comments upon the history of Ireland. The tone of defiance, succeeded by the languor of despondency—a burst of turbulence dying away into softness, the sorrows of one moment lost in the levity of the next—and all that romantic mixture of mirth and sadness which is naturally produced by the efforts of a lively temperament to shake off or forget the wrongs that lie upon it. Such are the features of Irish history and character which are to be found faithfully reflected in the music and songs of the "land of song"; and there are many Irish airs which it is difficult to listen to without recalling some period or event to which their expression seems peculiarly applicable.

Happily, before that music had been entirely lost, an assembly of Irish harpers was convened in 1792, at Belfast, and many of the old tunes they had preserved were collected by Edward Bunting, and published shortly afterwards, and so rescued from the oblivion which had seemed inevitable. This achievement was beyond price or praise. But much more was wanting for the safety and the honor of the dear old music. It needed some one who could clothe it in fitting words and commend it to popular acceptance. It needed a gifted man to interpret the spirit and character of Ireland—her fancy and her feeling, her sorrows and her hopes. It needed that the inarticulate poetry of sound should find verbal expression, and that the strains which had floated down through the ages—so sweet, so various, so marvellously expressive in their mirthfulness, the changeful phases of the Irish nature—should, at last, be "married to immortal verse."

The hour came and the man. The man was Thomas Moore. The concurrence was singular as it was fortunate. The

*A renewed interest is being taken in the life and works of Thomas Moore owing to the fact that his countrymen are about to erect a fitting memorial to him in his native city.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

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THOMAS MOORE.

harpers had met, and Bunting was preparing his collection, whilst Moore, then a stripling of thirteen summers, was practising on the old harpsichord, which his father had received from a neighbor in discharge of a trifling debt. Moore discovered his faculty for music and his vocation as a poet; and the melodies he learnt to love induced him to exercise the one and to pursue the other, until he became, for Ireland, in Shelley's famous words:

"The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong."

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It is a recognized fact that the finest of the old Irish airs obtained their just appreciation less from a sense of their intrinsic merit than from their union with lyrics which seized on the popular attention; and thus it was that Moore saved them from degradation. Exquisitely organized in soul and sense, he gathered up the fragments of the ancient melodies of his dear land, and associated them with songs such as had never been heard. Moore was inimitable as a lyric poet. Though his writings are numerous and varied, yet his fame must rest on having wedded his immortal verse to the glorious music of his native land. He pronounced, perhaps unconsciously, his highest eulogium when he wrote the words:

"Dear Harp of my country, in darkness I found thee,
The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long;
When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!"

Thomas Moore was born at No. 12 Aungier Street, Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1779, and two days later was baptized in the Catholic Church of St. Andrew's, in Westland Row. His father was a homely, intelligent, cheerful, easy-going man; nothing more, and assuming to be nothing more, than a grocer. The mother, according to all accounts, was possessed of some culture and kindly and conciliating manners. She had her memory stored with Irish legends, and her recitals of these no doubt cultivated the imaginative faculties of her only son, and the tender love between them continued strong through life. Young Moore was from his birth of a constitution tender and delicate; but is said to have shown remarkable gentleness and sweetness of disposition. His voice was so pleasing that he was called in fondness the "little Nightingale."

At an early age he was sent to a small school, kept by a man named Malone, in the same street where he lived. Afterwards he entered the "Academy" of a famous teacher named Samuel White, in Grafton Street. Among Moore's schoolfellows here was the hapless patriot-martyr, Robert Emmet, with whom he contracted a lasting friendship. "Were I to number the men," wrote Moore, thirty years later, "among all I have ever known, who appeared to me to combine in the greatest degree pure moral worth with intellectual power, I should,

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among the highest of the few, place Robert Emmet." As is well known, the first song in the "Irish Melodies"—"Oh! Breathe not his Name"—was in memory of Emmet; and the second song—"She is far from the Land"—of Sarah Curran, the betrothed of the patriot. Moore's schoolmaster was passionately fond of the stage, and encouraged the declamatory and histrionic powers of his pupils, especially those of young Moore, whose name appeared in the programmes of his master's private theatricals before he was twelve. About this age he began to compose verses, and sent some of them to a Dublin magazine entitled the *Anthologia Hibernica*.

His mother was anxious that he should study for the bar, and as Trinity College had just been opened to Catholics by the legislation of 1793, the young poet was admitted to the famous university the following year. Though by the bill of 1793 Catholics were admitted to Dublin University, they were yet excluded from "scholarships," "fellowships," and all the "honors" which brought emolument. This, of course, shut Moore out from all distinctions, although he passed the difficult examinations with credit. At college Moore showed more disposition to cultivate the modern than the ancient languages. Before he entered he had received occasional lessons in Italian from an old Franciscan father named Ennis, and in French from an intelligent *émigré*, named La Fosse. To these two teachers he was indebted for that display of French and Italian reading which he put forth afterwards in the notes to his translation of Anacreon, his first step on the ladder of lasting fame.

In the second year of his college course Moore wrote a Masque, with songs, which was performed at one of the public halls in the city. But the political ferment that was abroad through Ireland soon found its way within the walls of Trinity College. Robert Emmet was a fellow-student here with Moore (they entered the college the same year); both became intimate with many members of the United Irishmen, took a prominent part in the College Historical Society, and, of course, espoused the national side in the political debates. In the spring of 1798 Lord Chancellor Fitzgibbon held a formal visitation for the purpose of inquiring into the extent of the sympathy with the United Irishmen existing in the college. As is well known, Emmet left the college, and nothing but his mother's influence

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prevented Moore himself from becoming fatally involved in the insurrectionary movements of 1798 and 1803.

There can be no doubt that had Moore in those days felt at liberty to give effect to his own desire, he would have gone as far as Emmet in practical devotion to his country, and probably have shared the fate that befell most of the United Irishmen. But, as has been shown, his attachment to his mother, who was always jealous of his personal safety, held him back. And we cannot blame him for this, for few men ever had a mother worthy of deeper love. And through all vicissitudes of his life—in the zenith of success as well as in the gloom of misfortune—his affection for her never diminished. Throughout her life, when absent from her, he wrote to her twice every week, so that at her death she possessed over four thousand of his letters—a constant record of his cares and triumphs, anxieties and hopes.

In 1799 Moore took his degree of B. A. The following year arrangements were made for his departure to London to enter as a student in the Middle Temple to complete his studies for the bar. An introduction to Sir Martin Shee, the president of the Royal Academy, brought him into the society of some of the leading literary and social lights of London. He delighted all by his pleasant manners, literary tastes, and effective musical abilities. While keeping his terms at the Middle Temple he completed his "Anacreon," and published a small volume of poems under the pseudonym of "Thomas Little." Lord Moira obtained for him the coveted permission to dedicate his Anacreon Odes to the Prince of Wales. The translation attracted much attention, and Moore was accused of lending additional warmth to the at least sufficiently glowing ideas of the bard of Teos. But his fame does not rest on that youthful production.

In 1803 Lord Moira's influence procured the little poet an appointment under the government, as registrar to the Court of Admiralty at Bermuda. The seclusion of the Bermuda islands was, however, little to his taste, and after a four months' residence he confided his duties to a deputy, and made an extended tour through the United States and Canada, during which he wrote some beautiful poems relating to America. Among these we find some real gems of simplicity and melodious rhythm; such as the "Canadian Boat Song,"

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"The Lake of the Dismal Swamp," "The Indian Chant," and "A Scene in Bermuda," in which the description of the isles is said to be wondrously accurate.

Moore returned to England in October, 1804. Lord Moira now procured a situation for his father in the Dublin custom-house; but the poet himself preferred trusting to his talents for a livelihood. In 1806 he published a volume of "Odes, Epistles, and other Poems," which he dedicated to the Earl of Moira. The *Edinburgh Review* took the occasion in noticing this volume to lash Moore for the objectionable songs which appeared in the collection of poems he published under the assumed name in 1801. All the Irishman in Moore revealed himself in consequence of the savage onslaught of Lord Jeffrey, and he challenged the famous editor. A duel between them was interrupted by the police, and both were subjected to much ridicule when it was stated that the bullet had fallen out of Jeffrey's pistol, and it was suggested that, by consent, both pistols were leadless. But the sting was removed by the subsequent cordiality of the great critic towards the young writer whom he had not undeservedly rebuked. It is a curious coincidence, that both Byron and Moore were severely handled by the *Edinburgh Review* at the outset of their career. They both, however, triumphed over what (as in the case of Keats, whom criticism killed) would have disheartened men of less energy. They lived (not to prove their censor wrong, but) to extort admiration from one of the sternest critics of modern times. In the *Edinburgh Review* of November, 1817, we find the following passage respecting the early criticism. The passage is equally honorable to the critic and to the poet:

"In an early number of this Review we reproved Mr. Moore, perhaps with unnecessary severity. We think it a duty to say, that he has long ago redeemed that error; and that in all his later works that have come under our observation he appears as the eloquent champion of purity, fidelity, and delicacy, not less than of justice, liberty, and honor."

Lord Byron, as is well known, mentioned the "duel" with ridicule in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and in his turn was challenged by Moore. The letter to Byron was delayed in reaching its destination, and so the affair terminated in a good-humored explanation from Byron, and a life-long friendship between them. A few years later Byron said of

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him: "Moore has a peculiarity of talent, or rather talents—poetry, music, voice—all his own; and an expression in each which never was, nor will be, possessed by another. In society he is gentlemanly, gentle, and altogether more pleasing than any individual with whom I am acquainted. He has but one fault, and that one I daily regret—he is not with me. His songs—'Oh Breathe not His Name,' 'When He who adores Thee,' and 'As a Beam o'er the Face of the Waters'—are worth all the epics that ever were composed." And in the diary of that "great and good man," Sir Walter Scott, we find these words: "I saw Moore for the first time this season (November, 1825). There is a manly frankness, with perfect ease and good-breeding, about him which is delightful. Not the least touch of the poet or the pedant. . . . It would be a delightful addition to life if Moore had a cottage within two miles of one. We went to the Edinburgh theatre together, and the audience received T. M. with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland." As to Byron's friendship for the little Irish poet, it was as sincere a feeling of the sort as he was capable of entertaining for any length of time. Byron himself asserts that he never felt the emotion of friendship towards any one, except "little Moore." It will not be forgotten by any reader of Byron that he very frequently gave expression to this friendship in diary, letters, and, best of all, verse:

"My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea;
But, before I go, Tom Moore,
Here's a double health to thee.

"Were't the last drop in the well,
And I gasp'd upon the brink,
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'Tis to thee that I would drink.

"With that water, as this wine,
The libation I would pour
Should be—peace with thine and mine,
And a health to thee, Tom Moore."

In 1807 Moore entered into an arrangement with Mr. Power,

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a publisher of music in London, to write suitable words to a collection of old Irish tunes, most of which were supplied by himself. It was part of the bargain that Sir John Stevenson, the famous Irish composer, was to set them to harmony. It has been objected that Stevenson's settings are too elaborate for Irish music, that the original style of the melodies is injured by the too modern accompaniment. But the famous Doctor of Music and Moore held that the symphonies and accompaniments should be held subordinate to the melodies for which they were written. The "Melodies" were issued by the music publishers, Powers, in ten detached numbers issued between 1807 and 1834. This engagement was one of the most fortunate events of Moore's early life. In a letter to his mother in 1812 he writes: "I don't know whether I told you that the Powers give me five hundred pounds ($2,500) a year for my music; the agreement is for seven years, and as much longer as I choose to say." During this time his "Sacred Songs" (1815) and the "National Airs" (1816) came out under the same happy auspices. The beautiful songs Moore united to the many fugitive national airs of every European country which had none that were intelligible to the ordinary reader are veritable gems. His "Sacred Songs" are of exquisite beauty and deep devotional feeling.

As to the imputations against Moore on religious grounds, it must be borne in mind that the society in which his early manhood was passed was largely imbued with the infidel spirit of the French Revolution, and that its influence upon him was not met by any corrective force, like that to which he was afterwards attracted in England. We know that he was baptized a Catholic, and we know that while residing in London he frequently attended the Catholic church in Wardour Street, and his biographer, Lord John Russell, a very unimpeachable witness on such a matter, tells us that he always adhered to the Catholic Church. When asked to abandon it, his answer was: "I was born and bred in the faith of my fathers, and in that faith I intend to die." And recent authoritative testimony proves beyond doubt that he died in the one true faith.

No one but a Catholic—and we may add, an Irish Catholic—could have written such beautiful lyrics as: "The Turf shall be my fragrant Shrine," "Oh! Thou Who dry'st the

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Mourner's Tear," "Thou art, oh God!" "The Angel of Charity," "Go, let me Weep," "Oh! Teach me to love Thee," and

"As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee,—
My God! silent to Thee—
Pure, warm, silent to Thee;
So, deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to Thee!"

On the 22d of March, 1811, Moore married a Protestant lady named Miss Elizabeth Dyke, at St. Martin's Church, London. The marriage proved a happy one. Lord John Russell says: "From the year of the marriage to 1852, that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person received from him the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidence, which the daily and hourly happiness he enjoyed was sure to inspire. Thus, whatever amusement he might find in society, whatever sights he might behold, whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere, he always returned to his home with a fresh feeling of delight. The time he had been absent had always been a time of exertion and exile; his return restored him to tranquillity and peace." Those who love as he did, wife, children, and friends, will appreciate, although the worldling cannot, such commonplace sentences as these in his diary: "Pulled some heath on Ronan's Island (Killarney) to send to my dear Bessy"; when in Italy, "Got letters from my sweet Bessy, more precious to me than all the wonders I see here"; while in Paris, "Sending for Bessy and my little ones; wherever they are will be home, and a happy home, to me."

During the year in which he was married Moore produced a comic opera, "M. P., or the Blue Stocking." There are some very pretty songs and sentiments in it, but notwithstanding these, the opera, which was first brought out in Dublin, was not a success. The following year he was offered £3,000 by Longmans, the publishers, for an Oriental romance he had in contemplation. The work, "Lalla Rookh," was not written until after the most careful and extensive reading on Eastern

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subjects—until he had thoroughly imbued his mind with Oriental tradition and romance. It was published in 1817, and was received most favorably. How true it is in external scenery—that is, as a panorama of the East—has been variously estimated. The poem, however, exactly suited the prevailing taste of the period. It has abundant fertility of fancy, luxuriant profusion of imagery, and a facile command of graceful diction. It is true that, as Hazlitt has observed, its brilliancy is almost too continuously glittering. Yet, if he dazzles rather than enchants, it is undeniable that in his "Lalla Rookh" Moore has given us many passages of great descriptive power, of singular narrative charm, and of delicate imaginative art.

"Lalla Rookh" was written in Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, whither Moore and his wife went to reside in 1813, after the first year of married life. When he had finished his Oriental romance, which, by the way, he "dedicated" to his "affectionate friend" Samuel Rogers, the "tranquil" poet, Moore removed to Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, in Wiltshire. It was a small thatched cottage, and the spire of the village church of Bromham, beside the portals of which he was buried, could be seen through the distant trees. Here he lived for the remaining thirty-five years of his life.

The year 1818 was an eventful one to Moore. With his wife he paid a long-promised visit to his parents in Dublin. Moore was lionized in his native city to a degree which might have satisfied any heart, however greedy for public acknowledgment.

He was entertained at a public dinner, on which occasion his father had the proud gratification of seeing the most gifted Irishmen of the day assembled to do honor to his son. Daniel O'Connell was one of the speakers on the occasion, and that eloquent tribune roused the enthusiasm of all present by declaring that "there could not live a single Irishman so lost to every feeling of affection for his country as not to feel pride and pleasure at hearing the name of Tom Moore. It was a name that raised the fame of Irish talent, and placed the poetic character of Ireland on the highest pinnacle of literary glory. Any tribute his countrymen could pay him would but feebly discharge the debt of gratitude which Ireland owed him."

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He should be hailed by his countrymen as a light that flung a warm and cheering ray on the coldness and darkness which had so long surrounded their beloved country."

Moore sang several of his Irish Melodies. His voice had not great volume, yet he could sing with a depth of sweetness that charmed all hearers. It was true melody, and told upon the heart as well as on the ear. His contemporaries tell us that it would be difficult to describe the effect of his singing. He made little attempt at music. It was a kind of admirable recitative, in which every shade of his thought was syllabled and dwelt upon, and the sentiment of the song went through the blood, warming the hearers even to the flowing of tears.

During his stay in Dublin this year Moore witnessed an opera founded on his "Lalla Rookh," which was performed at the principal theatre before an enthusiastic audience who would recognize Iran as Erin, and Hafed as Emmet.

This same year he went to Paris with his friend Rogers, the poet, and laid up materials for his humorous piece, "The Fudge Family in Paris." About this time Moore was informed that his deputy at Bermuda had absconded with certain moneys, leaving Moore liable for £6,000. Pending a settlement with the English government Moore was obliged to remain on the Continent. With Lord John Russell he travelled through France and Switzerland to Milan, and spent some time at Venice with Lord Byron. Of this journey we have two accounts, one in prose, the other in rhyme; the former is the narrative in his "Diary," edited by Russell. The account in verse is well known as "Rhymes on the Road." Did ever mortal man turn every experience of life into verse as did Tom Moore? His visit to Bermuda, his tour through America, his voyage home, his first visit to Paris, and his journey through Italy—all reduced to verses!

During the three years he remained abroad he wrote "The Epicurean," a beautiful Oriental tale in prose; "The Loves of the Angels," and the satirical verses called the "Fables of the Holy Alliance." Out of the profits of these he paid the demands against him.

While residing in Paris Moore was visited by many notables in the art and literary world. Among those who flocked to see the "poet of all circles" were Wordsworth and genial Washington Irving, both of whom marvelled how one who gave

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so much of his time to social events could find time for literary pursuits.

About this time Moore commenced the "Life" of his illustrious friend, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, which he published in 1825, the same year in which he visited Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford. His "Sheridan" ran through three editions in as many months, and, as the *Edinburgh Review* said at the time, "it is the best historical work of the period, and exhibits the most intelligent account of the great questions which were agitated during the momentous period to which it refers."

Five years later he gave to an expectant world his "Life of Lord Byron," which, in the words of Lord Macaulay, "deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose any age has produced." The following year he visited Ireland in order to collect materials for his "Life" of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, which for pathetic beauty and simple truthfulness must always move the heart of the reader. Though Moore had never been a member of the Society of United Irishmen, yet his sympathies were always with them. It is singular that, although Moore spent nearly the whole of his life in England and in English society, the spirit of the Irish rebel never left him. His national sympathies and his patriotism were lasting and permanent. In fact, the last of his "Irish Melodies"—which were among the latest of his writings—breathe a sterner and more uncompromising spirit than those written in earlier years. It is still more singular that by his songs he made the sentiments of the Irish rebel popular in England, where, presented in any other guise, they would have been scouted and condemned. His "treason" was trilled for many years at every fashionable assembly. Is it extravagant to think that by his beautiful lyrics many a heart was inspired with kindness towards Ireland, even in the stronghold of her enemies? In that exquisite song, "Oh! Blame not the Bard," I think Moore best describes his mission.

Shortly after publishing his memoir of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Moore set about writing a history of Ireland in four volumes for a series called *Lardner's Cyclopædia*, to which Sir Walter Scott had contributed a history of Scotland. Moore brought the history of his country down to the death of Owen Roe O'Neill in 1646, and in it he made a laborious and conscientious effort to accomplish a very necessary work at the

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time, with such knowledge and materials as were within his reach. They were often used most effectively; and the history contains frequent passages of great felicity and power, such as the description of St. Patrick preaching at Tara; the conversion of the Irish princesses; the death of St. Columbkill; and the music of ancient Ireland. But very often his materials were inadequate, as, of course, he had not access to the original sources of information of which later historians, like O'Curry, O'Donovan, and Joyce, have had the advantage.

This "History" was Moore's last important work—the fourth volume appeared in 1846. A few years previously he collected and published his poetical works in ten volumes, with illustrations. The prefaces contain many interesting particulars regarding his life. Like Swift, Scott, and Southey, the end of Moore's life was passed in an increasingly depressed condition, owing to softening of the brain. Two years and a half he may be said to have laid on his death-bed—dying all that weary time; his mind almost obliterated; restoration being only occasional, and very partial. When his intelligence was at all active he would ask his wife to read the Bible, and his great delight was to hear her sing.

The end came on the 26th of February, 1852. He was buried in Bromham churchyard within sight of his cottage home. His wife was laid beside him thirteen years afterwards; while his father and mother rest together in St. Kevin's churchyard in Dublin.

Lord Russell's memoir of the poet presents, on the whole, the picture of a man resolute to maintain his independence under all circumstances and at all hazards; true to his principles and faithful to his country; unspoiled by the blandishments of social life; inaccessible to corruption and incapable of baseness; in his dealings with his family and friends full of gentleness and loving kindness, and acting, always, without a taint of selfishness, and often in the spirit of heroic self-sacrifice.

There may be some who have no sympathy with his political opinions. But they will not the less on that account allow his claim to the name of patriot. He clung to Ireland with an intense and unchanging affection, which is testified on every page of his writings. During the long struggle for Catholic emancipation he never failed or faltered in urging the claims of the Catholics of Ireland. By playful wit, by pungent

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sarcasm, by vehement invective, he pressed them on a reluctant legislature and a hostile people. And the influence he exerted was incalculable. Circles into which political agitation could never break opened freely to the pleadings of the poet. The same melodious voice which roused the Irish millions to remember they had a country, and rely on themselves for their own political salvation, resounded in the halls and salons of the British aristocracy, dispelling prejudice and denouncing wrong, with a power and sweetness which touched many a heart and awakened many a conscience, heretofore hardened against the cold appeals of justice.

And if his patriotism be undeniable, can any one doubt of the independence and consistency which made his character complete? Few Irishmen, of whom we have authentic record, were more distinguished by those high qualities. Tom Moore was placed in circumstances most adverse to the cultivation of them. He was poor. He had to procure, by continuous effort, the comforts of existence. He moved amongst the wealthy and the great, many of whom had strong attachment to him and would have been happy to supply his wants. He had faculties of brain and pen, invaluable to any political party which could have procured the use of them. He loved his relatives with a devoted affection, which might have prompted any sacrifice, to elevate them and advance their interests. Briefly, he had the amplest opportunities of commanding a profitable dependence, and the strongest temptations to employ them. But he refused. He endured his poverty and preserved his honor. He lived and died a self-relying, self-respecting Irishman, and left to posterity an example of independence which has not had many parallels.

What is Moore's position in the scale of English poets? Judged by the circulation of his works, he must be reckoned among the half-dozen writers of verse who enjoy the chief hold on popular favor. Taste in literature, and more especially in poetry, is something of which in every generation a select and eclectic few have the monopoly. To say that this or that poet is lesser or greater because he excels or falls short of another, is to mistake altogether the function of the literary critic. A poet who has any claims on immortality must not be judged comparatively. It is only the unique that lives. Posterity will perceive only the master-type; his imitators

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are literary ephemera. Moore moves in an orbit of his own. He is "a bright particular star" without a rival. In what poetry of the nineteenth century do we find a fancy so felicitous, so original, so spontaneous, so luxuriant, so coruscant, as in Moore's lyrics? If any of the poetry of the past century survives, they will not be forgotten. They have gone home to the heart of Ireland, and they will live in it whilst it is capable of generous or grateful emotion. The "Melodies" form part of the national inheritance—something which Ireland may truly call her own, and which shall always be looked upon as one of the most interesting and happy efforts of genius ever bequeathed to any country.

WHEN THE NIGHT IS YOUNG.

BY B. E. WADE.

THE moon hangs low in the dim, blue sky;
A star peeps forth from the heav'ns on high;
A dusky cloud sails so softly by,
When the night is young.

An evening breeze stirs the willows green,
And whispers gently to bird unseen,
Then, slyly kisses the grasses,—e'en
When the night is young.

The tree-toad sings in his restless glee;
The cricket chirps in a plaintive key;
The dear brook dreams of the far-off sea,
When the night is young.

And when fair Nature o'er all holds sway,
Mysterious fancies must have their way,
But peace steals in at the close of day,
When the night is young.

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A MISSION IN AFRICA.

THAT the Catholic Church has always endeavored to obey Christ's command to teach all nations, everybody, no matter of what religious persuasion, must feel fully convinced. The divine enthusiasm, simplicity and heroism animating her missionaries in that noblest and holiest of all callings—the spreading of faith and civilization—are an old, old story. History has her glorious record of this sublime work, the very mission that brought our Saviour from heaven, and on which he sent his Apostles to shed the light of faith over those who sit in the regions of the shadow of death. Nevertheless, though the conviction that immense good has been done in the past and will continually and for ever be achieved in the future, amounts to a certainty, there prevails among home-keeping Christians an indifference about the support and extension of missionary enterprise which is not only astounding but incomprehensible and deplorable. Yet, seen from any stand-point—whether that of the souls still to be redeemed from their degradation, still living in the darkness of error, and perhaps practising all the frightful barbarities of fetichism from which Christianity alone can redeem them, or that of the missionaries who, having abandoned all to scatter the seed that multiplies a hundred-fold, live in conditions where the necessities of civilized existence become luxuries, where hardships and deprivation mark every step, where an always precarious existence is continually harassed by poverty, epidemics, and persecutions, and where the difficulties hourly encountered are tremendous,—from any stand-point the picture should awaken all that a man, or a woman, has of enthusiasm, of love, of pride, and of generous self-devotion.

Now, it is altogether likely that the spirit of cold aloofness commonly displayed toward the foreign missions arises far less from deep-rooted selfishness than from want of information about the inspiring history of this glorious crusade. It is in this belief that the following pages have been written, so that the readers of THE CATHOLIC WORLD may be told something

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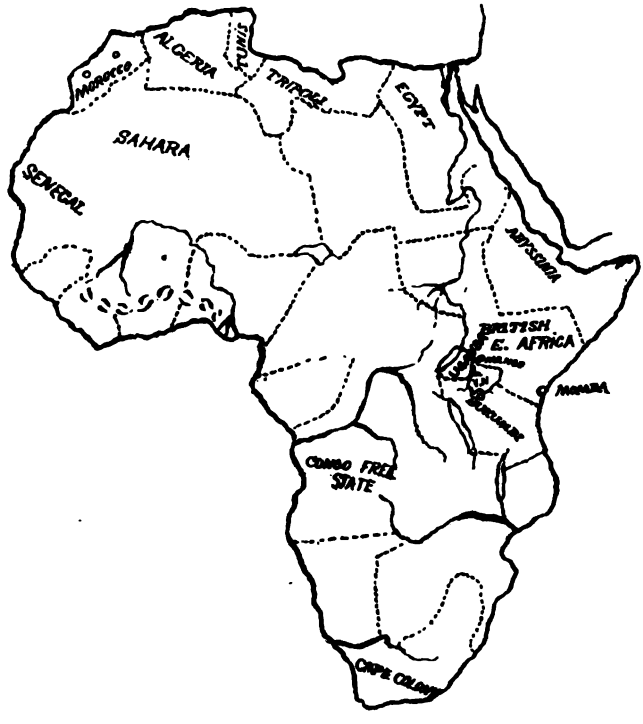

AFRICA AND THE UGANDA TERRITORY.

of what was learned by one who travelled to the heart of equatorial Africa, and there became acquainted with a place which exemplified all the best that has ever been said of missionary zeal, of missionary sacrifice, and of missionary privation; a place where apostolic labor in its simplicity and lack of worldliness is like that recorded in Holy Scripture, and where, indeed, to-day many of the practices of the early Christians are in effect, though but little known outside and but little appreciated!

The mission we speak of, situated in East Uganda, is in charge of Bishop Hanlon and priests from St. Joseph's Missionary College, Mill Hill, London, assisted by the Franciscan Sisters. Though his lordship is the latest in the field here, he has done more than is generally known toward both Christianizing the people and allaying the strained relations hitherto existing between the Catholic missionaries on the one side and the government on the other. Formerly to be a Catholic was to be a Frenchman, to be a Protestant was to be English;

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and the English, possessing power of arms, soon became the superior attraction. Bishop Hanlon is whole-souled and just; it has been said that "he is like St. Paul—a little man with a great soul and a big beard." In an accompanying photograph he sits before his tent, which has just been erected to test its fitness preparatory to an extensive trip into a northern branch

BISHOP HANLON AND HIS PARTY.

of his vicariate. The father appointed to be his companion stands to the right, before another tent.

You ask how one gets out to this far-away place. That needs a good many words to tell. First you sail to Africa. Then you go by rail on the road from Mombasa on the coast to the Lake Victoria Nyanza, a distance of eight hundred miles, the road having been completed with permanent rails to within forty miles of the lake. Where the train travels on temporary rails, it is safe enough if one goes very slowly; and though sometimes the cars go off the track, this causes no other trouble than the labor of pulling them on again. At the lake a small steamer, having one cabin that will hold three persons, has to be previously engaged for the transport of a party; those who cannot be accommodated on the first trip being forced to wait a week until it returns for them. When

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the party is landed on the far side of the lake they must then travel on foot, all boxes and cases being taken on the heads and backs of the natives, to the Mission Hill, which is called Nsambya. Uganda has seven hills; the government holds one, the native king another, Protestant missionaries a third, and the Catholics, like a great primitive Christian community, inhabit a fourth.

The climate is simply delightful. On Palm Sunday the thermometer registered "summer heat," but usually it is about seventy degrees in the sisters' community room. Outside, during midday, the direct rays of the sun are almost unbearable, and no one goes out. One of the accompanying photographs shows some leafless trees. The foliage falls at certain seasons, and after one or two months the trees again put forth tiny leaves, looking much like our own trees in early spring. When in full leaf they are decorated with birds' nests, so numerous that they might easily be taken for the fruit of the trees. Owing to the climate, white veils and habits are worn by the sisters. The native women dress in "bark-cloth," which they fasten about their bodies just under the arm-pits, letting it fall to the feet, and securing it with a girdle made of the outer fibre of the banana-tree. The bare neck and arms being almost the color of the garment, give no shock to any one. Indeed, these women are exceedingly modest and careful, and the day their simplicity is taken from them will be a day of evil knowledge. Those who have babies carry the little ones tied to their backs with this "bark-cloth," so called because it is the bark of a tree, growing here quite as abundantly as the other common tree, the banana, which serves as food and for many other uses. The people of certain districts prepare the bark in much the same way that rags are treated for paper-making. The pulp is beaten on flat stones into sheets, which, if they have to be joined, are sewed together with a needle made of wood and a grass which is very strong and may be split as needed.

And oh! that native language. The attempt to master it is surely one of the greatest crosses of the missionary. Nouns are divided into nine classes which have prefixes of their own; and adjectives, pronouns, and verbs take the same prefixes as the noun. To the first class belong reasonable beings, states, dignitaries, illnesses commencing with "ka," a few fruits and

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MISSIONARIES READY FOR THE JOURNEY.

vegetables. The singular prefix is "mu" and the plural "ba." Then there are all the changes to think of in the construction of a sentence. To the "mu" (sing.) and the "mi" (plural) belong tree, grass, time, body, snake, head, arm, lip, work, fire, door, etc., etc. Most animals belong to the "n" class, "nte" being ox; and for that class "e" is the article. "Tono" is little, and you might suppose that "e nte tono" or "e tono nte" means a little ox or a young ox; but that is where you are wrong, for, on account of a reason I have yet to discover, "nte nto" is the correct form. "Kambi katono" is a little knife; "kinto kitono," a little thing; "kintu kiwingi," a good thing; "mukazi muringi," a good woman; "bakazi barungi," good women. The people cannot end a word with a consonant. One of the sisters says: "I have tried them ever so many times, but young and old add a vowel to end any word we have taught them." Sister Agnes is "Sisitara Agnesi," and they imitate some of our words, saying to us, "Be quickee, comie heri, yessee."

The natives are wonderfully reverent in church. "Indeed, I often feel," says one of the sisters, "that it is we who should learn from them how to pray devoutly." The minute

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the priest commences Mass, a "headman" begins in Uganda the Mass prayers, which all know "by heart," so that they keep with the celebrant during the whole Sacrifice. When, at 6 A. M., the Angelus is beaten on native drums, this headman begins morning prayers with the Angelus. Mass follows, and if many receive Holy Communion, the usual prayers of thanksgiving are said aloud, and all remain from fifteen to twenty minutes for their thanksgiving. After this, at about seven o'clock, an instruction is given daily, on the principal truths and the catechism, in the church. Only the baptized are permitted in the church. At 8:30 A. M. daily the catechumenate is filled with those who are commencing to prepare for bap-

THE MORNING CLASS.

tism. At 2:30 P. M. those who have passed through the morning classes are prepared and instructed. Each class lasts one hour and a half. At 5:40 the baptized assemble to make their visit to the Blessed Sacrament and recite the Angelus and night prayers. When the drum calls them to church for the visit, men and women may be sometimes seen kneeling immediately in the road or field, or wherever they may be at the moment, reciting together the prayers appointed. Often one hears singing, and the tune is sure to be a hymn, for no others are known.

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THE CATHEDRAL OF STS. PETER AND PAUL.

The church is dedicated to Sts. Peter and Paul. The heavy roof of thatch is supported by many tall palm posts, which, with the ceiling and the walls, are all covered with reeds, dried stalks of elephant grass, bound one after the other around the posts with the outer covering of the banana-tree, which is really like thin leather. What an amount of patient labor it represents! The ceiling is a lovely piece of palm plaiting; the floor is earth, covered with grass, and there are no pews or seats of any kind. The natives kneel, stand, or squat during the services, the men on one side, the women on the other. On the great festivals of the church throngs come to spend the week here who cannot always come to Sunday Mass, as they live several days' journey on foot from Mengo. Palm Sunday witnessed a most inspiring scene. Each native brought an offering of palms, a portion to be blessed for himself and the rest to be placed in the palm posts of the church. Only those who know the splendor of these African palms can imagine the impressive beauty of the scene, when the immense crowds—for whom the church, though spacious, is by no means large enough—were kneeling among the straw-colored posts decorated with waving palms!

At six o'clock Mass, on one day while I was present,

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about one thousand of the natives received Holy Communion, their bare feet making no sound on the grass-covered floor of earth, as they walked softly to the altar, and the rustle of their bark garments reminding one of Minnehaha and the forest primeval. The zeal of the people may be illustrated by the following incident: One morning, after the usual large number had received Holy Communion, and had all departed to their places, I was much surprised to observe the reverend father come a few steps out of the sanctuary. Turning my head, I saw a young man carried by his friends close to the altar rail. There they raised him up, and while kneeling reverently, with joined hands, he received Holy Communion. Two men knelt behind, with hands ready to support him. After kneeling thus two minutes, the gentle yielding warned his friends that he needed their help. Down on the floor they laid him,

THE CONVENT OF FRANCISCAN NUNS.

covering the fragile form with the native bark cloth, and as he lay prostrate there the all but dying lips whispered loving thanks to God. "Ah," exclaimed one of the sisters, after she had offered him her little cup of medicine, "these dear, gentle savages, what lessons they teach us of faith, simplicity, and love!"

An accompanying photograph shows the convent where the Franciscan sisters live. Four watchmen are stationed on the

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THE QUEEN MOTHER.

porch as sentinels each night, so, though frequently awakened by the cries of some hyena or barking fox prowling around in the vicinity, the nuns feel really very safe. Sometimes, it seems, they are awakened in the middle of the night by the loud beating of drums, due to the fact that the Queen Mother has taken it into her royal head that she would like to hear a noise.

Nalinya—the Queen Sister—is an interesting subject at present, for, having recently become of age, she immediately announced her intention of becoming a Roman Catholic. Naturally, her Protestant protectors strongly opposed this step, and the prime minister, Appolo Kagwa, brought her to his own home, and practically kept her a prisoner there. Previous to this move he had forbidden her to attend the Catholic

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Church. Not heeding this command, she left her home one day to assist at Mass, and was running along the high road, when men appointed to watch her overtook her and knocked her down. The royal princess rose, and with all the force of her strong young arm paid back the offender, allowing generous interest! During her imprisonment, meat—an awful temptation to these people!—was repeatedly offered to her on Friday; but this she refused, saying: "No, I am a Catholic, therefore I do not eat meat on Friday." When threatened with poverty and with the refusal of further gifts of cloth from her Protestant friends, she said: "Very well; I can wear bark cloth, or, at need, I can sell some of my cows and buy it!" To try her, the bishop said he did not want to receive her into the Church, when instantly she dropped upon her knees and, clasping her hands, said, "Sebo! (Father) I want the religion of my mother! I want Jesus Christ, and he is not in the Protestant Church." Her mother has been another St. Monica in her prayers that this child of hers might be brought into the true fold. After a time the commissioner learned of her earnest desire and of the opposition that had been made. Word was sent to Appolo Kagwa to let her alone, and she is now being prepared to enter the Catholic Church. Of her own accord, she has chosen "Mary" and will answer to no other name.

The school house is neither large nor substantial enough for present needs; but Bishop Hanlon hopes very soon to build with native bricks one that will be much more suitable. At present there are no desks, no benches, and in fact nothing except a small picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel, a reading chart, a writing chart, and a blackboard. The floor is earth covered with hay, and upon it the diligent pupils squat in "suns," as they call the circles. Every round thing is a sun; they call the yolk of an egg the sun of the egg. In the afternoon class, seated on their mats in the front row, are women of Mwanga's court, all those in the back being simple peasants who are most deferential to the "ladies" and would not presume to approach the mats on which the latter sit apart. These women have exactly the same lessons as the morning class of small children, and are equally diligent in making strokes and pot-hooks. There is scarcely ever a word of correction needed, all are so anxious to—as they express it—"catch wisdom" of the Europeans. So anxious are they in

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MEMBERS OF THE AFTERNOON CLASS.

their sweet simplicity of soul that they may be seen running to school, and actually trembling from head to foot for very fear of not being allowed into class if late.

The government forms no small obstacle in the path of the African missionary. The present king—the youngest, by the way, in the world—is a little boy, Doudie (David) Chua, about six or seven years of age, the son of Mwanga, a man distinguished for his senseless cruelties and disgusting practices. There is a man now working on the sisters' farm who had both his eyes put out and an ear cut off by order of King Mwanga in punishment of some alleged contempt shown to his Royal Highness. Very many in the neighborhood bear similar marks of cruelty. The C. S. M. has charge of the present little king. The British exercise a protectorate over him and his kingdom, and have established a sort of parliament, which he opens regularly with much pomp. Little Doudie speaks English and gives state dinners occasionally, at which there is a curious mixture of African and European customs. The Queen Mother is a Protestant, but visits the bishop and has paid several visits to the mission sisters. The prime minister (one of three in charge of the young king) is Appolo Kagwa, no friend to Catholics. The next in rank is Stanislaus Mugwanya, a model Catholic.

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PRINCE JOSEPH. APPOLO KAGWA. PRINCE AUGUSTINE.

Among the interesting photographs here presented are those of the princes Joseph and Augustine, who are two very good boys beloved by all the people. Both understand English, Joseph speaking the language very fluently indeed. Bishop Hanlon is their official guardian. Formerly it was the custom to choose a new king immediately on the death of the old monarch, and also to elect one prince to succeed in case of death and to kill all the other princes. As these princes were born they were guarded very carefully and kept quite apart from all others until choice was made and the others killed. As the king had numerous wives, it can be easily understood that much blood had to be shed in order that any one prince might be advanced to the throne, and once there his position was most precarious. The traditional law was that princesses

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should never marry; and, as a consequence, they roved about the country fancy free, leading lives that were anything but edifying.

After King Mtsea died, Prince Augustine's father, Kiwewa, ruled for forty days. He was killed by Joseph's father, Karema, who ruled for a short time, and was in turn driven out by Mwanga, who had been king before until expelled by the Mohammedans. Karema went to Unyoro, where he died later on of small-pox. Many princes and princesses were burned at the time, and the Christian missionaries driven from the country. Joseph's father had a number of wives, one of whom was Nabiboge (Josefina), who had but one son. When her husband was deposed, she fled with her child to the southern end of Lake Victoria (Bukumbi), fearing for her child's life, as there had been an intimation that peace was impossible with so many princes about. Augustine was also his mother's only child, and when her husband was burned she fled with the boy to an island, but was later taken to Bukumbi, where both received baptism.

Through the influence of the White Fathers (French missionaries) both princes and their mothers subsequently returned eleven years ago and were guarded by soldiers. When Bishop Hanlon arrived in 1894 they were placed under his guardianship by Sir Harry Johnston, who was special commissioner at that time. On the first of April, 1894, it was decided that the children of Karema and Kiwewa could not succeed to the throne for the following reasons: 1. They had been taken far from their own country; 2. They had been out of their country a long time; 3. They had been educated by foreigners. This was passed in the native parliament (Lúkíko) and was consented to by Colonel Colville, then in charge. It may or may not have been on account of their religion—the action has never been revoked by parliament, but through the instrumentality of Sir Harry Johnston this piece of bigotry seems to have been annulled.

With such traditions and customs, and despite the encouragement offered by the devotion and willingness of the poor savage, life in this African tropic must be difficult enough; yet one of the sisters declared: "I was never so happy in all my years in the convent as now. Bishop Hanlon is a whole-souled, just father to us, and we are glad to work at any-

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PRINCES JOSEPH AND AUGUSTINE.

thing, because we realize the privilege bestowed upon us. It is a life of real peace, hard work, and prayer. I love the work with its simplicity and without a tarnish of worldliness."

Those who work there truly toil for no earthly fame, complying in perfect simplicity with the Master's injunction. They have given up all the attractions of their native country and undertaken, even at the risk of life, to provide barbarians, whom they have never seen, with what the world may regard as useless, but we know to be the very food of the noblest spirits—God, immortality, the example of Jesus Christ, and the church's means of grace.

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THE GHOSTS OF THE ABBEY.

BY AGNES O'FARRELL ROWE,

Author of "Strangely Met," "Come," "A Shadowed Life," etc.

IT was a very old, rather tumbled-down and dilapidated-looking house. For years it had borne the reputation of being haunted and was supposed to have been a monastery in days gone by.

The country people declared that the monks were to be seen nightly about the grounds, telling their beads, while one old friar in particular was reported to traverse certain corridors, and visit parts of the house in a manner which most decidedly seemed to point to the fact that some secret weighed heavily upon his mind.

This good spirit was described by those who alleged they had seen him as wearing a coarse brown habit fastened at the waist by a cord, the hood, or cowl, being always well drawn forward so as to conceal the head. A low murmuring sound, generally heard some distance off as though to warn people of the approach of the supernatural visitor, was supposed to accompany each apparition.

"No, I cannot say that I have been honored by a visit from his reverence myself," said our host, in answer to some of the questions asked; "but my daughter has seen this visitor twice, according to her story, but has never mustered sufficient courage to challenge him. I must acknowledge that we have all heard rather strange, uncanny sounds at times, but have seen nothing, so we put the peculiar noise down to no more romantic source than the scuttling of water rats." In spite of Mr. White's assertion that he saw some dark object hiding among the ruins of the old abbey church a few nights previously, the major still remained an unbeliever and could not be raised to sufficient enthusiasm to head the search party which we intended to institute.

Both my friend and I had fully made up our minds that if such a person as the monk existed we would unearth him during these few holidays. Now, I was only a young medical

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student whose head for some time had been far more full of love for pretty Ella Leigh, Jack's sister, than it was of either study or medicine. According to Jack's own arrangement that night we slipped from the house long after all the more sober-headed inmates were asleep, and having hidden ourselves among the ruins, waited for the first appearance of the ghost.

Meantime Ella Leigh lay awake thinking of all the stories that she had ever heard in connection with their new home. It was only of late years that the old Abbey had been purchased by her father, and now that she had finished school and was at liberty to indulge in a little romance of this sort she found it very interesting to hear the different stories told by the neighboring peasants.

To her it seemed not an improbable thing that the monks should still haunt their earthly home. What more likely than that their relics and valued church treasure were concealed somewhere about, hidden from the time of the Reformation? Perhaps they were but waiting for the arrival of one of their own faith who would have courage to listen to them, and to whom they could divulge their secret and thus earn a much-needed rest.

At length, tired out, the weary lids closed, and she fell into a heavy slumber. Suddenly she awoke with the feeling that she was not alone. She raised herself on her elbow and looked around. The bright moonlight streamed in through the window and cast a hallowed radiance about the room. It seemed to the girl that the curtains of her little bed parted and a monk in a brown habit, his head bent forward and his hands joined in an attitude of prayer, stood before her.

With a terrible feeling of horror upon her Ella lay watching him, spell-bound with amazement, scarcely daring to breathe lest his attention might be attracted towards herself.

The mysterious figure stood for some time as though expecting the girl to address him, but all her boasted courage seemed to have deserted her. She only stared with wildly terrified eyes upon him, while her tongue, with which she would fain have summoned help, seemed to cleave to the roof of her mouth and was unable to perform its office.

For fully five minutes, which seemed hours to her, the figure stood; then, seeing no advance likely to be made on

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her part, the monk raised his head and looked straight into the eyes of the girl. A pleading expression passed over his pale, haggard countenance as he fixed a pair of piercing eyes upon her, and then slowly and solemnly made a movement with his long, bony fingers motioning her to rise and follow him.

During this interval some of her old courage and daring had returned. It was not likely if this was a visitor from another world that he would want to harm her; besides, was not this the opportunity for which she had often longed? Now that it had arrived surely she must do something. Terribly frightened and shivering in every limb, though trying her best to be brave and if possible to learn what it all meant, the girl instinctively followed.

Her guide did not seem to walk, but rather glided along as though floating on air. Still keeping her courage well to the fore, the girl pressed on, closely following him as he traversed the landing outside her room. Pausing at last before an alcove which was quite big enough to hold the full-sized stature of a man, her strange guide paused.

Here, to her astonishment, she saw that he moved a hidden spring which caused the statue to revolve slowly, and a large open panel revealed itself to view. This the monk also opened by means of a spring, and disclosed beyond a dark passage and flight of steps. Once more that mysterious figure turned and looked full upon his companion, as if to make sure that she was following; then, entering the aperture with the astonished girl still closely following at his heels, the monk sped on, his brown habit floating around him and his feet, though encased in sandals, seeming never to touch the floor.

Suddenly he stopped. Ella glanced around, but was unable to recognize the spot as any which she had visited before. The place in which she found herself was a long, narrow passage, and opening from either side of it were a number of entrances. Pushing open a door to his left the monk entered. Ella followed and, to her astonishment, found herself in a small underground chapel or crypt.

Once more a strange, half-fearful feeling of awe took possession of the girl. She turned to look for her guide, but he was now nowhere to be seen; he had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come!

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As we two waited alone among the ruins in the dead of night a strange feeling of awe crept over us. I have often heard that moonlight has a strange, rather weird effect upon some natures; but whether this is true or not as regards my own case I would not like to say.

It was a beautiful night; not a breath of wind stirred among the wild bushes or dense undergrowth that covered the ruins of the Abbey; the air was not exactly cold, but somehow the immovable posture had caused our limbs to ache and grow stiff. We were both about tired of the position, and began to wish that we were once more cozily tucked in between the sheets, when suddenly a strange object attracted our attention.

From behind a huge pillar of stone a weird figure arose and made its way towards us. When our astonishment had been overcome by a little common sense, and we could collect our scattered senses, we saw that this mysterious creature was enveloped in a long, brown habit caught in at the waist by a cord.

Somehow it did not surprise us that the object on which our eyes rested resembled in every particular the ghost of which we had heard so much. It was without doubt the very spirit who was supposed to haunt the Abbey. Now was our time, I told myself; but, in spite of this feeling of joy that the mystery was about to be cleared up, a stronger and a stranger one of awe crept over me. What if after all there was more in this than we imagined? Could it really be possible that this monk was no earthly visitor, but a spirit from the other world?

Almost at that instant, as the thought entered my mind, I was startled by a low, piercing shriek. For a moment nothing but the horror and unearthliness of that weird cry filled my mind; then, before either Jack or myself had recovered sufficiently to act or speak, the solitary figure suddenly disappeared, and as it did so a number of objects, all clad in similar attire, showed themselves.

So sudden had been their appearance that it seemed to us, the astonished onlookers, as though these figures had arisen from the earth just as they stood.

With a barrow full of something before them, every man, by a given signal, took up his load and began to move on. Down towards the river the small procession slowly wended its

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way, and certainly had we been but a little more superstitious we must assuredly have fancied that the procession of silent workers, with their heavy loads, only represented the already much-talked-of monks, who were supposed to be engaged in carting the utensils for the rebuilding of their former monastery.

As the long line of religious began to disappear in the distance Jack Leigh turned excitedly towards his friend, saying: "I have it all now; part of the mystery at least is explained to me. . . ."

But before another word had escaped his lips a piercing scream, long, heartrending and full of terror, reached our ears from some unknown, unseen, though evidently nearby quarter.

With the cry of "Follow me; some one is in need of our help," Jack dashed out from our hiding-place, and a moment later had reached the ruined wall where we had first seen those mysterious brown figures. Imagine our horror as we reached the spot to see a girl's head and shoulders suddenly appear above a hole or trap door in the ground, while her agonized screams still continued to rend the midnight air with cries for help.

In a moment we had seen how things were, and I rushed forward just in time to trip forward the huge monster in monastic attire who was almost upon the heels of that terrified fugitive. Another few seconds found me grappling for very life with a being who I soon found to my cost was anything but a spirit, being instead a rather substantial monster of flesh and blood. It is not at all unlikely that my part of the story might have terminated rather abruptly during this encounter, for my antagonist, being a burly and desperate fellow, was determined, if possible, to do for me, had not my friend suddenly laid down his own fair burden and come to my assistance.

At last, having overcome the supposed monk, I turned upon my friend with the words, "What does it all mean?" For answer Jack led me to the spot where the still insensible girl lay. A terrible cry broke from my lips as I recognized in that unconscious form, clad only in night attire with a morning gown cast over her, the unconscious figure of the girl I loved—Jack's sister, Ella.

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To carry the only half-conscious girl home, rouse the house and return with more help, was our next move. Upon hearing Ella's strange story, it was proved without a doubt that the girl had in her dream risen from her bed and followed, as she thought, her supernatural visitor through the secret panel by the statue. The shock she received on finding that her saintly guide had disappeared and she was alone had been the cause of her sudden awakening.

Ella's first impulse was to get back to her room as quickly as she could; but seeing that she was in a strange place, she was frightened and glanced curiously around. The apartment was lighted by small, lantern-like lamps, which hung from the walls and ceiling. Sufficient illumination was given by this means to show all that the room contained. From its appearance it might have been a sacristy, so well was the place filled with the vessels of silver and gold usually used in the services of the church. There were also a pile of rich satin and silk vestments, a quantity of old lace, valuable plush and silk curtains, as well as a number of heavily worked gold and silver candelabra and other costly ornaments.

The sight of all these beautiful and costly things so took away Ella's breath that for a few moments she stood gazing around her in delight. Suddenly she was recalled to a sense of her strange position by the sound of a heavy rumbling noise, accompanied by the patter of feet. Fear for the moment held her spell-bound; but the steps instead of drawing nearer faded away in the distance, and thoughts for her personal safety rushed before her mind.

Where she really was she had not the slightest idea, but to make her escape from this strange place was now her only desire. Leaving the chapel or store-room in which she had found herself on awakening, she made her way along a low, narrow passage, and as she did so her heart stood still once more, for in the distance at the end of the passage she saw a man's figure making his way towards her.

What prompted her to act as she did she never knew, but the sight of this rough, burly-looking customer in the monks' habit seemed to strike terror into her heart. Taking to her feet she ran with all her might down the passage, which suddenly seemed to terminate in a long ladder which led to an open space or trap door. Seeing the bright moonlight stream-

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ing down, Ella made at once for it, and raised at the same moment that cry for help which brought her brother and devoted admirer so quickly to her side.

That same night the supposed monks were all arrested. They proved to be a most dangerous gang of church robbers who, having found the secret and subterranean passages connected with the old Abbey, had so worked upon the superstition of the country folk that by adopting the garb of the monks they were enabled to ply their nefarious work unsuspected and by the aid of a small boat landed their sacrilegious booty with ease.

The manner in which so many great church robberies had so far managed to pass undetected was solved at last, and things were recognized and claimed by their owners which had been brought some hundreds of miles by the wily thieves.

Evidently the secret entrance from the major's house was not known to the gang; for had it been so, there is but little doubt that they would have made use of it to help themselves to that gentleman's property. Sure enough they found the secret panel at the old statue just as Ella described it from her dream, while buried among the ruins was found the little crypt or secret chapel in which the false monks now had stored their ill-gotten goods.

Whether the girl really was favored by a visitor from the other world, or whether it was but the outcome of a highly sensitive and imaginative mind whose thoughts were dwelling constantly on the old legend, I do not presume to give an opinion. I simply state the facts as they are and inform the reader that Ella Leigh was never troubled with somnambulism again, nor was the ghost ever afterwards seen within the precincts of the Abbey.

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COLUMBA AND THE DOVE.

BY P. J. COLEMAN.

IN exile far from Derry's hill
It ached the sweet Columba sore
He nevermore might gaze his fill
On Erin's loved and lovely shore.

He nevermore might hear the finch
In Fanad's wood beside his home,
Nor watch round craggy cape and inch
The surges of Lough Swilly foam.

No more might see Ben Bulban fling
About his form his cloak of cloud,
Nor royal Edar, like a king,
Blaze out in heathery purple proud.

Nor see the shining salmon leap
The cascade white of Assaroe,
Nor net the trout, nor hear the sheep
Bleat in the meadows of Raphoe.

For so decreed the penance sore
That drave him forth an exiled man:
To see his native land no more,
While grass was green and water ran.

But daily, far from Derry's hill,
He walketh where the breakers roar,
And far through mist and sea-fog still
He watches from Iona's shore.

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And gazeth o'er the ocean dim
Through smoking spume and drifting spray,
Where on the sunset's golden rim
His Erin lieth far away.

With arrowy sleet his eyes are blind,
The needles of the tempest sting;
When lo! against the northern wind
What cometh up on weary wing?

What cometh from the distant south,
The holy south where Erin lies?
A prayer leaps to Columba's mouth,
The tears well up within his eyes.

"My little bird from Derry's oaks,
Christ Jesu send him safe ashore,
That breasts the breeze with valiant strokes
Of wounded wing and pinion sore!"

So prays he, and through storm and sleet
It wins to land—oh, blessed thing!
An Irish dove, and at his feet
It droppeth with bedraggled wing.

The tears are on Columba's cheek.
"O little wanderer from home,
What dost thou in Iona bleak?
Why wingest thou across the foam?

"Why dost thou leave thine Irish nest
'Neath Derry's hill by reedy Foyle?
Oh foolish little bird, to breast
The wind that blusters over Moyle!"

"But thou, assuaged of grief and pain,
Shalt win again to Erin's shore.
O happy dove, to see again
The fields my feet may tread no more!"

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So spake the Saint with tearful word,
The while with gentle hand he strook
Its plumage soft and raised the bird
And to his convent's shelter took.

And fed it there and brought it forth,
And set it free with happy smile,
And bade it hasten from the north
And win its way to Erin's isle.

"O little wanderer from home!
Go, hasten hence and take my love
O'er golden leagues of sunset foam
To Durrow's hill and Derry's grove.

"'Neath Derry's oaks, God's angels, go,
A shining host in garb of gold.
To Derry's oaks and sweet Raphoe
O take my blessing manifold!"

Up rose the dove in joyous flight
And winged its way unto the south,
As sure as by a beacon-light
The fisher gains the harbor's mouth.

And long with wistful eyes the Saint
Watched by the ocean's margin gray
The bird become more faint and faint
Until it vanished far away.

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ABBOT GASQUET, O.S.B.

BY REV. ETHELRED L. TAUNTON.

THE name of Abbot Gasquet, the learned abbot-president of the venerable English Congregation, is known wherever the English tongue is spoken as that of an historian of deep and wide knowledge. He is more. A large-minded man with infinite tact and sympathy, he has made his influence felt in the councils of the church, and counts among his sincere admirers all from high to low who come into contact with him. His is the leading personality not only in his own Congregation of Benedictines, but in the English Church; and he was pointed out at home as a man whose talents made him fitted to succeed to the metropolitan church of Westminster. He, a monk, received the votes of the Westminster Chapter, which has the privilege of recommending names to the Holy See for the episcopal vacancy; and the bishops of the province gladly seconded his name, for they have the fullest confidence in him as a leader. The one man least disappointed at the final outcome was the abbot himself; for an archbishopric would have severed him from the work he does so well, and no one at present is to be found capable of filling the unique position he so worthily sustains. Such a man might be lost in the routine work of the episcopate. As Abbot Gasquet is on his way to the States to fulfill a long cherished plan of visiting the youthful and vigorous Church of North America, some account of his life and works will be of special interest. The writer has known Dom Aidan, as the old familiar name is, for something like thirty-four years, when he was a boy at Downside school, and the future abbot first returned from the novitiate.

Francis Aidan Gasquet is a Londoner by birth. Born October 5, 1846, at 26 Euston Place, where his father, a medical man, was in practice, the abbot comes, as his name would suggest, from an old French family long resident at

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Toulon. His grandfather was one of the *émigrés*, and settled in London, where his son, Raymond, qualified in 1811 for the medical profession and married an English lady. The third son of this union is the abbot. In the late fifties Mr. Gasquet removed to Bayswater, where Dr. Manning had lately founded the Oblates of St. Charles. Here the son used to serve the Mass of the father-superior, and began a friendship with the great churchman which lasted until the end of the cardinal's life. In due course the boy went to Downside College, and in January, 1865, found his vocation as a monk. He entered the novitiate at Belmont, near Hereford, where he remained for five years, and in 1870 returned to St. Gregory's Monastery, where he took his solemn vows and was, in due course, ordained priest in 1874.

At Downside Dom Aidan began what was a singularly brilliant career, and in a few years passed through almost every administrative post, until 1878 found him elected prior of the community. Downside in those days had no abbot, so Dom Gasquet was the head of his Community. For eight years he held this important post, and has left his mark on the place, not only by the intellectual life he infused into the monastery but also by the material additions which are the evidence of the life within. The great minster he began in 1880; and it is hoped that next year, the three-hundredth anniversary of the foundation of St. Gregory's community, will find him presiding at the consecration of the abbey church, which has taken twenty five years to complete.

His health suffered from the long strain of the priorship, and in 1885 he resigned and came to London, where he devoted himself to historical research and began a close intimacy with Mr. Edmund Bishop, one of the most learned men of Europe. Pope Leo XIII. told him to work at history, so the British Museum and the Record Office were soon acquainted with the Benedictine, who became a familiar figure and a most assiduous and careful student. In 1888 appeared the first volume of an epoch-making work, *Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries*. Dom Gasquet attacked and routed ignominously the Protestant tradition and restored the good name of the monks of old, setting in its true historical light the aims and methods pursued by the Tudor tyrant and his creatures. At once the book was

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hailed by all the competent critics as a most serious and important contribution to the new science of history. Fearless and outspoken, he has never tried to make out a case, but lets facts speak for themselves. Cardinal Manning obtained from Rome the doctorate for him and brought him under the special notice of Leo XIII., who was quick to discern his worth and statesman-like qualities.

In 1890 Dom Gasquet published a work in collaboration with Mr. Bishop, *Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer*, a book which is used in some Anglican theological colleges as a text-book. Other books have followed from his pen. There has been no hurry, and each volume is a weighty and well-balanced account. Among some of his better known works are, *The Eve of the Reformation* (1900) and *A Short History of the Catholic Church in England* (1903). A new volume has come out this year, *English Monastic Life*, which fully keeps up to the high standard set by his first work.

But he was not to be left to a student's life. Three times did the Pope summon him to Rome to consult him. He was made a member of one of the Roman Congregations to give him a position *in Curia;* and in 1896 he was appointed a member of the Commission on Anglican Orders. How at a critical moment he was able to serve the Holy See is well known. It is a fact that some of his discoveries practically settled the question. For some years he had been engaged upon the work of reorganizing the English Benedictine Congregation. I have called this congregation "venerable," for it is in unbroken descent from the thirteenth century as a congregation, and is the oldest in the church. As monks the English Benedictines can point to an unbroken succession from the days when St. Augustine, in 597, brought the Faith of Christ and the Rule of Benedict to English shores. When the work of recasting constitutions, which dated from early in the seventeenth century, was finished, Dom Gasquet became, by the election of his brethren, Abbot-president of the whole Congregation and revived the title of Abbot of Reading, whose last abbot had been martyred under Henry VIII. Many smiled at the title as peculiarly appropriate, as far as spelling goes, for one who was so well known in the Reading Room of the British Museum.

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A man of many sides, charming in manner, bright and intellectual in conversation, with that life and verve which comes from his French blood, Abbot Gasquet makes friends everywhere. A high honor was recently paid him. He was unanimously elected a member of the Athenæum, the most select club in London; and his seconder was an Anglican dignitary of the very highest position, who only knew him by his works. At the Athenæum Abbot Gasquet comes into contact with all the greatest men in church and state; and he is as popular there as elsewhere. He is well known to many of the prelates of the American church whom he has met in Rome, and he has found himself akin in many respects to the bishops of the great Republic by his clear-sightedness and a wonderful facility of touching the exact point of any matter. He has been invited to lecture at several centres of education; and the methods of work of a renowned scholar cannot be uninteresting to those learned and scholarly men whom he will meet in his travels in the States.

London, England.

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THE VICTORY OF NAPOLÉON BRODEUR.

BY J. G. MENARD.

AZILDA BROUSSEAU stood leaning dreamily on the low rail fence which separated her father's buckwheat field from his ample acres of pasture land. The sun had disappeared from the west, and the dusk of a mid-September evening was beginning to settle on the autumn world. The buckwheat field, but recently shorn of its crop, showed a film of silvery mist above its gray-brown stubble. The pasture, dotted here and there with sheep and cattle, as motionless as statues in their attitudes of slumber, stretched vague and mysterious into the shadows of the vaster prairie. One sign of noonday activity only broke its brooding quietude. A score or so of distant dark-colored specks, turkeys in reality, betrayed a state of ceaseless activity. All day they had flown headstrong and perverse against the wind, and now with darkness upon them they found themselves stranded at the farthest boundary of the field, where they waited in angry helplessness to be driven to their nightly shelter.

To perform this task, the last of her evening chores, Azilda had come forth far-afield, but instead of making any move to fulfill her mission, she remained idle at the fence, her head upon her hand, her eyes fixed unseeing on the narrowing distance. A bat diving suddenly through the air touched her cheek with its clawed wing; a mole, bent on a twilight excursion, emerged from its retreat near by and tumbled terrified over her foot; the turkeys, their discontent of hunger and isolation increasing, set up a shrill and discordant appeal for attention; but none of these things roused her. Lost in meditation the little world of familiar incidents revolved unheeded. After a space, however, another sound, faint and sweet, began to mingle with the woful utterances of her flock. At first the vague notes, rising and falling with a peculiar sighing cadence, seemed only the voicing of the evening wind, but little by little their volume and intensity increased, until finally in a burst of triumphant fervor that was materially aided by a

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friendly gust of wind, the cheering music of an accordion broke the loneliness of night and distance.

The effect was magical. The turkeys, apprised of the fact that home and habitation still existed, ceased their clamor and drew together in an expectant row. Azilda, disturbed in her reverie, stood erect and turned sharply in the direction whence issued the interruption. As if aware of the attention it had aroused, the accordion suddenly dropped its jubilant lilt and began a tremulous air—a strain of greeting combined with subtle entreaty, intended to touch the heart of any listener who might be a temporary exile and awaken a desire for a nearer participation in its humble harmonies. But in the bosom of the lonely auditor in the fields the amorous tribute, if such it were, met with no response. Instead a deep frown clouded Azilda's brow, and a wave of angry color dyed her cheeks. With a gesture of disgust she made a movement as if to proceed still farther into the wilderness; then paused, and slipping her hand into her pocket drew forth a letter which she opened and spread carefully upon the rail before her. Planting an elbow squarely on each side of the sheet, and thrusting a finger into each ear, she fastened her eyes upon the paper.

"Dear Azilda," the letter ran, "I think I am a pretty good friend to write to you so often when, between work and fun, I can hardly snatch a few hours' sleep. But you see I do not forget the old days back in St. Michel, when we used to work on the farms together. Poor Azilda! I suppose you are a slave yet—milking, churning, spinning from morning until night, and making an old woman of yourself before your time. Do you still go after the turkeys every evening? It is just about that time that I am starting in the open cars for the park. There is dancing at the park, you know, with *vaudeville* afterward, and I get home—well, never mind the hour; I don't want to frighten you. But you'll be seeing these things yourself, if you only have the courage to take my advice.

"You know what a girl can do for herself in the States. I have been in Lowell only a year, and I've bought two suits, three hats, and a gold watch and chain. I pay for the watch and chain on the installment plan—a dollar a week. They don't seem to cost anything that way.

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"I have steady work all the time, and I often earn five or six dollars a week, though when I began I thought three dollars and a half was good pay. But of course I am an experienced hand now, and I work hard, I can tell you, from seven o'clock in the morning until six at night. I am boarding in the 'Corporation' at present, in order to be near the mill. I pay only one dollar and seventy-five cents a week, but there are four of us in one room. If you make up your mind to come, I will have one of the girls give you her place, so that you can be with me.

"And now tell me, Azilda, does that red-faced Napoléon Brodeur still go to see you with his everlasting accordion under his arm? They call an accordion the 'French piano' in Lowell. We have the real thing here. I don't see how you can waste your time on that fellow when you might be earning money here with me, and seeing something of the world. Try to come to Lowell before the winter sets in. Your father can afford to pay your fare; but as long as he will not, I'll send you the money and you can return it later on. Don't spend your life in a hole like St. Michel. Run away! I will take care of you; and when your parents hear how well you are getting along, they will thank me for bringing you here. And above all, whatever you do, never throw yourself away on that musical friend of yours. When you see the fine young gentlemen in Lowell you will understand my feelings.

"No more to-night. It is as hot as a furnace in my room, and I would n't mind having a breeze from the old fields at home blow through the 'Corporation' for an hour or so. Imagine, Azilda! there are three hundred persons in this one building—almost half the population of our parish. Oh! I will not deny that life here is a bit hard at times, but I would not go back to Canada to live on a farm for all the world, and neither will you when you have known the difference between the country and the city.

"Good-by. Write soon. Ever your friend,

"ALPHONSINE LEDUC."

As she came to the words of farewell Azilda drew her fingers from her ears, and slowly folding the precious missal, replaced it carefully in her pocket. The accordion still labored diligently in the distance, but its productions no longer offended

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her. In imagination she was already transported to that strange, delightful region which her friend's letter pictured so vividly. And what a letter it was! The familiar French in which it was written seemed scarcely her own language so interspersed was it with those odd, alluring words whose meaning she could but vaguely guess. "*Vaudeville!*" She had never experienced a "vaudeville," yet Alphonsine stood in no awe of one.

"Corporation!" This was evidently the American name for a grand hotel; and how imposing it must be since it was capable of accommodating such a vast number of guests. The only establishment of the kind she had ever visited was that of Mme. Hubert, which was her father's resting-place on his way to market, and which bore the proud name of "Hôtel du Canada." The Hôtel du Canada was a small brick mansion, with white galleries at each end, and a huge sign in gilt letters suspended on rods before the door. When madame herself appeared on the porch to welcome them, ushering her father into the public room, and leading her, Azilda, into the little parlor, where was sure to be spread some sweet cakes and a glass of rich raspberry vinegar, the Hôtel du Canada had seemed a most entrancing resort and the centre of real city life and excitement. But she blushed now as she compared its modest appointments with the lavishness of the great "Corporation." Most assuredly she had been easily pleased to find entertainment in the *fêtes* of a wayside inn! As to the "installment plan," what undreamed-of elegancies might not one indulge in, when the cost thereof was reduced by this simple method of payment to a mere nothing.

Oh, the great world was certainly a fascinating place!

As for Napoléon Brodeur, she would never speak to him again. He was, as Alphonsine had said, a horrid, red-faced accordion-player. What if he did possess a big farm and a fine house, and many bank-books? What if her father and mother did sing his praises from morning until night? He might find some one else for a housekeeper. As for her, she would run away. Her parents would forgive her; they would be proud of her ambition, rather than angry at her disobedience. Yes, she would hesitate no longer; she would plan to go at once.

This important step decided upon, Azilda noticed with a

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start the unmistakable darkness which now surrounded her. Hastily she ran to her neglected charges and headed the awkward creatures toward home. As she neared the house she saw that the lamp was lighted in the front room, and gathered around it appeared, through the uncurtained window, the figures of her father, her mother, and Napoléon Brodeur. They were waiting, she knew, for her to come in and add her share to the conversation as she had obediently done two nights of every week for ever so long. She laughed now in the triumph of emancipation. They would not see her again in the parlor, no matter how long they might wait.

As noiselessly as possible she let the turkeys into the barnyard and flung them their measure of corn. Then she crept back to the house and made her way toward the rear door. Before reaching it, however, she turned and stole softly back to the window. She would have one more look at him—the last one—just to make sure he was all that Alphonsine had pictured him.

He sat in full view, in her father's big chair, with the accordion resting on his knees. He was talking busily, but his smile was quite doleful, and his eyes kept turning longingly in the direction of the door. Poor Napoléon! He certainly was fond of her; no one could deny that. But his face—was it not round and red and shining? Disgustingly so. And his eyes—were they not small and pale? Undoubtedly. And, moreover, was he not old—thirty-five or more? Yes, alas! Everything in fact that Alphonsine had said was only too true. What a poor figure he would cut in that splendid city of Lowell! Azilda shuddered as she thought of presenting him to the critical young ladies in the "Corporation." Napoléon was good, of course, and faithful, and generous; but what mattered these qualities? He was stupid and countrified and tiresome, and in short if he was beneath the notice of Alphonsine Leduc, he was also unsuited to the taste of Azilda Brousseau. It was quite clear that she must rid herself of him at once and for ever.

Azilda moved from the window and walked quickly to the back door. Entering the house on tiptoe, she succeeded in mounting the stairs and gaining the upper story of the house without detection. Once in her own room, she closed the door and threw herself upon the bed to plan and think. For a long

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time she heard the voices below droning listlessly; then steps ascended the stairs and her mother opened the door and looked in.

"You here, Azilda? What is the matter with you that you hide yourself like this? Napoléon Brodeur is down stairs, and has been waiting all the evening to see you. Come and speak to him before he goes."

But Azilda said she was tired and could not see any one, and after much grumbling her mother departed. The next moment Napoléon was making his farewells.

When the house was finally quiet, Azilda rose, lighted her lamp, and sat far into the night composing a letter to Alphonsine Leduc, in which she accepted her kind offer of a loan, and made final arrangements for an immediate departure.

The world is such a small place after all!

Only a day's journey separates the tiny, primitive Canadian village, lapped in its silence of long-enduring dreams, from the huge New England city, grimy with smoke and crowded with human toilers. Only a length of steel rail, like a sinuous, shining serpent, stretches between its placid, flock-strewn pastures and the wilderness of dusty streets leading from hives of desperate industry to other hives where the workers dwell. But to Azilda Brousseau, it seemed as if the pointed-roofed farmhouses and narrow highways of her native town must lie upon the opposite side of the world.

After despatching the letter she had delayed only long enough to receive the promised loan before taking the decisive step. Upon arriving in the United States she had written at once to her parents, assuring them of her safety, and begging their forgiveness. Then she had waited in hopeful impatience for the earliest mail which could bring her the expected assurances of their continued affection and their satisfaction at the praiseworthy ambition she had displayed. But the mail had reached the city, and been succeeded by many others; yet no message of comfort, no word of cheer had come to strengthen her anxious heart. Now at the end of two short weeks she found herself practically deserted, with the bitter knowledge forcing itself upon her that she was a failure to the city and the city a failure to her.

Alphonsine, it is true, had been duly on hand when the

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long train steamed into the railway station. The subsequent ride to her new home, the refreshing novelty of everything, together with her friend's congratulations, served temporarily to raise her spirits.

But no sooner had she reached the "Corporation," and cast one astonished glance at its vast expanse, as barren and gloomy almost as the mill towering prison-like just across the street, than a terrible homesickness had taken possession of her and by the time she had followed Alphonsine through many corridors and up endless flights to the hot sleeping-room, she had felt ready to faint with terror and dismay. In the chamber were its other occupants—two sallow, hard-featured girls who eyed her with curious gaze, and laughed loudly when she burst into tears on Alphonsine's shoulder. Alphonsine herself, in fact, proved but a poor consoler, her sympathy being expressed in the off-hand advice to "eat and sleep, and she would feel better in the morning."

Azilda had finally laid herself obediently in the hard bed. Sleep brought her barely an hour or two of forgetfulness when Alphonsine's voice sounded authoritatively, bidding her rise and make ready for her visit to the mill, since to be late would spoil her chance of getting the promised situation. A morsel of food was snatched hastily in the long dining-room, crowded with a limitless number of girls all in an equally great hurry. Almost before she realized what had happened, Azilda found herself standing before a gruff overseer, and being questioned and scrutinized as to her ability to become a mill operator. The result was not entirely satisfactory, but upon the recommendation of Miss Leduc the overseer consented to give Miss Brousseau a trial.

Azilda was forthwith conducted to a distant part of the building and installed at a strange-looking machine, while the overseer poured forth a volley of instructions which she tried desperately to grasp. But after his departure Azilda could only sit dazed and helpless before the formidable instrument. The room in which she sat was a long one filled with girls busy at the same work as her own, and she could hear the rapid click-clack of the shuttles as they flew back and forth at the touch of experienced fingers; she dared not, however, interrupt any of her neighbors with a request for assistance. She sat there helpless, longing to run away, yet afraid to

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move. At last one of the girls near by, taking pity on her misery, came forward and with a few kind words set her awkward hands in motion. After many blunders and difficulties she managed finally to begin what was to be henceforth her constant occupation.

The next day and those following had been a modified repetition of the first. In the evenings, though tired and discouraged, she had forced herself to accompany Alphonsine on the pleasure jaunts of which she had heard so much. Yet these same excursions, notwithstanding her long and eager anticipation of them, failed to amuse her. Alphonsine's mode of enjoyment both frightened and wearied her. The young men and women crowding the cars, the parks, the dance-halls were not like her friends at home. She shrank from their bold glances and noisy songs and jokes, and they in turn laughed at her countrified manners. As for the fine clothes, the gold watches and chains, she learned now that, notwithstanding the "installment plan," the price to be paid for the gorgeous jewelry was long, long hours in a noisy mill, and dreary existence between times in a crowded boarding-house.

And gradually she fell into the habit of remaining at home while Alphonsine, and indeed the greater portion of the "Corporation," sought nightly the customary diversions.

On one of these evenings, the same in fact which had marked her arrival but a fortnight before, Azilda, finding herself, as usual, deserted by her friend, and longing for a breath of fresh air after her day's work, crept down to the door and seated herself upon the step. That it was an anniversary of her unfortunate plunge into the world was not lost upon her, and she was prepared to weep the hours away until bedtime, a solace she often denied herself for fear of adding to her other miseries the ridicule of Alphonsine. She felt now, however, that she could bear the strain of loneliness and fatigue no longer, and with a sort of delight she set herself to bemoan to the fullest extent her plight as the most unhappy creature in all the great, glaring, noisy city.

The river, it is true, the wonderful Merrimac, lay close at hand, but its breeze, instead of bearing the scent of distant pine and balsam, was laden with the odors of oil and smoke, and its yellow ripples lapped only the parched masonry of its stone casing. The sunset was warm and red, giving no hint

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of the lateness of the season; yet the rich glow falling on the bare brick of the high walls opposite, and glinting unbrokenly across the dusty street, burned her tired eyes, and with a sob she shut from them the hateful scene. At this hour at home —ah, she knew well enough what it was like! The sun had left but the merest yellow streak in the west and the pastures were slipping into the chill autumn shadows. The milking was over and the cows were straggling back to the wide outer regions. Their long file stretched reluctantly across the level, and she could hear the melancholy puffings and breathings as the wise creatures scented the oncoming discomfort of the cold night. Nearer the house her big maple loomed proudly. It had been as red as fire when she left, but now its leaves were brown and dry, and here and there the bare branches were showing themselves. The garden plot was quite desolate of course, the marigolds withered, the mignonette gone to seed. But the old strawberry plants near the fence, the faithful friends that had given her so many boxes for the market in the summer, they still were keeping a bit of bright color, as if they were waiting for her to come back and tend them once more before the winter frosts should quite destroy their glory.

Oh, if she only might go back! If she might run away again and leave the hard work and the noisy city for ever! But she dare not do this now. They were very, very angry with her at home. She could picture her father's set, stern face, and her mother's anxious eyes. Why, oh, why had she listened to Alphonsine, who in truth was not at all the girl she had thought her? Why had she left her peaceful home for this crowded refuge? why deserted her kind and generous friends for these rude, coarse companions? As for the young men whom Alphonsine thought so handsome and entertaining, she found them very unpleasant, not at all humble and submissive and attentive, like—but even in her despair Azilda would not allow herself to frame that name, which had been so long a subject for ridicule and contempt. And yet in her heart she knew that in the bearer thereof lay her only hope: one brief line, one little message sent speeding to him would mean safety, deliverance, and all that her homesick soul craved.

But no! she would never send that message. Better to die. Better to sink silently beneath her burdens, forgotten by all,

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than to have recourse to such a rescuer. Yes, she would suffer alone, and when the end came, when she was dead, they would be sorry, and—but the tears were coming now in such a torrent that she could no longer keep her eyes closed. But as she lifted the strained lids—

"Napoléon!"

She gasped the word brokenly, and then sat staring at what was, what must be, of course, an apparition, a ghost, a phantom which her melancholy dreaming had conjured up at the final moment of her despair. But suddenly a familiar laugh rang out delightedly, a familiar voice spoke words of greeting, a familiar form seated itself beside her, and she knew it was no wraith but Napoléon himself who had appeared thus strangely and unexpectedly. The surprise, the relief, the joy were too great for any commonplace utterances. She could only cry:

"O Napoléon! is it really you, and have you come to take me home?"

An hour later found them still sitting upon the doorstep, for indeed there was no other place in which to converse quietly. The tears were gone from Azilda's eyes and a happy flush brightened her cheek. A new feeling of contentment and esteem filled her heart as she contemplated with clearer understanding the face beside her. Was it red of hue? It might be, yet its color seemed now only appropriate to health and ease and happiness. Was it round and fat? Yes, but its smile was only the more expansive and benevolent. As for the eyes, if they were not the most perfect in the world, they were yet capable of expressing a very satisfactory sort of affection and respect.

Napoléon had decided that they were to return to Canada on the morning train, and there was to be no more mill, no more Corporation boarding-house, but instead, within a month at the very latest, a grand wedding with festivities to last two or even three days, as befitted Napoléon's standing in the parish. He had also given her the news from home. He had told her how angry and unforgiving her father had been, commanding them all to leave Azilda to her fate, since she could show no better gratitude to her parents than to run away from her good home in that heartless manner. He had told her how her mother at first refused to give him, Napoléon, the letter

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they had received, but finally consented to do so, and how, upon reading it, he had set off at once for Lowell, feeling sure that the life which pleased Alphonsine Leduc would be but poorly suited to his little friend, in which conclusion Azilda could but acknowledge he displayed a sagacity fully equal in proportion to his other good qualities.

On the day of her marriage Mme. Napoléon Brodeur received another communication from her erstwhile companion in the United States. It did not cover many pages, and its style could hardly be considered effusive:

"DEAR AZILDA:

"I suppose by the time you get this letter you will be showing yourself off before the parish as the rich Mrs. Brodeur. Oh, how I pity you! the wife of that monster, and tied to an accordion for the rest of your days! You did not appreciate city life, but then you always were a baby—if I may say it.

"I cannot send you any wedding present, for I have just bought a fur collar and muff, which I must pay for at a dollar a week, so you see I shall be short of money for a long time. However, you will never miss my *humble* gift.

"Hoping you will not regret the step you have taken, I remain, Ever your friend, A. L."

When she had finished reading this cordial missive, Azilda remained silent for a long time. Something in the wording of the brief lines aroused a sudden suspicion in her mind. Could it be that—but no! Alphonsine hated Napoléon. Did she not seize every opportunity to ridicule his person and his manners? And yet, if she was not so sure of her friend's sentiments, she would say that Alphonsine was—*jealous*.

She resolved to put the question to her husband.

"Napoléon," she said, when the opportunity offered,—"Napoléon, did Alphonsine Leduc ever want to marry you herself?"

Napoléon winked an expressive wink and smiled an expressive smile.

"I should not have dared to ask her," he replied ambiguously.

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FRENCH HOME-LIFE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

BY DARLEY DALE.

"Autres temps autres mœurs."

N the fourteenth century there lived in France a certain man, whose name has not come down to us, who left behind him a book called *Le Menagier de Paris*, which he wrote for the guidance of his young wife, a child of fifteen, which was edited and published in 1846 by Jérôme Pichon, who added an excellent preface and various explanatory notes. This book gives such a good idea of the habits of the French middle classes in the fourteenth century, and contains so much good common sense, illustrated by various amusing stories, that a brief account of it may be interesting, even if it only serves to emphasize the difference between fourteenth-century and twentieth century notions of the duties of wives to their husbands and households.

*Le Ménagier** was written about the year 1393, immediately after the author, then a man of at least sixty, had married an orphan girl of fifteen from another province. At this time Charles V., who was a great patron of literature and encouraged every one to write on the subject he knew best and liked best, was king of France, and this book is one of the results of the literary tendency of the age. The author, whom M. Pichon describes on the title-page as a Bourgeois Parisien, evidently belonged to the bourgeoisie, though a man of good education, for he tells his wife, who was in a better position of life than himself, that she may dance and sing if she is content to do so among their equals and will avoid the society of the great seigneurs; and in the second volume of the book, devoted to cookery, he passes over a certain dish, since the preparation of it is not work for the cook of a simple bourgeois.

Apparently this poor little orphan-girl felt the responsibilities of her position weigh heavily on her, and conscious of

* *Le Ménagier de Paris.* Par Un Bourgeois Parisien, 1393. Paris. *1846.*

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her ignorance, she humbly asked her "sovereign lord" not to rebuke her publicly before their friends for her faults, but to do so privately in their own chamber when they were alone, and if he saw fit, to chastise her, which he seems to have had every intention of doing, if she required such drastic measures.

Accordingly, at his bride's invitation, he produced these two volumes for the benefit of her friends and posterity as well as for her own good. That he was in his element when moralizing and lecturing there can be no doubt, for he is exceedingly prolix at times, and seems to have belonged to the class of governess-lovers so dear to a certain school of lady novelists. He is kindly considerate of her extreme youth, which excuses her from being wiser; and though he holds up to her a picture of an ideal wife, he will be quite content if she does as much for him as the good wives of their acquaintance do for their husbands. He is very anxious she should marry again when he dies, and constantly speaks to her of her future husband, and should he be cruel to her she is to retire to her own room, to weep low and complain to God, on her knees, of him.

The treatise is divided into five parts: the first containing moral instruction; the second deals with the art of directing a house; the third treats of gardening and the care of horses; the fourth, the longest, of cookery; and the fifth of hawking, then of course a very favorite sport.

Our "Bourgeois Parisien" was evidently a very pious man, for in the first part, which might have been written by a priest, he instructs his wife in her religious duties, telling her how to acquire the love of God and the salvation of her soul, and the love of her husband, and the peace which he says marriage ought to bring to her. He appoints the prayers she is to say while getting up and dressing, and here takes occasion to teach her that her dress is to be suitable to her position; that she is to avoid new fashions, and to be careful before leaving her room that her collar is straight, her clothes properly put on, and her hair neatly dressed; she is not to come down like certain giddy wives of his acquaintance, whose hair is always straggling from under their caps. This leads to a page of moralizing, from which we gather he was, with all his good qualities, an old fidget.

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She is to go to Mass every day, and when out of doors to walk with downcast eyes, not staring about her; she is not to laugh in the streets, nor to stop to speak to any one; and in church she is to choose a quiet place near an altar or a statue and to remain there, not to move about from shrine to shrine. She is to avoid wandering thoughts in prayer; and apropos to this, he tells her an anecdote of a man to whom a horse was promised on condition that he should say one *Pater noster* without thinking of anything else, but in saying the *Pater noster* he wondered whether he would get the saddle as well as the horse, and consequently lost both.

She is to go to confession frequently, to choose a wise confessor; and that she may have no doubts as to what to confess, he gives her full instructions on the seven deadly sins, on how to wake her conscience and how to make her confession; this takes up thirty pages, in the course of which some excellent spiritual advice as well as high moral instruction is given.

In teaching her how to be, like Cæsar's wife, above suspicion, he quotes a custom of French queens, which M. Pichon says he has never come across anywhere else, and which, if our Bourgeois was rightly informed, was rather a curious one. He says French queens never read closed letters alone, unless they were written in their husband's own handwriting; all other letters they had read aloud to them in the presence of some of the court, and often said "they did not know how to read any letters or writing except their own husband's," and they did this to avoid a breath of suspicion attaching to them. Moreover, he adds—but he is not so sure that this last is true—that French queens after they were married never kissed their fathers, brothers, or any man except the king, their husband. The moral of this is, the young wife is always to read her husband's letters secretly and alone in great joy and reverence, and to answer them alone in her own writing, or by the hand of a very confidential friend or relation.

A chapter is devoted to the duty of loving her husband, which is exemplified from the Bible, and may be briefly summed up in the counsel that she is to love him above all living creatures, and as the husband's duty is to love and cherish his wife, so the wife's is to love and serve her husband. He was a shrewd old man and had a certain sense of

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humor, for he wishes to know what wife nowadays would act as Rachel did to her husband, and says it was not for nothing that in the nuptial blessing the church bids the wife "be amiable and loving as Rachel to her husband, prudent as Sarah, and wise as Rebecca."

Having held up the patriarchs' wives for her imitation, he tells her to look at the animals and birds; how domesticated animals, like dogs, follow their masters wherever they go, and are fierce to other people and always have their eyes and heads fixed on their masters; and how falcons and hawks and other birds of prey love their masters above all others. Moral: How much more should wives love their husbands! But obedience is even more insisted on than love; the wife is humbly to obey her husband no matter what his commands may be, whether given in earnest or in fun, or concerning great things or little, for "everything that the husband commands ought to be great to the wife."

This is very severe doctrine, and, as some of the anecdotes enforcing it will show, was no more acceptable to the wives of the fourteenth century than it is likely to be to those of the twentieth. As an inducement to practise this strict obedience the Bourgeois Parisien assures his wife that by a good obedience a wife earns the love of her husband, and in the end gets all she wants out of him. In this he rather shows his hand to his partner, who we may hope had the sense to profit by it.

The first story he tells as an example of an obedient wife is too long to quote; it is that of Griselda from Boccaccio, afterwards put into Latin by Petrarch, frequently translated into French, and is the subject of one of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales." That of Captain d'Andresel, a knight of Melun, who, after dinner one evening, was suffering from an attack of *ennui*, is shorter. One of his squires suggested that as he had no engagement, they should go and visit a certain lady in the town, the wife of another squire, who would do anything her husband commanded her. The knight agreed, and on the way to the house they met the lady's husband. Captain d'Andresel asked him if it was true, and the squire said: "Yes, his wife would do anything he told her, provided it was nothing wrong," whereon the knight bet the squire a dinner he would suggest a very simple command in which there was no harm, which he was quite sure the wife would refuse to obey. The squire

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accepted the wager, and invited Captain d'Andresel and his friend to the house to put her to the test.

"Very well; now, as soon as we arrive, without saying anything else, hold your stick just above the floor, and tell her to jump over it," said the knight. They entered the house and the lady came to greet them, whereupon her husband held his stick as the captain suggested, and said: "Madam, jump over this"; and the lady obeyed. He then told her to jump back, and she did so, and then at his command jumped a third time without saying a word. The captain was astonished at such obedience, as well he might be, and paid his bet by giving the squire a dinner at Andresel the next day. And the author of *Le Ménagier* tells this story quite seriously, and does not forget to point the moral to his young wife.

Another little anecdote of some wives who were less in subjection to their husbands rings truer. A certain bailiff of Tournay, who was in the habit of dining with some married friends, made a bet with them that they should all go to the houses of the married members of what seems to have been a club, one after the other, and those members whose wives should count "four" when told to do so by their husbands without stopping, contradicting, mocking, or replying, should not pay for their dinners, but should be scot free, while those whose wives were rebellious and refused or replied or mocked should pay their own and the others' subscriptions.

This being agreed, they all proceed to each other's houses. Arrived at Robin's house, he calls his wife Marie, and bids her say after him what he shall tell her, and she agrees to do so.

"Marie, say one, two, three, four." "One, two, three, four, five, six," and so on up to fourteen, said Marie. Marie's husband lost.

Then they go to John's house; he calls his wife, Agnes, "who knew well how to play the lady," and told her to say after him what he said.

"One," said John. "And two," said Agnes, disdainfully.

They go to Tassin's house. Tassin's wife is proud, and when he says "One," answers sarcastically, "That's news."

A fifth wife said she was not a child to learn to count, and a sixth had the spirit to ask her husband if he had become a fiddler, that she should dance to his playing?

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But mark the edifying conclusion of this tale; all those, says our bourgeois, who had married well brought up and well taught young women won, and were joyful.

So important does our author consider the virtue of obedience that he devotes no less than seventy pages to its inculcation, and interprets St. Paul's injunction, "Servants, obey your masters and be subject unto them," to mean "Wives, obey your husbands, who are your sovereigns, and be in subjection to them." He frequently speaks of the husband as the "sovereign" of the wife, and certainly many of the husbands he quotes are very despotic monarchs.

The next duty of a wife is to take care of her husband's bodily comforts; she is to remember that his duties take him out in all weathers, in rain, snow, wind, frost, heat, cold; sometimes he is badly fed, badly lodged away from home; it is her duty when he returns to see that he is well served, well attended to; that he has a comfortable bed and white sheets, well covered with good furs—by which we learn that they used furs for blankets in the fourteenth century. A white night-cap was to be in readiness, and a good fire, fresh shoes, and stockings, called "chausses," which were very long and reached high up the thigh; and the next day clean linen and new clothing were to be provided for him, "for such services make a man love his home above all other places."

He reminds her of a rural proverb which says there are three things that drive a man from his home: a smoky chimney—evidently one of the trials of the middle ages, for our author frequently inveighs against them; a riotous wife, and a hole in the roof. The expression, a riotous wife, "femme rioteuse," which now means a giggling or tittering woman, evidently meant more than that, for he tells her later on not to be "riotous," but sweet, amiable, and peaceable; our word riotous seems therefore to give his exact meaning.

Mosquitoes seem to have been known in Paris, for he mentions certain flies which bit the faces of people so sharply when asleep in bed that they were obliged to rise and light some hay that the smoke might kill them, and he alludes to the "moustiquière," a large muslin curtain enveloping the bed as mosquito-curtains do. Flies also were evidently a perfect pest, for a great many ways of getting rid of them are mentioned; one would not appeal to advocates of the fresh air

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treatment: the young wife is counselled to have her windows* so firmly closed with oil-cloth or parchment that no fly could possibly enter the room. She is also to avoid having tables or forms or anything else in the room on which the flies can settle, and nothing must lie on the floor, which is to be well watered, as flies hate damp, and then if the room is well shut up she wont be troubled with flies. The remedy, to our modern eyes, is far worse than the disease.

Certain other little insect pests made life difficult for our bourgeois, who gives his wife six remedies against these athletic enemies of sleep. One was to strew the room with alder-leaves, which attracts these insects. Another was to place several slices of bread anointed with bird-lime about the room, and stand a lighted candle in the middle of each slice; this will attract the pests to the bird-lime and catch them. Slices of bread, now called "Tartines," were in those days placed on the plates and dishes, which were of metal, at meals, to prevent the cutting of the meat from scratching them.

By observing all these and a great many more instructions the wife will save her husband from all discomfort, and for her reward he will think there is no place like home; but it takes our author several pages to deliver his soul of this sentiment. To enforce it he tells her to remember how men treat their horses when they come back from a long journey, and they seem to have treated them very well; among other things to have unshod them, as the editor points out.

Their dogs, too, when they returned from shooting and hunting were well cared for; their feet were rubbed with lard before a fire; a comfortable litter was made for them and soup given to them, and the dogs were attended to before their masters.

The next counsel of perfection is a very wise one: the wife is to be temperate in speech, to keep strictly her husband's secrets, and to remember how many dangers come from talking too much, especially to people above her in position. The good bourgeois had not much opinion of the capacity of the gentler half of creation for keeping secrets, and tells a delightful story apropos to this which we must quote.

An ancient Roman philosopher, named Macrobius, relates how a certain little Roman boy, named Papirius, was on one

* Windows were rarely glazed at this time.

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occasion taken by his father, who was a senator, to the senate-house. There all the senators took an oath that if any of them revealed what they heard they should be beheaded. When Papirius got home his mother asked him what the senators had debated about; he replied he could not tell her under pain of death. This excited the woman's curiosity more than ever, and she so worried the boy that at last he made her promise faithfully that if he told her she would reveal it to no one. The mother promised, and the boy then said the senators had discussed whether a husband should have two wives, or a wife have two husbands. When the mother heard this she made the boy promise not to tell any one else, and went out and told all the wives of her acquaintance, all under the seal of secrecy.

Not long after all the wives of Rome went to the senate-house, when the senators were assembled, and cried out several times, in a loud voice, that they preferred that a woman should have two husbands rather than a man have two wives. The senators were quite taken aback, and did not know what the women meant, and looked at each other inquiring what their wives were thinking of, until Papirius got up and told them he had invented the story to quiet his mother, who had tried to make him break his oath. On hearing this the senators were exceedingly angry with the women; but they made Papirius, so wise in his generation, a senator. One would like to know what Papiria did to her little son, but history is silent on this point.

Our bourgeois gravely counsels his wife to learn from this example how the masculine child, who was of tender age, knew how to hold his tongue, and the woman, who was old enough to have sense and discretion, did not know how to be silent or to keep her promise, or a secret which touched the honor of her son and husband.

He does not forget to warn her that a wife is to have no secrets from her husband, but to tell him everything; and if he sometimes goes astray, as he says young husbands often will, she is to win him back from his follies wisely and gently; and if he gets into a rage with her, she is to be very patient and by the sweetness of her speech stay his anger; and if she can't keep him from storming at her, she is not to tell her friends or any one else, even if he is cruel to her.

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This summarizes the first part of the book, the second volume deals with domestic economy, gardening and cookery, and gives general instructions on the management of a household, and incidentally throws a good deal of light on the customs of the age in which the author lived.

The only flowers he mentions in the article on gardening are roses, clove-pinks, Lenten violets—that is, the common violet—Armenian violets—probably by these he means Parma violets—and sweet peas. Herbs were much used in the middle ages for cooking on the Continent as well as in England, so we find instructions given for the growing of mint, sage, wild thyme, fennel, parsley, rosemary, lavender, and marjoram. With the exception of potatoes, not yet introduced, peas, beans, cabbages, cauliflowers, onions, beetroot, parsnips, spinach, lettuces, sorrel for salad, leeks, and most other common vegetables were grown, but no mention is made of celery, asparagus, or seakale.

A long chapter is devoted to the choice and management of servants. There were three kinds of servants, divided by our author as follows: first, those who were hired for temporary use, like porters, here called felt-porters, because they used to carry a piece of felt or a cushion on their heads or shoulders to prevent their burdens from hurting them; then those hired for a day or two or a week or a season, like vintagers, threshers, sowers, coopers, fullers, or reapers; and furriers, shoemakers, tailors, and dressmakers, who worked by the piece, as apparently did bakers and butchers, as they are mentioned in this class; and lastly domestic servants, who were hired by the year and lived in the house. The author kept a steward, called a *dispenser*, whose duty it was to hire all these outside servants, while a certain Dame Agnes, a *béguine** sister, who was a sort of duenna to this child-wife, was to choose the men-servants and chambermaids. M. Pichon says the wages of chambermaids in a bourgeoise household at this time were thirty sous a year and their shoes, which, even allowing for the depreciation in value of the sou, seems incredibly small. A sou was the twentieth part of a pound, so that thirty sous was equal to about thirty shillings of our money.

The Bourgeois Parisien gives his child-wife authority over all her servants, which she is to exercise through Dame Agnes,

* A *béguine* was a member of a religious association of lay-women, still in existence.

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who may dismiss them; but the wife is to consult her husband privately before taking this step, on account of her extreme youth; but after her husband she is the mistress of the house, the commander, visitor, governor, and sovereign administrator, and to her it belongs to hold the servants in subjection, to teach, lecture, correct, and chastise them. She is to forbid them to quarrel among themselves or with neighboring servants, or to tell stories, or to be greedy, or to indulge in any vices.

Dame Agnes is also to help her mistress to feed and take care of her pet birds and dogs, for in those days large sums were spent on birds and dogs "de chambre," as they were called, and since, says our bourgeois, "they cannot speak, you must speak and think for them if you keep them." Moreover, when at their country house, Dame Agnes is to go into the village and see that the shepherd looks after his sheep and lambs, the herdsman after the cattle, the dairyman after the cows and calves and pigs, and the farmer's wife after all the poultry, all of which were the author's property. Wolves still molested some parts of the country, and a recipe is given for poisoning wolves and foxes! Presumably our bourgeois was not a hunting man.

He also teaches her how to exterminate rats and moth, and gives elaborate directions for examining, airing, and taking care of her furs and linen; furs were much used both as garments and as rugs. The servants, both men and women, are never to be idle. Dame Agnes and the "dispenser" are to send some to the valley, some to the hills, some to the fields, some to the town, some upstairs, some downstairs, some to the kitchen, but all to be kept employed. The wife herself is to see that they are well fed and have their meals at the proper hours, and they are to sit down to the table and eat "plentifully" of one kind of meat, not of several kinds, nor of dainty dishes, and they are to have one good nourishing drink, whether wine or anything else, but only one sort; and they are to eat and drink well and largely, but without dawdling over their food or putting their elbows on the table. As soon as they begin to loll on their elbows they are to be made to leave the table, for that is a sign that they have had enough; and if they begin to argue or tell tales, that is a sign they have eaten sufficiently, for a rural proverb says when "a varlet

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holds forth at table or a horse feeds in a ford it is time to take them away, for they have had enough."

They were very careful about fire in those times. Accordingly Dame Agnes and the dispenser are to make the round of the house and see that all the fires are put out before retiring to bed, and the servants are all to be taught to put their candle in a flat candlestick far from their bed, and before getting in to bed to "extinguish it wisely" either with the mouth or the fingers, "et non mie* à la chemise." The editor thinks this last mysterious instruction means they were not to throw the garment in question over the candle, as that was removed before getting into bed, night-gowns being unknown in those days.

The young maid servants from fifteen to twenty are to sleep near their mistress in a closet or room where there is no low window or windows giving on to the street, and they are to go to bed and get up at the same time she does. If any of her servants fall ill she is to visit them and look after them lovingly and charitably, setting aside all their work till they recover.

The piety of the age often peeps out unobtrusively in these pages; for instance, in some of the recipes the cook is directed to boil certain sauces for the space of a "miserere"—that is, for as long as it takes him to recite the fiftieth psalm (*Miserere mei*)—or to stir some dish for the space of a *Pater noster;* just as in Carmelite convents at the present day the novices are instructed to mix the dressing with the salad till they have recited the Litany of Loretto.

Again, our author fixes all his dates by the feasts of the Catholic Church; for instance, "parsley sown on the eve of Our Lady—that is, on the eve of Lady Day, is out of the ground in nine days; plant leeks from March to St. John's, June 24; sow white beet-root up to the Magdalen's, July 22; replant cauliflowers up to All Saints, November 1."

It was a charitable age also; for at all great banquets and large dinners vases or dishes were placed on the sideboard or the table, in which were put a portion of the good fare to be given to the poor. Query: is this the origin of our word "alms-dish"? These ancient alms-dishes or vases were of large size and often made of silver; they are called by various names

* "Mie=not."

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in old inventories, such as alms-jars, alms-baskets, alms-plates.

It appears that in the fourteenth century in France it was the custom to have only one plate to two people; each person had a slice of bread on which he placed his food, but the gravies, sauces, and soups were served in hollow plates, like our soup-plates—one to every two guests, who ate from it with spoons. Up to the time of Louis XIV. a separate plate for each person was quite a new idea, and not a general custom.

In the course of a description of some wedding banquets we learn that when a bride and bridegroom were married for the second time, the marriage was to take place very early in the morning, and they were to wear mourning and change their clothes directly after the ceremony; but the editor thinks they probably wore mourning for the rest of their lives. Queens always wore widow's mourning for their husbands as long as they lived, but they wore white instead of black; and were on this account called "reines blanches" to distinguish them from the new queen; for this reason a favorite sign for an inn in France is "La Reine Blanche."

Here we must take leave of our friend, the Bourgeois Parisien, whose literary style is charming, so simple and yet so clear and precise, and his thoughts are often most happily expressed, and though many obsolete words are used, the old French is easier to read than old English of the same period.

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MEMORIES OF ST. CLARE AT ASSISI.

BY G. V. CHRISTMAS.

"Clara nomine, vita Clarior, Clarissima moribus."

THE quaintly beautiful brown-roofed town of Assisi is so inextricably connected with the saintly and eminently magnetic personality of the humble Friar who has rendered it famous in legend and history, that one is sometimes apt to overlook the fact that its cobble-paved streets were also hallowed by the footsteps of another of God's saints—the virgin Clare.

The daughter of Phavorino Sciffo—a knight who had distinguished himself on many a battle-field—and his wife Hortulana, she was born in 1193 "at Assisium, a city in Italy, built on a stony mountain called Assi." She was a saint from her childhood, and vowed herself to virginity at a very early age, and found her true vocation when she was eighteen years old. The event is best described in the simple and concise words of one of her biographers:*

"Hearing the great reputation of St. Francis, who set an example of perfection to the whole city, she found means to be conducted to him by a pious matron, and begged his instruction and advice. He spoke to her on the contempt of the world, the shortness of life, and the love of God and heavenly things, in such a manner as warmed her tender breast; and upon the spot she formed a resolution of renouncing the world. St. Francis appointed Palm Sunday for the day on which she should come to him. On that day Clare, dressed in her most sumptuous apparel, went with her mother and family to the divine office; but when all the rest went up to the altar to receive a palm branch, bashfulness and modesty kept her in her place; which the bishop seeing, he went from the altar down to her and gave her the palm. She attended the procession; but the evening following it, being the 18th of

* Alban Butler.

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March, 1212, she made her escape from home, accompanied with another devout young woman, and went a mile out of the town to the Portiuncula, where St. Francis lived with his little community. He and his religious brethren met her at the door of their Church of Our Lady with lighted tapers in their hands, singing the hymn "Veni, Creator Spiritus." Before the altar of the Blessed Virgin she put off her fine clothes, and St. Francis cut off her hair, and gave her his penitential habit, which was no other than a piece of sackcloth, tied about her with a cord. The holy father, not having yet any nunnery of his own, placed her for the present in the Benedictine nunnery of St. Paul, where she was affectionately received, being then eighteen years of age. The Poor Clares date from this epoch the foundation of their order."

Not very long after St. Clare had received the habit by night within the hallowed walls of that "Little Portion"—now one of the most celebrated shrines in the world—the founder of her order placed her and those who had joined her in the convent of San Damiano and appointed her superior of the small community This included amongst its members her sister Agnes, her mother Hortulana, and about sixteen other pious ladies. "Many noble princesses," says Dr. Butler, "held for truer greatness the sackcloth and poverty of St. Clare than the estates, delights, and riches which they possessed, seeing they left them all to become humble disciples of so holy and admirable a mistress."

"San Damiano" is perhaps, from the hurried sightseer's point of view, a little out of the way, but the slight trouble involved in arriving at it will be afterwards found to be eminently worth while. The place is thronged with memories, haunted by associations of a saintly past, and it is here, perhaps more than in any other spot connected with her, that one *realizes* St. Clare.

This may possibly be accounted for by the fact of San Damiano having suffered so little at the hands of the restorer. The old, worm-eaten stalls where she and her sisters sang the divine office have been left absolutely untouched; we see the bell which she used to ring to call the community together, and also the list of choir nuns as it existed in her day. The name of Agnes occurs in it three times, with numbers one, two, three after them to avoid confusion, for besides St.

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Clare's sister, and another similarly named, St. Agnes of Montefalcho was an inmate of the house. The convent itself is a quaint old building with winding passages, steps in utterly unexpected places, and low, narrow doorways, and the little garden on a "loggia," from which St. Clare was wont to gaze across to the "Angeli" and mentally salute her spiritual father at the hour of the "Ave Maria," remains as it was. From here the view is superb in its coloring and its far-extended beauty. The tender green of Umbria's smiling valley blends harmoniously with the soft tints, half blue, half amethyst, of the distant Apennines, and the silvery gray shimmer of the whispering olive-trees, and there, in the plain below, gilded by the kisses of the dying sun, rises the cupola of St. Mary of the Angels, containing that little hut once sanctified by the presence of the "Poveretto d'Assisi."

And San Damiano itself is not lacking in its associations of him, for it was he who gave it to St. Clare as a dwelling place for herself and her nuns, and it was here that he visited her on the eve of the last journey which he ever undertook in this world, "comforting her," as we read in the "Fioretti di San Francesco," "and bidding her a humble farewell."

It was at San Damiano that St. Clare with the ciborium in her hand defied the Saracens, in the manner so well described by one of her biographers. "The impious Emperor Frederic II.," he tells us, "cruelly ravaged the valley of Spoleto because it was the patrimony of the Holy See. He had in his army many Saracens and other barbarous infidels, and left in that country a colony of twenty thousand of these enemies of the church in a place still called Noura des Moros. These banditti came once in a great body to plunder Assisium, and as St. Damian's convent stood without the walls they first assaulted it. Whilst they were busy in scaling the walls, St. Clare, though very sick, caused herself to be carried and seated at the gate of the monastery, and the Blessed Sacrament to be placed there in a pix in the very sight of the enemies, and, prostrating herself before it, prayed with many tears, saying to her beloved Spouse: 'Is it possible, my God, that thou shouldst have here assembled these thy servants, and nurtured them up in thy holy love, that they should now fall into the power of these infidel Moors? Preserve them, O my God! and me in their holy company.' At the end of her

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prayer she seemed to hear a sweet voice which said, 'I will always protect you.' A sudden terror at the same time seized the assailants, and they all fled with such precipitation that several were hurt without being wounded by any enemy."

The ciborium, as well as several other interesting relics, are preserved in the church of San Damiano, which also contains a beautifully carved crucifix with a charming legend attached to it.

The figure was the work of a Sicilian friar,* and so far progressed rapidly under his skilful hands, but when he began the head and face he failed altogether to realize his conception of what it ought to be. He had, presumably, the artistic temperament, therefore his consequent depression and discouragement were extreme, and at last he resolved to fast and pray for nine days and then make another attempt to complete his task. When the ninth morning dawned he went to look at his work, and to his utter astonishment found that it was already finished by angelic hands. The face is of great beauty, with a divinely tender expression on the exquisitely carved features, and, looking at it, this "pia umana tradizione," as it was described recently by one of the friars, the legend seems worthy of all belief.

From San Damiano, with its countless recollections of the Virgin Saint of Assisi, we pass on to "Santa Chiara," where her body lies at rest. Erected in 1257, from a design of "Brother Philip," by Campello, a pupil of Lapo, it is richly decorated with gilding and marbles and frescoes of the Florentine school, as well as some of Giotto's above the high altar.

The body of St. Agnes reposes in a chapel on the Gospel side, also that of Blessed Benedetta and Amata, two of the first companions of St. Clare, and in another little chapel opposite the sacristy we are shown the crucifix which spoke to the Seraphic Friar, St. Francis.

St. Clare died at San Damiano, but her remains were later on transferred to Santa Chiara with much pomp and solemnity. Centuries passed by, and in the year 1850, by means of Monsignor Landi, then Bishop of Assisi, her body was re-discovered in a stone sarcophagus, and brought provisionally to a side chapel, from whence, in 1872, it was placed in the spot where it now reposes; Cardinal Pecci, afterwards Leo XIII. of holy

* San Damiano is now inhabited by Franciscan friars.

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memory, and five bishops assisting at the ceremony. Every turning and corner of that brown-roofed Umbrian town is haunted with saintly memories of a hallowed past, and not only Assisi itself, but the surrounding neighborhood.

One day—I tell the story as it was told to me by the French superior of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary at Assisi, a sympathetic, cultured personality, combining in her nature the simplicity and innocence of a child with the intelligence of a woman who "knows her world,"—one day St. Francis and St. Clare were walking together on some errand of charity and paused at a wayside inn for rest and refreshment. The Italian mind, even where the saints of God are concerned, was in those days very prone to imagine evil where none existed—a habit, by the way, which it has preserved up to the present time—and so it happened that some of their comments on this occasion were overheard by St. Francis. His first thought was to avoid the faintest appearance of evil and the possibility of giving scandal to his weaker brethren, so he told St. Clare that she must go home alone by another route; and further, that they must not meet again for many months.

"But, father," exclaimed St Clare in dismay, "when *shall* I see you again?"

"When the roses bloom in December," he answered with a smile; and it was then December.

So they parted and went their different ways; but presently he heard her calling and saw her coming towards him with her scapular filled with perfumed roses.

"You see, father," she said triumphantly, "our Lord does not mean us to part." And St. Francis could say no more.

"Ah!" remarked Mère Véronique, when she had finished the story, "it is always like that; men have so much more human respect than women!"

Rome, Italy.

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TWO LITTLE LAMBS OF THE CAMPAGNA.

BY E. F. MOSBY.

NINO! NINETTO! The little Italian shepherd with dark, liquid eyes showered on his two lambs a hundred soft caressing diminutives of the Italian tongue, with its musical intonations that are so sweet to hear from a child's lips!

No wonder little Francesco loved his twin lambs. Many scattered flocks grazed near his father's, but no merrier or fatter lambs ever frisked around their mild ewe-mother than these; no fleece so soft, thick, and white as theirs, none so free from burr or brier. No wonder the small owner's heart beat with pride as he watched their ecstatic playfulness, and the eager wagging of their fat tails, as they nursed, or that he loved them, when, in answer to his endearments, both turned their comical, narrow little faces to him, with a soft, quavering, *Baa! Baa!*

Francesco declared—though no one except his father Pietro, an old shepherd, believed him—that they had different expressions and different voices from the other lambs, and thus he could know Nino and Ninetto anywhere!

"All sheep are alike," said good old Fra Paolo, and for the first time in his life Francesco dared to be vexed with the kind father, nor would be reconciled until the good father told the boy that since their fleece was so fine they might be chosen for the two lambs blessed by the Holy Father himself on St. Agnes' day, from which the sisters of San Lorenzo shear the wool that is woven into the *pallium*, or precious collar, with long ends, worn by the pope and the archbishops in their holy ministry.

Francesco's beautiful eyes grew wide with delight and wonder, as the old man went on to tell him of the beautiful ceremony. He had seen pictures of the dear St. Agnes with her little lamb cuddled close to her side. On her feast he knew the lambs would be carried first to the old church of St. Agnes on the Nomentum road, there to be blessed by the

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abbot while all the wax tapers shone like stars, and the incense made the air sweet as a forest of cedars, and voices would sing all the time—like angels in heaven—the *Agnus Dei*—the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world!

It was as in a dream of innocent rapture that Francesco went to sleep that night. He had not heeded *then* Mauma 'Gita's reproachful voice:

"Then no Carnival for the lad this spring! The lambs' wool was to buy him clothes, father."

"Then he can give unto the church not only the wool but his heart's desire! Do not stand in the lad's way," replied the old man gravely.

When Francesco remembered this afterwards by noon-day light, he was sorry to miss the Carnival, the gay Carnival, with flowers and jests, and the shepherds piping and singing, and the *confetti* falling like rain, and all the roads full of splendid carriages and prancing horses,—ah, it was sad to give up the Carnival! But Nino and Ninetto should be the blessed lambs of St. Agnes' feast—*that* he was resolved upon! Nor did he put his soft brown palm afterwards on the thick white fleece without thinking with reverence that the pallium would be woven of the fair threads spun from it.

Nino and Ninetto were like small foster-brothers to this *one* child, who, but for their merry frolics, would have had no playmates on the Campagna farm. Francesco fancied that his history was not unlike theirs. They were left orphans early, and adopted by a gentle ewe who had lost her lamb, just as kind Mauma 'Gita had taken care of him when his young mother died at his birth. 'Gita, or Brigitta, even called him "her little lamb" when he fell into childish troubles.

But Fra Paolo did not teach the lambs lessons. Francesco rather envied them the freedom from learning Latin, and repeating dull verbs, though he looked like a little angel as he stood with folded hands to recite his task, with silky lashes curling on the crimson of his cheeks, and lips as red as a lovely flower! 'Gita was half afraid to see him so beautiful and so quiet. She did not like to have her little lad in this malarial air, or sitting so dreamily watching the flock in the strange, wide, lonely Campagna.

But Pietro was a laborer on the estates of the Buonamonte family near the mountains—the wide plain stretching away

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from the Apennines in the East to the blue Mediterranean on the south, from mountain-peaks to sea-levels, with the Tiber and great Rome on the north—and he came down from the healthy air of the villa, in the spring, with other peasants who worked the lands near Rome. He was a vigorous old man, and did not suffer as much from the sickly air of the plain as many of the others who looked prematurely yellow and thin and old. 'Gita was keen as a hawk in keeping her nursling out of the night air or the mists of early morning.

The Buonamonte Villa, fortified with strong walls and towers at a time when men held their own by dint of hard blows, was a pleasant place now in times of peace. While the laborers sweltered on the vast plain of the Campagna, at the villa, near the mountains, the tall poplars beside the dove-cote were rustling as if with an ever-stirring breeze; the ancient fig-trees, though gnarled and twisted, still bore two crops of fruit; the vines hung heavy with purple clusters, and the big scarlet anemones bloomed beside the furrows.

Yet the plain had a fascination that had already won Francesco's heart. Almost every one else grumbled because of its loneliness. Yes, there was a tall Englishman, an artist, who came often, and once had even lingered till the red sunset set the sky aflame. He talked to the boy in a friendly way.

"Do you know this place was once full of cities, with thriving farms between, and that crowds gathered on the great Roman street—the Appian Way—all the time, crossing these Pontine marshes without fear?"

"Fra Paolo told me so," answered the boy, "and that these cities of the Albans rebelled against Rome, and she swept them away."

"Like a mist of fine gold dust," said the artist, looking at the sunshine on the plains; "but sometimes it is wrapt in a purple haze, quite as beautiful."

"Do you ever go to Rome?" he presently asked, noticing the lad's eyes fixed on the feathery cypress-trees and St. Peter's.

"No; but I shall go when my lambs are carried to be blessed by the Holy Father! Their wool is so fine, it must be chosen for the *pallium*. Do you know, signor, Fra Paolo says the *pallium*"—

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"What is that?" asked the Englishman.

"The woollen collar the pope wears. It is marked with crosses, and means he is a good shepherd of his flock."

Brigitta had told him a beautiful story of our Lord when He was a little Babe, of how He was the Good Shepherd of all the world, and of how the shepherds came to worship Him. A little shepherd lad came also, bringing his one pet lamb as a gift, the only gift he had it in his power to bring; and the Divine Child, though but a few hours old, held up His little hand and blessed them both. Francesco always thought of himself as the little shepherd bringing his twin lambs, and he fancied the dear Lady-Mother would say to him after the blessing: "My child, take thy lambs home and care for them for *His* sake."

The kind Englishman soon became acquainted with Nino and Ninetto as well as their little master, and begged to paint their portraits, with Francesco's, of course, with the others, only he was too wise to let the boy think of his own picture at all.

Francesco, in turn, was charmed to show the signor the special marks of his pets.

"Now see you, dear signor, has not Nino a tiny black spot on his nose? Ninetto's is pure white; and look you, how he loves to be petted, while Nino frisks and capers continually."

Many a sketch was taken of the dark, sweet face and the brown eyes, while the lad talked of the pallium, which the Capuchin Sisters, or those of San Lorenzo, would weave from the fleece.

"It will be laid for a night on St. Peter's tomb," said Francesco, his eyes shining.

"I think I shall call them St. Peter's Lambs."

As the Englishman spoke a shadow fell across the ground, and looking up, they saw the young lord of Buonamonte, whom the Englishman already knew.

He and his sister had been riding with a party across the Campagna, and his sister had stopped to see old 'Gita, once her nurse and foster-mother. The brother had come in search of the artist, meanwhile, for he hoped to induce him to restore some old Buonamonte portraits at a small price, being much pressed for money. The Englishman was young, and could

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not be very busy, the young lord fancied, if he spent his time on peasant children.

He shrugged his shoulders as he saw the sketches of Nino and Ninetto, and said with a laugh:

"I trust, signor, you can spare your models soon? These are such fine lambs that I've a notion to sell them with a part of my flock to be sent off to-morrow. These fat ones will raise the price, I fancy."

It seemed on the instant to Francesco that his heart must cease beating. The lambs were truly his own, as the mother had been bought by old Pietro's hard earnings; but he dared not contradict the young lord. If he angered him, the lambs would surely be lost; yet, if he did not speak now, his claim afterwards might not be allowed.

Francesco had never had any real trouble about them before. It is true Burro, the big shepherd-boy, had taunted him once or twice, telling Francesco his big lambs would be chosen. But Pietro said their wool was too coarse, and Francesco was comforted.

He tried now to speak, for he saw his English friend was looking at him inquiringly. Something swelled in his throat, his eyes grew wet, and he burst into a passion of sobs, clasping the lambs in his arms.

"Hola!" cried the young lord. "What does this mean?" And his voice was angry.

"Brother, the child is distressed," said a sweet voice, and a lovely face looked over Buonamonte's shoulder, like the face of dear St. Agnes.

"They are mine," sobbed the boy.

"Nonsense!" began the young man; but old 'Gita, gaining courage from the presence of the young lady, explained about the ownership with many humble apologies.

The young man still looked vexed.

"Perhaps Francesco will sell them," began the sister, with hesitation; but here the artist told the story of the fleece reserved for the *pallium*. The young woman listened with reverent eyes, and said softly:

"Brother, it is so beautiful—this blessing of the lambs. We must go and see it together; and I shall know these pretty ones, I am sure," she added to Francesco, whose heart beat fast with joy.

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He knew Nino and Ninetto were safe now. Even the young lord's brow cleared under his sister's influence, and he invited the artist to visit him, and examine his small collection of portraits. 'Gita and her little lad thanked their new friend warmly for his kindness, and he promised to return soon to finish the portraits.

Several days passed, however, and Francesco began to fear he had forgotten them. The artist soon returned, however, and finished his sketches. Moreover, he talked long with Pietro and 'Gita, leaving them with radiant faces. After his departure, 'Gita told Francesco that he had leased the Buonamonte Villa for many years.

"We shall not have to come down to the plain again, and thou shalt go to school, my lamb."

Francesco listened gravely, until she added: "Something more for thy pleasure, little one: the kind signor gave me the money for thy Carnival clothes."

Francesco danced about in high glee; then, suddenly pausing on one foot like a small Mercury, he asked eagerly:

"I shall keep my own Nino and Ninetto at the Villa, shall I not?"

"So the kind signor has said," answered old Pietro. Francesco learned afterwards that it had cost the new master, not only money but serious trouble to secure a legal and binding recognition of the peasant child's right to the twin lambs. But he had at length succeeded, and Nino and Ninetto were chosen for the *pallium*.

Francesco learned the full story from Mauma 'Gita; how the wool was sheared by the good sisters, washed, dried, carded into white and fleecy rolls, spun into thread, and woven. Finally, how it was made into a scarf-like collar with long ends in front and behind, marked with purple or black crosses, and laid for a night on St. Peter's tomb, before it was put in church on the shoulders of the Pope.

Francesco was not so deeply interested in the wool as in the lambs and their two blessings. He was permitted to come to the Church of St. Agnes on her feast-day, though it fell in the winter season.

The wide Campagna looked strangely lonely under its white veil of snow, for the month of January was more severe than is usual in the Italian climate.

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Inside the old church the altar was glittering as with stars, the incense perfumed the air with the scent of cedars, and silvery voices were chanting the "Lamb of God."

The abbot thought he had never seen anything lovelier than the face of the little shepherd, upturned to his, as he blessed the lambs. Nino and Ninetto raised their wondering faces too, and uttered an odd little tremulous "Baa! Baa!" as in protest when they did not receive the expected lumps of salt.

Francesco could hardly help laughing, though he was also a little frightened by their speaking in church. However, they were quiet when the Pope afterwards pronounced his blessing.

Then—Francesco had a delightful surprise. The kind signor was one of the onlookers, and he spoke in a most friendly way, telling Pietro and his boy that he was coming in the spring for a long stay. Leaning on his arm was the lovely young lady of Buonamonte that looked to Francesco like St. Agnes, and she was now the dear signor's wife!

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PRESENT CONDITIONS IN THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

I.

MANY questions are being discussed in the Anglican Church at the present time which may have the effect of bringing home to all who are seeking the truth the real character of that institution. They all tend to show how little it deserves to be regarded as a trustworthy guardian of the faith once delivered to the saints. The public recital of the Creed, commonly known as the Athanasian, is one of these questions. Thirty years ago this same question became prominent; at that time, however, the influence of such men as Dr. Pusey and Canon Liddon among the clergy, and of the Marquis of Salisbury among the laity, put an end to the discussion. Dr. Pusey declared that he would retire from the exercise of clerical functions if the Creed were suppressed or its use abolished. Times have, however, greatly changed, and for the worse. Dr. Gore, the Bishop of Worcester, once looked upon as the mainstay and faithful transmitter of the teachings of Dr. Pusey, advocates a change and declares that the recitation of the Creed does more harm than good. He professes sincere belief in all its teachings, and an unfeigned acceptance of them. He, however, proposes that a committee should be appointed to consider in what way, while retaining the Creed as an authoritative theological document, the present manner of reciting it may be altered. It would seem a somewhat difficult task, after suppressing a document as something positively injurious to the faith when publicly known and recited, to leave to this same document any large measure of authority. Even the Articles of the Church of England rank the Athanasian Creed along with the Nicene and the Apostles' Creed, and declare that they ought thoroughly to be received and believed.

The Bishop of Chester does not feel it necessary to wait for the recommendations of a committee. He has rearranged the Creed and submitted it to the consideration, not merely of the

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clergy but also of the laity of his diocese. This rearrangement leaves out as unfit for publication the minatory or, as some would call them, the monitory clauses. He would not, however, require the flock committed to his care to adopt this Creed revised by himself; he would leave it free either to use the Creed in its present form, or to use his own revised version; or—and here he does but anticipate the necessary outcome of all such manipulations of the faith of which he considers himself a guardian—to leave it out altogether. Well may Mr. James Gairdner, the well-known historian, give expression to his perplexity at the utterance of the bishops. He may well doubt whether in changing from dissent to episcopacy he has found more trustworthy guardians of truth. He declares he would not have made the change had the repugnance to this, as to the other Creeds, which he had felt as a dissenter remained. "If the 'living voice' or voices of our church speak in such a tone, I must own that it adds point to Mr. Mallock's caustic inquiry: 'Does the Church of England teach anything?'"

One of the bishops, Dr. Paget, is alive to the effect which would be produced by abandoning or modifying the recitation of the Creed. He manifested a regard for the faithful who have hitherto loyally and humbly accepted the guidance of the Church of England, and did not wish to make it clear how little she was deserving of this loyalty and confidence. The bishops having failed as a body to speak out in defence of the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection of our Lord's Body, doctrines denied or questioned even by dignitaries of the Church of England, anything like a further surrender would increase the alarm and unsettlement. The Bishops of London and Norwich spoke in the same sense. And what aid in defence of the faith was afforded by the would-be successor of St. Augustine and St. Thomas á Becket? How did the present occupant of the—as many would have it—patriarchal Throne of Canterbury defend the traditional teaching of the undivided church? He proved to be unworthy of the trust reposed in him. The tradition which he received, and which he now hands down, was not that of the primitive undivided church, but that which he has received from no more ancient or venerable a source than Archbishop Tait, his own father-in-law. He threw all his strength into the relaxation of the rule which prescribes its

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public use. He is not, however, ready to go so far as the American Protestant Episcopal Church, which has excluded the Creed altogether; he would rather take as his guide the Irish Church, which shows to the Creed the honor of retaining it in printed form in its prayer-book, but declines to allow it to be publicly recited. And so a committee has been appointed by the Convocation of Canterbury to consider in what way the present use may be modified.

In the Convocation of York the public confession of the faith found fewer defenders than in that of Canterbury, one bishop only defending the long existing practice. A resolution was made by which expression was given to a desire that the Convocations of both provinces might do something which seems to be a contradiction in terms—effect a change in the present use, and safeguard at the same time the reverential treatment of the doctrines of the faith.

The ineptitude of the whole proceedings, whether in the one house or the other, is manifested by the fact that nothing practical can be done in any shape or form by any or all of the bishops. However much they may regret it, the fact remains that they are all, both corporately and singly, under the control of Parliament, and they cannot escape this control. Nor is there any likelihood that Parliament will relax its grasp. It is one of the ironies of current events that a Parliament made up of Jews, Nonconformists, believers and unbelievers of every kind, should as a matter of fact prove a more efficient and reliable defender of the faith than the bishops set apart for that office. They, while professing full belief of the orthodox faith, are willing to place the accepted profession of that faith in the background; the Parliament, which cares nothing for the faith, is the great obstacle in their path.

In fact the bishops of the Establishment, although they have in their ranks several who are pre-eminently zealous and devoted, have to give place to unofficial bodies, and even to laymen, when there is question of defending that which is looked upon as the Catholic Faith. The English Church Union is an association which for many years has taken an active part in promoting the revival of Catholic doctrines and ritual. It is another of the anomalies of the Anglican position that, while that position involves the assertion of the divine right

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of bishops as against the pope to teach and to govern, the practice of the defenders of this divine right is to set at naught both the instruction and the commands of the bishop. This is brought out very well by the utterances of the Viscount Halifax, the president of the Union, with reference to the bishops' treatment of the recitation of the Athanasian Creed. The Union, like everything else in this world, has its enemies, and these enemies include not merely the Protestants included within the comprehensive limits of the Establishment, but also some High Churchmen. This voluntary association of clergy and laity has no divine mission and is trying to do what the bishops are divinely appointed to do. Those critics say that if the faithful clergy and laity would but follow their natural leaders, the bishops, and range themselves in a united phalanx behind the episcopate, all that is needed would be secured. This contention Lord Halifax says, in view of the events of the last two years, is a demonstrated folly. Not only have the bishops not defended the doctrine and discipline of the church from the organized attack which has been made upon them, and this on vital points, but there have been, he says, deliberately, although with the profoundest regret and distress, some among the bishops who have approved, or even led, this attack. He finds them unfaithful in the House of Lords in not resisting the enactment of what is known as the Kenyon-Slaney Clause of the Education Bill of 1902; this clause was a flagrant insult to the Anglican clergy, and it was passed with the connivance of the great majority of the English Episcopate. The self-sacrificing efforts of the clergy in support of the schools for a long period of years were sacrificed to the timidity and time-serving spirit of those who ought to have been their staunchest defenders.

The position of the Church of England as a teacher of the truth, that a definite faith is necessary to salvation, that what our Lord revealed must not be given up because there are those who are scandalized at that teaching is involved in the proposed displacement of the Athanasian Creed from the place it has hitherto occupied. In this more important matter, which affects the very faith itself, and fidelity to the respect for antiquity which is of the essence of the Anglican position, Lord Halifax asks, with the deepest feelings of shame and sor-

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row, whether the Primate, in view of the recent utterances to which we have referred, is a leader whom a churchman can safely trust and afford to follow? May we not ask if the bishops, who are, according to the generally received Anglican principles, the divinely appointed heads of the church, cannot be safely trusted and followed, to whom is he to look for guidance? We have too great a regard for the character of the President of the English Church Union to think that he wishes, as some say, to be a pope for himself and for those who are willing to accept him as such; but if he is unwilling to accept the guidance of his own bishops, if he refuses that of the Holy See and of the Catholic Church speaking by her appointed organs, it is hard to see what other position he can assume. It cannot be said that he has hope that in the future the voice of his church may be heard. The Representative Church Council, which has had its first meeting this month, which some would fain look upon as a revival of the ancient Sacred Synods of the English Church, holds out for Lord Halifax no ground for security. On the contrary, this very Council itself in its constituent elements forms one more reason for his distrust of the bishops. The proposals put forth under the sanction of episcopal authority seem to him—and in fact are—subversive of the ancient order of the church as divinely instituted. For, without any warrant derived from the past, laymen are to be given the right of membership, and an active voice in the proceedings. And those laymen, how are they to be selected? By the faithful members of the church? By communicants and those who strive to live according to her teaching? The point is not settled yet, even though the Council has assembled. But proposals have been made, with episcopal sanction, which give to every rate-payer, even though he may not in any sense be a member of the church, the right to vote for those who shall constitute this sacred assembly. Those who themselves have no right even to approach the altar are to have a part in the government of the church. This violation of the ancient constitution of the church is made by those who are the first to reject the claims made on behalf of the Roman See, on the ground that they have no sanction in primitive antiquity. The highest episcopal authority has thus deliberately ignored that appeal to Catholic consent and

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practice which was the justification alleged for the changes made in the sixteenth century.

In fact the bishops of the Anglican Church are making manifest the true character of the body of which they are the heads, a body which, being a human institution, must, if it is to live, derive its support from the time-spirit, or at least must not actively thwart it. It is not for the Church of God thus to strive to catch the spirit of the age. It must, indeed, learn what that spirit is; not imbibe and absorb it, be changed and modified by it; its office is to correct and, if need be, to conquer it. This is the attitude consistently taken by the See of Rome and by all in communion with that See, which will win for her all who have realized the supernatural character of the church, and who are unwilling to be dominated by the prince of the power of this world. The real position of the Church of England—a position of complete subservience to the state—has been made still clearer by the appointment, under the authority of the crown, of a commission to inquire into ecclesiastical disorders. The scope of this commission is confined to breaches of ritual and does not embrace questions of doctrine. This omission, however, must not be taken to mean that King and Parliament do not claim the right to investigate and to decide upon even matters of faith. The limitation is due, not to any want of power, but to the fact that the divergencies of teaching in the Established Church are so great that any attempt to investigate them, still less to settle them, would be perfectly hopeless. This was openly stated by Mr. Balfour in the House; it would be, he said, a most deplorable error for the House to start a commission to examine the niceties of doctrines preached in all the pulpits of the Church of England; it would open overwhelming floodgates of controversy of every kind; it was something not to be seriously thought of that an examination should be made into the errors of doctrine which may have been committed. It would make it possible for an endless series of actions to be brought against High Churchmen, Low Churchmen, Protestants, Broad Churchmen, men of the so many various divisions found in the Episcopal Church. He would be no party to such a proceeding, as it would only increase differences already too prominent; this disclosure of divisions would prove the greatest obstacle to the progress of

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religion. The divisions therefore within the Anglican Church are to be taken as irremediable, to be hidden from view if possible; but as to their removal, it is beyond the limit of any existent power. All that the authorities hope for is to secure a somewhat less glaring manifestation of those divisions. This attempt may involve a somewhat more speedy disestablishment of the church. To this Viscount Halifax seems reconciled. Has Lord Halifax good reason to hope that the Church of England when disestablished will prove a more reliable guardian of truth? Have not the churches in communion with the Anglican departed even farther from the lines of Catholic faith and practice? Have not the Irish Church, the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, and we believe most of the Colonial churches, proved faithless by having already decreed that which is only being proposed in England—the disuse of the Athanasian Creed? And does not the spirit of the age manifest itself and dominate in these non-established Episcopal churches to a greater degree even than in the Mother Church, bound as she is by more manifest historical ties to the past?

Another charge brought against the bishops by the president of the Union, formed, it would seem, in their default, to defend the doctrine of the church, is that they have not openly given their approbation to the setting at naught by clergymen of the law of the church as laid down by the Privy Council. Lord Halifax is not satisfied with being let alone on account of these violations. He admits that the majority of the bishops have had no wish to force the rulings of the Privy Council on the church; but he finds grave ground for complaint that they have never had the courage openly and unmistakably to say before the whole world that they did not recognize the law as laid down by the Privy Council. Is not this lawlessness run riot? Not being satisfied with being allowed to violate laws as interpreted by the highest tribunal, a claim is made upon the highest spiritual authorities to sanction—shall we say sanctify?—this violation. We are afraid Lord Halifax is far from realizing a principle so essential for every true Catholic—that of submission to authority. He declares the firm resolution to persevere to the end in the work which is to lead to the eventual reunion of all those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth in one visible

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fold, under one Shepherd—that one fold where both the right of the Primate of Christendom is fully acknowledged on the one side, and the right of the Catholic episcopate is no less fully acknowledged on the other. This is a holy desire; the fear we have that it is not destined in the near future to be accomplished springs from what seems to be the inwrought insubordination of so many who, however many may be the number of the Catholic doctrines and practices which they have recognized, fail to see that submission to authority is the first of Catholic principles, the root and spring of all the rest.

THE UNANSWERED PRAYER.

BY L. F. MURPHY.

THROUGH long, long years a prayer arose each day
To Him who answereth each pure request;
But no bright message came. "He knoweth best!"
The heart cried out,—but hopeful lips would pray,
And murmur at the strange and long delay.
Without *that* gift, life never could be blest!
Dreaming of it, the heart was happiest!
Still, out of heaven came no answering ray.

The years fled on,—a heart at last forgot
A pleading pray'r that heaven answered not.
Diviner gifts came streaming from above
In tender token of the Father's love.
One day a soul, remembering, looked to heaven,
And thanked its God for what He had *not* given!

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A DEAD VILLAGE.

LES SAINTES MARIES DE LA MER.

BY SOPHIA BEALE.

IT is said by the Cynics that the pleasure we feel at the realization of our dreams never equals the joy of anticipation, and that the making of plans is the best part of travelling. All is vanity and vexation of spirit to the pessimist traveller as to the pessimist home-dweller; and probably the degree of satisfaction felt by the dreamer when his dreams are realized varies according to his temperament. But, however this may be, it is to most of us a delightful sensation to feel that our desires have become accomplished facts; or rather, that the dream is rapidly being metamorphosed into absolute reality.

One of my many dreams was to visit the south of France; to revel in the legends and associations of old Provence. Forgetting the evil side of ancient Rome, no one can help being impressed by the marvellous grandeur of its amphitheatres, its temples, and its aqueducts; they are all amazing even unto this day. As one sits on the grass under the southern sun gazing at the Pont du Gard, one feels overwhelmed by its stupendous magnificence. It is isolated, with surroundings of woodland, standing away from any habitation but a small wayside restaurant, which adds to its grandeur, being as isolated a monument as the Sphinx itself—possibly more so, considering the facilities afforded by Egypt to the modern tripper.

But there are other associations than those of Rome, though Nîmes alone, with its exquisite little temple of the Nymphs, its stately Maison Carrée, and the beautiful gardens surrounding the Roman Baths, rising terrace above terrace, up the hill, clothed with southern vegetation,—Nîmes alone suffices for a journey to Provence. And yet, for one person who stops at any of the numberless interesting places, or even travels through them by day, hundreds whirl past them in the darkness, thereby losing all the beauties of the Rhone Valley, the old towns, the Cran, and the salt lagoons.

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And Provence has still more attractions than its Roman remains. The Romanesque churches at Arles and at St. Gilles; Avignon, Romanesque and Mediæval; Aigues-mortes, surrounded by salt lagoons, with its memories of St. Louis and the Crusaders; there you seem to be in the presence of ghosts—ghosts of men, and ghostly enthusiasms. The town is hemmed in by ancient walls and towers, somewhat over-restored; but when you issue from one of its many turreted gates and come upon lagoons and salt-covered grass, stretching out for miles into mysterious space, you feel that you are in an old-world wilderness. The idea that the town was formerly a seaport is, according to modern students, pure fiction. M. Lenthéric, in his *Villes Mortes du Golfe de Lyon*, proves from ancient documents that the sea in this part of Provence has not encroached upon the land for many centuries. Nor is there the slightest evidence that the galleys of St. Louis were attached to rings in the walls of Aigues-mortes. "Rien n'est moins vrai," says M. Lenthéric; "la mer était alors comme aujourd'hui à cinq kilomètres de la ville." Moreover the ramparts did not exist in the time of the Crusades, having been built by St. Louis' son, Philippe le Hardi, and it was by the Canal de Viel that the Crusaders gained the sea.

Delightful as the memories attached to the old towns certainly are, there is yet another place situated upon the Camargue which appeals still more to our imaginations and our enthusiasms; for which of us who delights in the miraculous has not longed to stand upon the ground in Provence where, says the legend, the Holy Marys landed, when they were expatriated from Palestine by the Jews. "Legende!" quoth Mademoiselle the fair Arlésienne, as she gave me my change,—"legende! Vous voulez dire l'histoire." And after all, where are we to erect the barrier between history and legend, and where draw the line between fact and fiction? There is no direct evidence that the Jews evicted the three Marys, St. Lazarus, St. Martha, St. Maximin, and St. Joseph of Arimathea, after the ascension of our Blessed Lord. But, on the other hand, legend accounts for their arrival in France by giving the details of their dispersal. St. Mary Salome and St. Mary the wife of Cleophas stayed upon the spot in the Camargue—Insula Cameria—where they landed; St. Lazarus went to Marseilles, became its first bishop; St. Martha jour-

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neyed to Tarascon, giving the name to the town by reason of her defeat of the evil beast—the *Tarasque;* St. Mary Magdalen departed to St. Baume, St. Maximin to Aix, and St. Joseph of Arimathea to Glastonbury. Sara, their Egyptian servant, accompanied them, wishful of sharing their dangers and banishment, dangers the greater as the boat was cast adrift without mast or sails, without anchor or rudder, and without food. This is recorded in an ancient Latin prose in a book of offices formerly used in the church of Les Saintes, as also in the popular verses:

"Allez sans voile et sans cordage;
Sans mât, sans ancre et sans timon,
Sans aliments, sans aviron,
Allez faire un triste naufrage.
Retirez-vous d'ici, laissez-nous en repos,
Allez périr parmi les flots."

But the saints improvised some sails by holding up their mantles; and a modern painter, M. Henri Gaudemaris, in a beautiful version of the voyage, gives as steersman a large-winged angel propelling the boat with a paddle-shaped oar.

Naturally the scoffer has had his say, and has endeavored to throw light upon our spiritual ignorance by asserting that in apostolic times the site of the little town was under water; but M. Lenthéric has come to the rescue and proved by various arguments that the littoral of the Camargue has remained the same for centuries.

As early as A. D. 513 St. Césaire, Archbishop of Arles, founded a religious house for women at the Saintes Maries, but in the eighth century the land was laid waste by the Saracens, and all that remained of the convent was the little oratory erected during the lifetime of the holy women. Happily some pious souls, who survived the reign of pillage and bloodshed, buried the relics of the saints in a safe place, where they were subsequently discovered by Guillaume I., son of Boson, Count of Provence. The discovery was in this wise: During a hunting excursion in the Camargue the count met a hermit, who told him that in a dream he had seen the tomb of the saints by the side of a spring. Excavations were made, and there lay the relics—a discovery which so impressed the

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count that he built a church on the spot, covering the ancient oratory. In 1280 this was partly destroyed by fire during the siege under the princes of Anjou, but the present fortress church was erected, after the war, upon the charred foundations. Houses soon surrounded the church; hence the Villa de la Mer—the town of the Saintes Maries de la Mer. In 1448 King Réné obtained a dispensation to open the ground under the oratory, when not only were the relics rediscovered, but a leaden casket was found containing the head of St. James Minor, Bishop of Jerusalem, brought by St. Mary Jacobus, his mother. The authenticity of these relics was attested by the archbishop, the legate, twelve bishops, the chancellor of the University of Avignon, and divers other dignitaries of the church.

A pilgrimage to the Saintes may now be made by train, slowly but not unpleasantly, as the pace gives us the opportunity of studying the country, and the manners and customs (some of them) of the natives. For instance, the district school is at the Saintes Maries, and so we take up in the morning and set down in the afternoon divers small boys and girls; not necessarily at stations, of which there are few, but at cross roads, where, on the return journey, we find mothers awaiting their children, for the Camargue is a desolate and dangerous place for young children to walk alone, the farms being scattered over a large area. Post girls, carrying little iron boxes with handles, also await our advent. These are handed up, and another is given in exchange. The cars are good, and the regulations better; but in spite of the public being invited to help the officials in carrying out the regulations, they seem to be a dead letter. "Il est defendu" to get out of the train except at stations, and otherwise than by the door of the carriage; "to smoke inside or outside"—the people do both; but the carriages are nevertheless excessively clean.

In an ordinary spring one ought to see the mirage rising from the salt-covered soil and the marshes; also the ibis, the pelicans, and flamingos should be visible, as in Africa, to which country the Camargue is sometimes likened. But in the year of grace 1902 May was everything that month ought not to be. The sun, it is true, battled with the mistral; but the victory was with the wind.

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The Camargue is a delightful swamp. Just outside Arles a good deal of the land is cultivated. Here and there little fields of corn and tiny vineyards struggle for life with the poorness of the soil. Stagnant pools and tamarisk loaded with beautiful purple flowers; roads covered with shallow water, dikes, vines under water, roses, acacias, poplars, weeping willows, planes, fruit trees, hedges of bamboo to break the force of the mistral, and fields of blue green artichokes surround us on every side. After a time this gives place to uncultivated swamps with long lines of tall, lean, lanky pollard elms, and here and there a farm or a *bastide* (hut) bamboo thatched, as primitive as those of our pre-historic forefathers. May not the saints have taken refuge in one of these cottages, surrounded then, as now, by reeds and rushes? Here and there one sees an umbrella pine, small and puny, as if it had lost its way, and was dying in the cold blast ere it had arrived at maturity. How can the inhabitants live in this waste of water? But how beautiful it is as the sun's rays skim the stagnant pools—beautiful but ineffably sad. At Icard only two living creatures were to be seen—the girl with the letter-box and a black poodle. So we dawdled on until we arrived at Les Saintes, a poor little, sad town of rambling, unpaved streets, a huge crucifix raised upon several steps, and the curious fortress church with its two eccentric towers. Round the roof of the old building, behind the battlements, is a paved pathway, where in times gone by the lookout man solemnly paced to and fro. Now the swallows and the mosquitoes share the solitude between them, "dancing in the sunlight," as the Provençal poet says: "When the mosquitoes dance, elles font avec leurs ailes la musiquette de leur bal, et dans toute la plaine, par les jours tranquilles, sur les fils d'or de la lumière, c'est un bourdonnement de 'guitare." This kind of dancing, like that of superior persons, is more entertaining to the performers than edifying to the onlookers.

On the outside of the church is a sculptured marble slab, representing two lions; one has a cub between its paws, the other a young child. They are attributed to Greek workmanship, and by some persons are thought to have formed part of the temple of Diana of Ephesus, which the Marseillais erected upon the littoral of the Camargue.

The interior of the church is encumbered with seats, images, and trumpery decorations, but the apse is an interesting ex-

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ample of Romanesque architecture, and one or two of the acanthus capitals are antique. In the centre of the nave is the miraculous well; and on the north wall, under glass, the curious boat with the two saints standing erect.

The old sacristan, who was sweeping the church when I entered, promised to show me over it in the afternoon; "just now M. le Curé was having his dejeuner." Earlier in the morning I had seen M. l'Abbé instructing half a dozen boys and girls in the mysteries of the Creed. At 3:30 I duly returned, but no sacristan was visible. At last, after waiting a quarter of an hour, he peeped in to see "if I were really genuine in my desire," and again he disappeared, this time to find the curé and accompany him to the meeting place. The old priest was tall, with a fine profile and a soft voice; but he looked dismally poor and unkempt; a man of few words and a sad countenance, without a grain of that old-fashioned fine-gentleman courtesy of the Parisian priesthood. But he was no peasant; he seemed to be simply weak, weary, and worn out. He told me he had only been at the Saintes Maries eight days. Was he thinking of the evil times which had fallen upon this place of pilgrimage?

We mounted the narrow stairway by the light of a dripping candle—more by feeling than by sight; and duly arrived in the *chapelle haute* without damage other than a coat of dust. The chapel is an eighteenth century, blue-and-gold panelled chamber, the walls a mass of *ex-voto* slabs and pictures, but oddly, considering that most of the inhabitants are fishermen, very few ships. M. le Curé opened the door of the closet where the large *chasse* reposes. This is only a commonplace, coffin-shaped, painted wooden reliquary, with a representation of the heavily laden boat, copied from the older *chasse* in the lower church. At the *fête* it is pushed out upon a sliding platform, and by ropes and pulleys lowered into the church (where it rests upon a table), amidst the cries of the multitude: "*Vivent les Saintes Maries; Voilà les Saintes.*" So enormous is the crowd of people who pour into the village that many are obliged to sleep in the church or the streets the night before the festival.

At 10 A. M. Mass is said; at 4 P. M. Vespers are sung; and then, during the chanting of the Magnificat, the great solemnity takes place. The descending *chasse*, covered by a

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mass of flowers, and illuminated by hundreds of tapers, is held by the excited crowd. Incense rises amidst the cries of "*Miracle! Miracle!*" as some hapless cripple approaches the relics, and struggles or is pulled through the surging crowd; for healing is given to him who first touches the *chasse*.

But in the crypt below a most curious scene is witnessed. The gypsies, popularly called "Pagans," pay their devotions to St. Sara, the saints' serving-maid, who came out of Egypt. Some writers have confused St. Sara with St. Mary of Egypt, but without any evidence. The gypsies have played their part for centuries, making their semi-pagan rites at the Saintes Maries an excuse for thieving, fortune-telling, and general vagabondage. They flock from all parts of Europe, and are a curse to the genuine pilgrims, if not an absolute danger as propagators of dirt and disease.

The next morning all the world goes down to the shore—priests and people bearing banners from all parts of Provence. The boat reliquary is taken from its bracket in the church, and carried by barefooted fisher-folk, popular tradition affirming that as it approaches the sea the waters retire, symbolizing the happy transit of the saints in the ship "without sails and without mast."

It is doubtless a moving and picturesque scene; but the charm of the Saintes Maries is its desolation, its endless waste of land, and sky, and sea stretching out into infinite space, and its dunes with here and there a tuft of grass or rushes trying to withstand the terrors alternatively of the fierce sun and the fiercer wind. Standing upon the sandy shore watching the barelegged fishermen as they drag their flat-bottomed boats through the surf under the shadow of the great cross, which is at once a protection and a sea-mark, one can almost imagine that the speck upon the horizon is that boat without sails and mast, floating out of the sunny mist; for undoubtedly it is the legend—"l'histoire," which is the great attraction of the place. Connected with the *fête* suffering, misery, and squalor are mixed with enthusiasm; but the desolate shore and the illimitable sea speak only of peace, even though the mistral be raging; for its icy blasts are, after all, the grand purifier of the fascinating but fever-stricken Camargue.

Parkstone, England.

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THE NEW SUPERIOR-GENERAL OF THE PAULISTS.

IT is no news to our readers, who must have read the accounts in the secular and religious newspapers, that the Paulist Fathers have a new Superior-General—the fourth in the history of the Institute—in the person of the Very Rev. George M. Searle, Ph.D., whose portrait forms the frontispiece of this number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD.

The election was an interesting and important event. It had been the tradition of the community to keep the "old guard," the actual founders, at the head of affairs as long as they lived. Father Hecker's mantle fell on the shoulders of Father Hewit; Father Deshon worthily bore it until his death, in turn; and with that death the last of the "founders" passed to his reward. In the election of Father Searle all must feel that the Paulists have made a wise and prudent choice—a choice of one eminently fitted, mentally, morally and spiritually, to be their leader and guide.

Though born in England (London, June 27, 1839), of an English mother, who was a relative of Captain Parry, the Arctic explorer, he is on his father's side of genuine Yankee stock; in direct male line from Robert Searle, who lived in Dorchester, Mass., in 1662; and through his paternal grandmother, on her father's side, a descendant of Thomas Dudley, first Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, and on her mother's, of the celebrated Mrs. Ann Hutchinson, a cousin of the poet John Dryden.

He was baptized in London, in the Church of England, and was brought to this country the following year by his parents, who died shortly afterwards, leaving the care of George and his brother Arthur, two years older—now professor at the Harvard Observatory—to their paternal uncle and aunt, with whom they lived in Brookline, Mass., until 1858. Both brothers were brought up Unitarians, as that was the religion of their foster parents.

At the early age of eighteen George Searle was graduated at Harvard College, a Phi Beta Kappa man, taking fifth place in the famous class of 1857, the man immediately preceding him being John Long, the former secretary of the navy.

The future Paulist superior early showed a remarkable interest in, and capacity for, mathematical studies, especially in the branch of astronomy. In the year of his graduation, at a

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special mathematical examination, he won a $200.00 prize for a paper on astronomy, which attracted the attention of astronomers generally, and especially of the distinguished Dr. B. A. Gould—the greatest practical astronomer of America, who afterwards did such monumental work at Cordoba, Argentine Republic. (Indeed, Dr. Gould was anxious that young Searle should be his companion and assistant in that work.)

He was engaged on the American Ephemeris and Nautical Almanac, as computer, till April, 1858; going then to the Dudley Observatory, Albany, N. Y., with Dr. Gould (where he discovered the asteroid Pandora), and being subsequently associated with the doctor in the work of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey until September, 1862.

Meanwhile his religious opinions were undergoing change. He returned to the church of his baptism, the Protestant Episcopal, in January, 1859, and after further study and reflection—an account of which may be found in the *Stories of Conversions*—he was received into the Catholic Church, in Brookline, by Rev. Father Finotti, August 15, 1862.

In September of that year he was appointed assistant Professor at the United States Naval Academy—at that time, on account of the Civil War, situated at Newport, R. I.—a position which he held for two years, having for his pupils many of the now famous captains and admirals of our navy.

In 1865, as the result no doubt of the first faint stirrings of a priestly vocation in his heart, he went to Europe and to Rome. It was the *real* Rome then, be it remembered—the Rome when the pope was "il Papa-Re"—when the benignant and gracious figure of Pius IX. was often seen in the streets of the Eternal City, and the Sardinian usurper's hand had not been laid upon the Quirinal. Who can tell what potency the sights and associations and prayers of that six months' stay at the fountain of Catholicity had in shaping the future career of the subject of this sketch? A chosen companion and *cicerone* and fellow lodger during his Roman stay was the well-remembered Father Armellini.

Returning to America in 1866, George Searle was assistant for two years at the Harvard College Observatory, a co-worker with S. P. Langley, now the distinguished head of the Smithsonian Institution. Professor Langley has not forgotten his old friend, and only a short time ago invited him to co-operate in the work of the Total Eclipse Expedition at Wadesboro, N. C., in 1900.

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In 1868 the question of vocation seemed to be definitely settled, and the future Superior entered the Paulist Community March 31 of that year, and was ordained priest March 25, 1871.

Father Searle has never lost his interest in mathematical research. He has written treatises and scientific papers too numerous to mention. He taught mathematics in the Paulist House of Studies. He was the first Director of the Observatory at the Catholic University at Washington, and is still honorary professor of the higher mathematics there.

But it may be asked: "Is a mathematician necessarily the best religious superior?" To this it may be answered—first, that a man who is pre-eminent in one way is pretty likely to be above the average in other ways; and second, that Dr. Searle, the astronomer, is wholly subordinate to Father Searle, the priest. He is *priest* first of all, and the science of the saints has been studied by him as well as the Table of Logarithms. He taught theology for years in the Paulist Seminary. He has won signal distinction as a religious, as well as a scientific writer. Take the instance of his well-known *Plain Facts for Fair Minds*. Of this notable contribution to Catholic apologetics no less than half a million copies have been printed and sold. Two other similar works are nearly ready for the press. In all the years of his priesthood no one of his brethren has been more assiduous in the discharge of the duties of his sacred office, or more regular and edifying in his observance of his rule. By the sick and poor of St. Paul's parish his name is venerated and beloved; to his fellow-Paulists his example has been uplifting and stimulating; to his penitents he has been a loving father and spiritual guide; to his superiors always a wise and careful and discreet counsellor.

He is a preacher of exceptional ability. His sermons are what might be expected from a keen and logical mind. There is no attempt at fine language, no verbal pyrotechnics, no assemblage of overworked adjectives. They are clear and crystalline and to the point; and they always *have* a point. They are as straightforward and direct as a proposition of Euclid, without being at all dull, *bien entendu;* for Father Searle fortunately possesses a very delightful and saving sense of humor.

Taken for all in all, the new Paulist Superior is a man "teres atque rotundus"; a man of ability, a man of judgment, a man of charity, a man of piety. The Community is fortunate in having him at its head. May he fill the honored place many years!

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The Latest Books.

AFRICA.
By Major Gibbons.

The explorer's story of new or little-known lands and peoples is always sure to gain the interest of the general reader. This is especially true of interior Africa, the land of which we have so little accurate information, "the land of contrasts and extremes; of unrestrained freedom and slavery in its crudest shape; where similar conditions brutalize one character but develop and purify another; whose climate often wrecks the strong, yet not infrequently invigorates the weakly constitution; where vitality and mortality wrestle so fiercely the one with the other that the most prolific increase is neutralized by virulent epidemics and far-reaching plagues."

Therefore the many who are familiar with the pages of Livingstone, of Speke, of Grant, of Stanley will welcome this new work* of Major Gibbons. The two volumes, beautifully printed and amply illustrated, with fine and accurate maps of the regions traversed, have more than the interest of the best fiction. The story is told in plain, straightforward English, just what one would look for in a soldier's narrative. It is free from details of a purely scientific nature, which, however necessary for the specialist and for the main purpose of the expedition, are monotonous and burdensome to the general reader. The scientific observations and data have, of course, been collected, and are in the possession of the geographical expert. Nor does the author unduly intrude his personality on the reader; there is just enough of the personal element in the narrative to give life to the picture of the countries traversed, the characteristics of the tribes encountered, and the general conditions which the future traveller may expect.

For this is a region which is soon to be easy of access through the railway. Besides the determination and accurate mapping of the principal source of the Zambesi, over two thousand miles from the sea, one of the chief purposes of this expedition was to furnish information of such a character as might

**Africa from South to North through Marotseland.* By Major A. St. H. Gibbons, F.R.G.S., R.C.S. With numerous Illustrations and Maps. In two volumes. New York and London: John Lane.

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be of assistance in selecting a route for the trans-continental railway which had long been the dream of the late Mr. Cecil Rhodes. The vast plateau of the Zambesi is shown to be a land of wonders. It is a "white man's land," offering, with Uganda, the best prospects for European settlement. Besides its undoubted mineral wealth, it is capable of growing on the most extensive scale the cereals, the vegetables, and the fruits usual in Europe. It is a land of the fairest scenery, "Nature at her best wherever the eye rests." But the glory of its scenic splendors is the marvellous Victoria Falls, which in its unique grandeur and massive proportions eclipses our world-famed Niagara.

Major Gibbons devotes one of his chapters to the missionary as a factor in the regeneration of the black races in Africa. He discusses the question with great fairness from the layman's stand-point, explicitly ignoring all reference to religious controversy; his interest is centred on the practical and moral improvement of the blacks. And from this point of view he gives the highest praise to the labors of the Catholic missionaries. He finds them everywhere the most practical men in the field. And he insists upon a principle that ought to be obvious, but is too often lost sight of in the choice of men for such missions. To do good work and to have its results lasting requires the best type of man. High character, a deep sense of responsibility, noble aspiration, a zeal daunted by no obstacles, impervious to discouragement, the highest self-denial, and conscientious labor—these are the qualities demanded of such missionaries: the man who has been a failure elsewhere is more than a stumbling-block to effective work among the blacks. Hence the author says that of all the systems within his experience "that employed by the Roman Catholics alone reaches the standard" he advocates.

PRAYERS AND MEDITATIONS. By A Kempis.

Among recent publications we find one that is especially welcome, a carefully prepared translation of A Kempis' *Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ.** Hitherto the only complete Eng-

* *Prayers and Meditations on the Life of Christ.* By Thomas Haemerken à Kempis. Translated from the text of the edition of Michael Joseph Pohl, Ph.D., by W. Duthoit, of Exeter College, Oxford. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder.

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lish version of this book has been that of "Thomas Carre," published in 1664, and of course practically inaccessible to present-day readers. Two other translations made by Protestant writers in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries carefully excluded all words that seemed to sanction Catholic beliefs or practices, and consequently fell far short of the fidelity desirable in such a work as this. The present version, so far as can be judged in the absence of the original text, is a successful attempt to provide readers with an opportunity of entering into the thoughts of the author just as he intended.

Although the book before us can hardly be said to enjoy an absolutely undisputed title to genuinity, and although the most favorable rating would necessarily rank this volume far below *The Imitation of Christ*, nevertheless the meditations here to be found are indisputably valuable by reason of the pure and fervent piety in which they abound and which will help many a soul to enter feelingly into the passion of Christ and dwell in His sacred wounds.

APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA. By Cardinal Newman.

A new, popular edition of the *Apologia** has been prepared by Father Neville, Cardinal Newman's literary executor, and placed upon the market by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co. at the remarkably cheap price of twenty-five cents, postage prepaid. It is in octavo, with sewed paper covers, and contains nearly two hundred double-columned pages of easily readable print. The preface is that of the 1865 edition, and there is added a hitherto unpublished letter of the Cardinal's to Canon Flanagan, giving a very interesting statement of the writer's attitude toward "the Roman Church," in the years immediately preceding his submission. Writing in 1857, Dr. Newman declares: "I never to this day have felt necessary to be dissatisfied with the drift or the substance of (Tract) No. 90." He mentions that in 1841, in a letter required of him by the Bishop of Oxford, he wrote violently against the Roman Church, because, much as he loved it, he felt bound to speak out, under this official compulsion, his mental conviction that Roman doctrine was false. His last two years of delay were

* *Apologia pro Vita Sua.* Being a History of his Religious Opinions. By John Henry Cardinal Newman. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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due to a sense that he should listen to his friends warning him, "Your new views may be a delusion, and if you act on them, without a fair trial of their enduring, you may find out they are so when it is too late."

WHERE SAINTS HAVE TROD.
By M. D. Petre.

It is seldom indeed that we meet with a book of such exceptional merit and power as that of M. D. Petre, entitled *Where Saints Have Trod.** It is a small volume in size, with a preface by Father Tyrrell, and treats of difficult yet all-important subjects, the nature of which is made clearer by the sub title, "Some Studies in Asceticism." In the treatment of these the author gives abundant evidence of an extended study of St. Thomas Aquinas and a wide reading of the classical ascetical writers. She has applied herself diligently and thoughtfully, employing always a comprehensive vision, to the truths of the spiritual life, and sought to express their enduring, fundamental and eternal content. It is needless to say that the foundation and real significance of these truths are often lost sight of by writers who, pushing special devotions to fanciful limits and exaggerating externals, give no proportionate thought or exposition to what is basic and permanent.

Miss Petre has called her book "Studies in Asceticism." Many may be led by this to judge it a book suited only for those who desire to lead a most perfect and a continuously mortified life. Not only these, but all who strive to love God, will find it most useful and most helpful, even to the extent that such as before were not fired with enthusiasm to lead the most perfect life will here be enlightened, at least, as to the beauty, the depth, the value of that life. The book will give an insight into matters that daily enter into our every-day spiritual existence, matters most common yet oftentimes either neglected or insufficiently explained or misrepresented in their treatment. And that insight will beget a truer sense of the beauty of ancient truths, a wider and deeper conception of the creature's responsibility and dignity before his God, and a firmer love of our divine Redeemer. Among the subjects

* *Where Saints Have Trod.* Some Studies in Asceticism. By M. D. Petre. With a preface by Rev. George Tyrrell, S.J. London: Catholic Truth Society.

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treated are Commandments and Counsels, The Buried Life, Devotion and Devotions, The Sacrament of Love, Death before Dishonor, Self-will and Freedom, Deus Meus et Omnia. These short essays are almost as valuable for what they suggest as for what they actually say, and in their writing, besides her theological learning, Miss Petre has evidenced a clear English style and a pleasant facility of illustration.

The new Year-book of the Catholic University of America has just been issued. It contains the changes in entrance requirements and courses called for by the action of the Board of Trustees in deciding to admit graduates of high-schools to the University. These modifications do not imply that the University is to lower its standards or abandon the field of advanced work in which it has hitherto been engaged. It is hoped, on the contrary, that a larger number of men, trained in their preliminary courses by the University teachers, will become candidates for the higher degrees and devote themselves to scientific research.

By placing its extensive resources and equipment within reach of candidates for the baccalaureate degrees, the University expects to retain within Catholic influences many of our young men who otherwise would enter non-Catholic institutions.

ST. COLETTE.
By A. Germain.

This book relates the life of St. Colette of Corbie,* a fifteenth century ascetic, as remarkable by her social influence as by her spirituality. She enjoyed in her day a European fame. By saving her memory from oblivion Alphonse Germain has done a work both useful and interesting. His book, which is copiously documented from the most reliable sources, forms a serious contribution to the history of France during the reigns of Charles VI. and Charles VII. Colette indeed enjoyed the esteem and respect of the most high-placed personages of her time, and had a most beneficial influence over them—especially over the wife and son of John the Fearless. The religious and patriotic movement which permitted Joan of Arc to accomplish her mission was developed and vivified by Colette's reform of

* *Sainte Colette de Corbie.* Par Alphonse Germain, lauréat de l'Académie française. Paris: Poussielgue, Maison St. Roch, Couvin, Belgique.

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the Franciscan order; and, by the counsel she gave princes, as well as by her intervention with the various political parties, she contributed much towards the pacification of France. M. Germain has drawn the sweet figure of Colette, and he has told her heroic, curious, and even extraordinary life with much felicity. For most readers this work will be a revelation. No one, interested in the history of France, will regret having read it. One may not, it is true, always share the author's beliefs, and one may even reject some of his ideas, or what he has to say about the supernatural facts attributed to the saint; yet, if one wishes to be impartial, one must admit that his book presents sufficient facts solidly established, and that, on the whole, he shows such an amount of genuine erudition that it may safely take place among the works to be consulted. Alphonse Germain, already well known by his numerous works on æsthetics—the latest of which is *Le Sentiment de l'Art*—has suddenly revealed himself as an earnest historian.

THE BURDEN OF THE TIME. By Rev. C. Clifford.

To readers familiar with Father Clifford's previous volume, *Introibo*, it will be unnecessary to say more than this, that the new book* is conceived and executed in the same general spirit as its predecessor. A new addition has thus been made to the slowly growing class of spiritual works written by English authors, in the English language, for English readers. Whatever question is raised by the new volume, all will readily recognize it as of a type that should be encouraged. The defects which may be found in it are defects of the kind that attach to writings of a high order; and when due allowance is made for each shortcoming of style or sentiment, or what not, the work must remain an acknowledged prize for the Catholic public.

Father Clifford has a keen and penetrating mind; his teaching is given out with force and decision; he uses language that reveals the well-trained and widely-educated man. Compared with what has hitherto been almost the only available sort of spiritual literature, his book must be called remarkable

* *The Burden of the Time:* Essays in Suggestion based upon certain of the Breviary Scriptures of the Liturgical Year. By the Rev. Cornelius Clifford. New York: The Cathedral Library Association.

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for originality. A palpable sympathy for the condition and the tastes of the reader to whom he addresses himself is usually manifested in his statements as in his tone. At the same time the uncompromising insistence on principles—without distinction into repugnant and pleasant—that marks the truly religious mind is in full evidence. Hence these pages are calculated to be extremely profitable without ceasing to be very attractive reading.

The character of the author's work may be best explained, perhaps, by saying that it is a collection of miniature spiritual essays (some two hundred of them) on topics suggested by the Scripture readings apportioned to the different seasons in the Roman Breviary. "It is for the 'modern' reader, most of all, that he has written for that breathless, forward-moving public of devout but over-busy men, whether in the cloister or out of it, who are spiritual enough to find conscience-room for an idea, but not leisured enough to labor it to a poor third of its issues." And his purpose has been admirably fulfilled. So that if you like to meet with the spiritual reflections of a cultured Catholic mind, well fitted to represent the church in her application of the eternal truths to the conditions of ordinary personal and social existence, why then you had better dip into the pages of *The Burden of the Time*.

LENT.
By Father Thurston.

Father Thurston's work on Lent and Holy Week* is an extremely valuable addition to historical liturgiology. Father Thurston is widely known as a thorough and painstaking student of liturgical and devotional development, and any such work from his pen is guaranteed beforehand as sound and scientific. This volume presents in a charming manner the rise and growth of the Lenten fast and Lenten ritual; and, whether from the point of view of history or of devotion, is in a high degree valuable. We know of no better way of appreciating the Church's Lenten and Passion-tide solemnities than by reading a book like this. For history is the best interpreter of public worship, just as worship is the holiest record of history.

* *Lent and Holy Week.* By Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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LIFE OF PIUS X.

Whether a life of Pius X. is premature or not, here it is.* It is padded, to be sure; so that only about the middle of the book do we begin to read about the subject of it. But the padding is good nevertheless. There is a long summary of the life of Leo XIII. which is interesting; and some historical information on Papal conclaves and elections which is valuable. Excellent illustrations are abundant, and altogether it is a volume worth possessing.

SERMONS.
By Rev. Arthur Ritchie.

The Reverend Arthur Ritchie, rector of the Ritualistic Church of St. Ignatius in New York, has published a volume of sermons † which does credit to his heart. They are simple, strong, and earnest, full of zeal for souls, and eloquent with exhortations to righteousness and sanctity. They profess also the utmost solicitude about genuine and old-fashioned Catholicity. Mr. Ritchie urges his people to go to confession oftener, to receive the Eucharist more worshipfully, to believe in Hell more firmly. He hints plainly his disapproval of Protestantizing the Anglican Church, insists upon the folly of private judgment which leads to countless sects, and appeals for submission to the sure authority of Catholic faith. Concerning the text, "Thou art Peter, etc.," there is one sermon which, we respectfully suggest to Mr. Ritchie, is by no means the most creditable in his book. We think that if he were to reflect with open mind upon both text and context of our Lord's special commissions and promises to St. Peter, then upon the history of the church in which, as Mr. Ritchie himself believes, God has not for a single century or generation ceased to dwell, and finally upon the true meaning of Infallibility, which his use of the term "autocratic" leads us to think he hardly apprehends aright, we are inclined to fancy that there would not appear in any future sermon of his so curt a dismissal of Papal claims; and so unphilosophical a procedure as the thinking that the Catholic doctrine of the Primacy, which is in itself so momentous, and in its historical associations so vast, could possibly rest upon so slender a

* *Life of Pope Pius X.* With a Preface by Cardinal Gibbons. New York: Benziger Brothers.

† *Sermons from St. Ignatius' Pulpit.* By Rev. Arthur Ritchie. Milwaukee: The Young Churchman Company.

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foundation as "the dust of theological controversy." Our hope is that our author's deeply religious spirit will find for itself the true and authoritative Christianity, the un-Protestantized and genuine Catholicity which in these discourses he urges his hearers to profess.

VIA DOLOROSA.
By a North-Country Curate.

The "North-Country Curate" who wrote *Via Dolorosa** has given us a fairly good story. It tells of two vocations lost at St. Sulpice, one of a Frenchman through rationalism, the other of a fascinating young Irishman through falling in love. The rationalist is converted at last, and appears at the end of the book as—well, to tell what appears at the end of a book is hardly fair either to author or reader. The author has in him possibilities of good story telling. But he must study, and re-study, and still continue to study the construction of plots, the nature of dialogue, the description of incident, and everything else that goes toward the fiction-maker's most exacting profession. About all these matters our author has a great deal either to learn entirely or to become skilful in handling. Then as to conveying moral lessons or dogmatic instruction in a novel, this is a thing that must be done by way of suggestion to be tolerable. Whole paragraphs and pages of one or other kind of preaching strike one ill if one has bought a book to enjoy as a story. With great care and constant labor the author of *Via Dolorosa* should produce thoroughly good work. His first venture promises well.

HE THAT EATETH BREAD WITH ME.
By H. A. M. Keays.

He That Eateth Bread With Me† is a curious sort of book concerning which the most that can be said is that it will be admired by many for its cleverness and by a few for its ethical inspiration. The least that can be said of it is that those who view it from the stand-point of traditional morality and prevalent conventions will regard it with censorious eyes. That the author has a keen eye and a ready pen not even her unkindest critic can deny. Whether or not the book will bear a helpful message to the individual reader, must

* *Via Dolorosa.* By a North-Country Curate. St. Louis: B. Herder.

† *He That Eateth Bread With Me.* By H. A. Mitchell Keays. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

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depend mainly on this issue: Will said reader be more shocked or edified by the contemplation of a model character who, after desperate struggles with natural inclination, accepts as a terrible duty the task of renouncing her husband to the woman whom she feels he should try to save? If unselfishness is to reign as the supreme, truest test of nobility and the strongest force to lift humanity, then what shall be done in cases where renunciation runs counter to Christian ideas of right and law? It's a sort of Enoch Arden affair, you see; but we do think that a pagan, or one who believed in the divorce remedy, might get some good, health-bestowing shocks out of this book.

DANTE'S INFERNO.
By A. T. Ennis.

As an instructive introduction to readers of the *Inferno* of Dante we recommend Mr. Ennis' study,* which has just been published. The author's purpose is not to give any original or exhaustive study of the first part of the *Divine Comedy*, nor to explain historical events and personages and every mythological reference. The object of his work is to act as a guide to the reader on the great highway of the poem, and to show him the principal, the absorbing, the one great theme of its author. The value of such an exposition may be easily known when one considers the endless discussions concerning Dante's work, the interpretations to which his lines have been forced, and the manner in which secondary, political purposes of his work have been made to appear its chief end and object. "To mistake some minor phases for the dominant note of the symphonic poem betrays a lamentable ignorance of the structure of the immortal composition," is well said in the preface. Mr. Ennis has grasped the spiritual and supernatural aim of Dante's work. He has realized the supreme message which the Florentine gave to man: the eternal despair of sin, never to be taken away yet ever to be expressed in the pains of hell, the comforting hope of purgatorial suffering, the triumphant and complete union in heaven—all portrayed with the view to teach men the bitterness of sin and the glory of virtue. The perception of this main purpose has fitted Mr. Ennis to be a suitable guide, and as a guide he speaks well and clearly. The

* *Introduction to Dante's Inferno.* By Adolphus T. Ennis. Boston: Richard G. Badger, The Gorham Press.

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author promises similar introductions to the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*, and the reader of the present one will look forward with eagerness for the other two.

RELIGIOUS PEDAGOGY. By Burton and Mathews.

Few sciences have progressed more within the last few years than that of teaching. Pedagogy has become a definite science grounded on the principles of psychology. The results of this welcomed progress is perhaps nowhere more marked than in our Sunday-schools. The dry, irksome system of catechetical instruction has been, in part at least, superseded by methods calculated to arouse the interest of the child and fill him with a love of his faith as well as store with definitions and formulas his memory. Happily "the sacredness which belongs to the ancient doctrines is no longer regarded as attaching also to the ancient but antiquated methods of teaching them."

It is also encouraging to find that, for the most part, our Sunday-school teachers are persons filled with true zeal for their work and genuine sympathy for the little children committed to their charge—persons who, though receiving little or no aid from those whose duty it is to instruct and encourage them, are nevertheless, in many ways at least, earnestly striving to prepare themselves for the work. To such persons we are glad to recommend in the way of practical assistance Professors Burton and Mathews' treatise* on the Sunday-school. This work deals with the most perplexing problems met with in any class-room, such as Incentives to Study, Attention, Methods of Conducting Recitations, and contains discussions of these questions every line of which is both suggestive and illuminating.

STORY OF ISRAEL. By Evelyn L. Thomas.

Here is a little book† intended to answer a need keenly felt by all teachers of Bible history. The successful teaching of any branch of history requires that the facts to be learned should be repeatedly gone over by the child until they are firmly fixed

* *Principles and Ideals for the Sunday-school.* An Essay in Religious Pedagogy. By Ernest De Witt Burton and Shailer Mathews, Professors in the University of Chicago.

† *The Early Story of Israel.* By Evelyn L. Thomas. New York, London, and Bombay: Longmans, Green & Co.

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in his memory. To omit repetitions means failure. But repetitions are proverbially dull, and if not skilfully conducted may have the disastrous effect of creating in the pupil a distaste for study. To devise means of making these indispensable repetitions at once profitable and attractive has severely taxed the ingenuity of our most competent instructors. One of the most practical helps that has as yet been discovered is the use of collateral readers in which the facts of the text are clothed in other and, if possible, more attractive language. It is with the view of producing a book that would thus supplement the ordinary Bible history that Mrs. Thomas has given us this admirable sketch of Israel's early history. It contains, as the author explains, not a detailed account of the period but rather a brief, lively description of the principal events and characters, with the view to arouse the child's interest and impel him to more diligent study. Charming language, together with the judicious use of pictures, anecdotes, and illustrations, combine to make the volume a most attractive supplementary reader.

A COURSE IN SPANISH. By Monsanto and Languellier.

Largely based on the plan of Woodbury's *Practical Course in German*, the Monsanto–Languellier Spanish Grammar* will prove to be a useful manual both for class-rooms and for private work. It covers the elementary ground carefully and systematically, contains a good tabulation of the irregular verbs, and in the present edition has been conformed to the latest rulings of the Academy in accentuation and spelling.

THE FAITH OF MEN. By Jack London.

The Faith of Men† is Jack London's most recent offering to readers of fiction. Eight short stories comprise the volume, a majority of them being reprinted from various periodicals. All of them deal with the prose and poetry incident to life in the mining camps of Alaska and the cold, mysterious North. In character the stories are widely different, ranging from the grotesquely hu-

* *A Practical Course in Spanish.* By H. M. Monsanto and Louis A. Languellier. Revised by Freeman M. Josselyn, Jr. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Company.

† *The Faith of Men.* By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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morous to the depressingly tragic. They are smart, well-told tales, with well-conceived plots and graphic characterizations. "The Faith of Men," from which the book takes its name, and "The One Thousand Dozen," are tragedies too probable to be shaken off, while "A Relic of the Pliocene" is a monstrous yarn concerning the killing of the last mammoth.

The element of cruelty enters largely into some of Mr. London's serious tales. This may be characteristic of the writer or the country of which he writes. At all events, when he starts out to write a tragedy he does it with a keen relish and relentlessly.

THE PINE GROVE HOUSE.
By Ruth Hall.

This book* is disappointing. There is incompleteness in its plot, and a want of high finish in its tone. The characters are not strong, and its hero and heroine unreal. The little Maud Talbot is as striking a figure as the "leading lady," Helen Loring, while the descriptions of Harold Smith's illiterate mother, who is a washerwoman made rich, and the fallen woman, Sara Joralemon, who is so strikingly beautiful, seem to jar on the best parts of the narrative. There is, in our opinion, little benefit to be derived from the perusal of *Pine Grove House*, and the reader will lay the book down dissatisfied. Descriptions of cheap boarding-houses and "decayed aristocracy" are not elevating, nor calculated to incite cheerful or beautiful thoughts in a world where so much shadow is mingled with the sunshine. A fluent writer like Ruth Hall can give literature something better than *Pine Grove House*.

IRISH LIFE IN IRISH FICTION.
By Horatio Sheafe Kraus.

"This book† aims to give a sketch of the vista of Irish life opened by the novelists, and to consider their novels carefully where they seem representative of national life and character. The value of the fiction of the period before the great famine is, on the whole, historical, not artistic; and there may be seen just how the racial antipathies, the religious antagonisms, the sleepless consciousness of past wrongs, found

* *The Pine Grove House.* By Ruth Hall. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
† *Irish Life in Irish Fiction.* By Horatio Sheafe Kraus. New York: Macmillan Company.

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expression." These words are taken from the preface, but the closing chapter remarks that since this work was written a new school has arisen having a higher standard of art and style in general. New forces are astir in the realm of literature, both in prose and verse. The book is interesting as a study in comparative literature.

WHEN WILDERNESS WAS KING.
By R. Parrish.

The evolution of the dime novel of a few decades ago and its appearance among us as the modern historical romance would be a fruitful subject for the literary chronicler. Indians, soldiers, burnings at the stake, bloody attacks and thrilling escapes, are the paraphernalia of the up-to date cloth-bound version, just as they were of its maligned predecessor. None of the essentials of a good historical romance are lacking in Randall Parrish's *When Wilderness was King.** Fort Dearborn is the scene of this tale, and the plot is worked out by the English settlers on one side against their Indian adversaries on the other. The story is told in the first person, and that is a comfort, for no matter how dire his distress, we have the assurance that the hero has lived to tell the tale. The book is published in attractive form and its illustrations are an interesting feature. As for its literary value, the story ranks in plot, character development, and style with the best of its class, and it should find many appreciative readers.

SONGS BY THE WAYSIDE.
By William J. Fischer.

There is the ring of "the true poetic talent" in these verses† by Dr. Fischer, and with this is the ever turning to God, the Author of beauty, of all things lovable and winning. The spirit of faith and hope and love gleams through the pages like a thread of gold, and we are the purer and better because we have read them. We admire particularly "In the Cathedral," "Faces in the Street," "A Song of the End." No sweeter gift could be offered to a friend.

* *When Wilderness was King.* By Randall Parrish. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
† *Songs by the Wayside.* By William J. Fischer. Boston, Mass.: The Gorham Press.

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Library Table.

The Tablet (11 June): An editorial discusses the question of Catholic Secondary or Higher Education and calls attention to the urgent necessity for the foundation of Catholic secondary schools, none, or almost none, of which at present exist. The immense disadvantages under which Catholic children labor because of the lack of such schools; the grave dangers confronting Catholic youth attending Protestant schools and colleges; the serious inefficiency, if not total ruin, of the present Catholic elementary school system unless quickly reinforced by a system of well-equipped schools and colleges for Catholic secondary and higher education—all these call for vigorous effort and co-operation on the part of English Catholics, if they wish to reap the fruits of the victory already gained for Catholic education, and at the same time secure for their children some share in the many educational advantages offered by the government.——An article on "Russia in Central Asia" points out the retrograde and unprogressive policy of the Russian government as evident in its recent dealings with Buriats, Tibetans, and other tribes of Eastern Asia. In its efforts for the "russification" of the various portions of the empire the imperial government has sought by merciless means to crush out every vestige of independence, religious or political; a policy long since abandoned by civilized nations, and one which, especially in view of the present crisis of affairs in the Far East, is fraught with the gravest dangers for the unity and peace of Czardom.

(June 18): One of the results of the Russo-Japanese war is the new development of activity among the Balkan States; the rulers of which have formed an alliance, and assumed an aggressive attitude towards Austria. Under the heading "Austria and the Balkan States" the writer reviews the situation there and speculates at length upon the possible outcome of the movement.—— The Roman Correspondent discusses the friendly atti-

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tude of His Holiness Pius X. towards the Italian government, and the spirit of conciliation at present pervading the Vatican.——A review of the political campaign of the Italian Socialists in preparation for the coming elections, the most prominent and important part of which consists in bitter charges, vile and savage attacks upon the church and clergy.——Announcement is made of the marriage of Lord Acton with Miss Dorothy Lyon on June 7, at the London Oratory.

(June 25): Reluctantly complains of rules enforced in some of the London hospitals. The grievance is that some regulations infringe on the religious freedom of the Catholic patients and nurses, and deny to the Catholic priest the privileges granted to other clergymen.——Rev. Herbert Lucas draws an analogy between the educational crisis of 1843 and the peril which now threatens the English Catholic schools. He points out the main features of the present situation and states that the remedy must be of a financial order.——From Rome comes news of the audience and cordial reception which the British sailors were given at the Vatican.—— The report is denied that there is in preparation a papal document which will abolish the *non expedit.*

(2 July): Commenting upon the approaching national conference of the Franciscan tertiaries at Leeds, the writer expresses the hope that the "tertiary movement is prepared to receive into itself the new enthusiasm for St. Francis which is at present so largely outside the order and the church, and give it a definite leading as a religious force."——The Rev. J. R. Madan contributes a third installment of his article on "St. Peter and St. Paul at Antioch," dealing in this number with the early days of the Antiochene Church.——The announcement is made in the Notes that the reorganization of the editorial staff of *The Correspondant* has been accomplished. M. Étienne Lamy has been made editor. ——The Roman Correspondent reports that the Biblical Commission is working quietly but effectively. Father David Fleming, one of the two secretaries of the commission, has declared that he is quite satisfied with the progress made. A considerable number of students duly

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qualified with the degree of Doctor in Sacred Theology have applied for examination for the degrees in Scripture to be awarded by the commission.

The Month (July): Decides that the Tractatus de Conceptione is to be ascribed neither to St. Anselm nor to the Abbot of Bury, but solely to Eadmer. Relates "the Legend of Abbot Elsi"; but comes to a "somewhat vague conclusion" as regards the author of this legend, which has some bearing on the obscure history of Our Lady's Conception feast.——Defends the French religious against the charges preferred by calumniators. Enumerates some of the accusations, examines in general the nature of the testimony adduced, notes the attitude of the anti-clerical party, and contrasts the morality of the clergy with that of the other professional classes in France.——Emphasizes the importance which attaches to the conversion of the Copts in Egypt. Shows that such event would be instrumental in checking the spread of Mohammedanism in northern Africa, in reuniting the Abyssinians with the church, and in facilitating the evangelization of the Soudan and the adjoining countries.

Hibbert Journal (July): Bishop Talbot, in a criticism of Sir Oliver Lodge's "Suggestions towards the Reinterpretation of Christian Doctrine," expresses, first, satisfaction that a man of scientific distinction should come upon theological ground; and next, gratitude for the spirit in which he deals with his subject. His acknowledgment of God as a Being whom it is possible to love, to serve, and to worship, and his assurance that science surmises what looks like "spiritual existence before all worlds, makes him recognized as a comrade. In criticism of 'the doctrine of the Atonement as traditionally and officially held, or supposed to be held, by the churches to-day,'" Sir Oliver "has credited theology with what is not really hers, and he has refused on insufficient ground what she rightly maintains. The foundation stone of the doctrine of the Atonement is not the imputation of vicarious sin, but that great terrible truth which, as Driver says, 'history no less than individual experience only too vividly teaches each one of us.'" A second error is the notion that the Atonement implies a

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capriciously angry God, whereas it implies what Lyttleton calls "the fixed and necessary hostility of the Divine nature to sin." But what Sir Oliver has missed he may well be led to recognize, later on, as a legitimate and necessary part of theological interpretation. ——Prof. Bradley attempts to sketch in the language of ordinary literature the theory of tragedy evolved by Hegel, the man who has been rivalled in this matter only by Aristotle.——T. Bailey Saunders describes the too little known Herder, whose great service was that of an enthusiastic pioneer exploring the entire field of knowledge and making luminous suggestions everywhere. ——Prof. Sorley contrasts the intellectualist form of idealism traditional since Plato with that which is gaining ground since Kant, and of which the fundamental proposition is the assertion not of the intelligible but of the spiritual nature of reality. A form of Realism is entering speculative thought at present, and so far adopting Idealism as to contend both for the independent existence of the objects of sense-perception and for a reality corresponding to scientific and ethical conception. ——In "Present Aspects of the Problem of Immortality," by S. H. Mellone, M.A., D.So., we are told that we desire an immortality which shall signify a personal life in the full sense of the word, not an existence of disembodied spirits. We desire immortality to adjust the deserts and merits of men so disproportionately accorded in time. ——The answers to questions asked by the Society for Psychical Research, viz., (1) "Do you desire a future life whatever the conditions might be?" (2) "Can you say what elements in life are felt by you to call for perpetuity?" seem to show that many desire annihilation, many do not care, and that the number of those desiring future life is usually overrated. The value of such questions is dubious.

Those who object to immortality because it is mere rest, endlessness, fail to grasp the vital and predominant element of the concept which is continuous growth. Immortality is not the whole of the religious view of the world, but only a subordinate part of it, a consequence of the more fundamental view that Goodness, Beauty,

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and Truth are supernal realities whose permanent worth does not depend on the continual existence of man. "Human ministers of justice fail; justice never." Death is but a stage of life. Personal growth for each continues.——Writing on the religious temperament of the English the rector of St. Ethelburga's, Rev. W. F. Cobb, uses the doctrine of the Virgin Birth as an illustration. Concerning it he says that fortunately the time is passed when, with Anselm, one might say on this head "non opus est disputare." The stress laid on that teaching is bound up with a low view of religion and a heretical view of the nature of matter. It is "cowardice, obstinate conservatism, or want of education in religion which attaches a religious value to the doctrine of the Virgin Birth: I say the doctrine, and not the fact. The fact no loyal churchman cares to contradict. Its religious value no Christian man is at liberty to appraise high." Materialism as now enshrined in the temples of English Christianity does appraise it highly; but a silent, little-noticed, almost subterraneous movement is, like the action of leaven, gradually affecting the whole lump.——Professor Knight tells how the use of the historical method in philosophy will eliminate intolerance towards what we now consider uncouth or outré.——Discussing the problem of evil St. George Stock insists that we must frankly acknowledge God's Kingdom to be not of this world; but that must not prevent us from striving that his kingdom may come.

Civiltà Cattolica (18 June): Continues the series of articles entitled "The True Christianity of the Gospel and the Christianity of Alfred Loisy." The author states that he has not been following the synthetic method (in which pre-established theses are confirmed with arguments), but the analytic (in which one proceeds without any presuppositions to the discovery of truth, part by part). Among the points treated is Loisy's position on the Resurrection, and the French critic is "very easily" confuted. Loisy calls the Resurrection undemonstrable. "But what more is needed for the demonstration of a fact than the testimony of many eye-witnesses who are neither deceiving nor deceived?—and who, moreover,

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have no interest in lying? What further evidence did Europeans ask from the comrades of Columbus on his return from America? And what more is required for any historical fact? Now, that Jesus Christ *was dead* is attested by all, both friends and enemies: the centurion, Pilate, the persons who embalmed and buried the body, the Sanhedrim, the soldiers, the pious women. That Jesus Christ *rose again* is attested by the pious women who went to anoint him, by Mary Magdalen, and the other two who spoke with the risen one (John xx. 14; Mark xvi. 1); by St. Peter (Luke xiv. 34); by the two disciples near Emmaus (Luke xxiv.); by the twelve Apostles gathered together in the absence of St. Thomas (John xx. 19); by the same, in the presence of St. Thomas (John xx. 26); by the disciples in Galilee (John xxi.); by St. Paul (I. Cor. xv. 8), and by five hundred persons gathered together (I. Cor. xv. 6)."——

An account is given of Denifle's *Luther and Lutheranism*, a work of which the first volume, containing nine hundred pages, has just appeared. The book is described as an exposé of Luther's morals, and of the true origin of his theological teachings. A great outcry against the work has been made by the German reviews, and it has met with severe criticism at the hands of Harnack, Seeberg of Berlin, and Hausleiter of Greifswald, as stupid, unscientific, uncharitable, indecorous, inaccurate. Denifle has made answer to his critics.

Revue de Lille (April): M. le Vte. de Meaux continues his article on the "Catholic Church in the United States." Two important factors, he thinks, in the future of the church in the United States are the Society of the Missions to non-Catholics and the Federation of Catholic Societies. In noting the opening of the Mission House at Washington, he recalls the work of Fr. Hecker and of the missionaries to non-Catholics, and their efforts in the West and South. He also dwells on the work of the Federation, quoting the words of President Roosevelt in congratulating it on its efforts for national unity and for the morality of the whole country. The conditions of the workman and the capitalist, and how far the Catholic Church can better these con-

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ditions, are discussed. Finally the writer explains the contradiction in the meaning in this country and in Europe of the "separation of Church and State." "In France it means the suppression of the Church by the State," and is founded on "affected indifference and real hostility. In America it signifies the independence of Church as opposed to the domination of the State." In concluding, the author contrasts the conditions in France with those in the United States.

La Revue Apologetique (May 16): An article on the Temporal Power is contributed by H. Nimal, C.SS.R. He traces out the growth of this power and shows the good that resulted from the union of Papal with civil power.——A. De Ridder continues his article on the "Catholic Renaissance in England." This number tells of Newman's entrance into the church, of the impression made in England by his action, and of the controversies that followed close upon it.

(June 16): In an article on the Spanish Inquisition M. l'Abbé Gaffre shows the historical unreliability of Llorente; then gives the true account of the Inquisition, of its members, of the rules regulating it, of the crimes it dealt with, of its method of trial, and of the punishments it inflicted.——This division of A. De Ridder's article on the "Catholic Renaissance in England" is devoted to the story of Manning's conversion; tells of the establishment of the episcopal hierarchy in England and of the progress of Catholicism in that country.

Studi Religiosi (May–June): Continuing a résumé of the various articles occasioned by the Loisy case, Editor Minocchi mentions first a paper in the *Siècle* signed by Albert Réville. It states that the same publications which several years ago caused Loisy's departure from the Catholic Institute of Paris gained for him a position at the Sorbonne, where his colleagues came to recognize in him a profound scholar and a loyal Catholic. The disposition to question Loisy's Catholicity is traceable, says Réville, to misunderstanding of his theory upon the church, for he believes in the Catholic Church in the strongest sense of the word believe. Under threat of excommunication Loisy wrote President Réville a

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letter announcing the discontinuance of his course at the Sorbonne; and the news that, having been forced to choose between heresy and retraction, he had elected to be silent.——Another paper mentioned is that of Paul Sabatier in the *Revue Chrétienne*, which declares that Loisy's book will have a profound influence in the French Church, which is everywhere beginning to feel the stirring of a new life and to which Loisy has given an intellectual programme. Other papers are those published in the *Church Quarterly Review* of April and in the *Correspondant* by Mgr. Mignot, as already noticed in these pages. Mention is likewise made of a correspondence that appeared in the London *Times*, and in which one writer declared that the following theses of Loisy are opposed to the *Providentissimus Deus*, and a second writer declared that they are not peculiar to Loisy, but are held by many members of the Biblical Commission instituted by Leo XIII.:

The Pentateuch in its present form cannot have been written by Moses.

The first chapters of Genesis do not contain the true and precise story of the origins of mankind.

The books of the Old Testament and their various parts have not all the same historical character.

All the historical books of Scripture, including the New Testament, were written with a greater freedom than is usual in modern histories; and a certain liberty of interpretation is a legitimate consequence of the liberty of their composition.

The history of the religious teaching of the Bible shows that this doctrine underwent a real development in all its elements, in the idea of God, in the idea of human destiny, and in the idea of the moral law.

The teachings of the Bible on natural science do not rise above the level of the common notions of antiquity, and such notions have left their imprint on the religious teachings of the Bible.

The church with its dogmas is derived from the Gospel of Christ, but is not formally contained in that Gospel.

Two other papers noticed are those of Lagrange and of Battifol in the *Bulletin* of Toulouse; and still another

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is that of Portalie, S.J., in the same periodical, and finally comes one from the *Revue du Clergé Française.* ——P. Fremont's criticism of Loisy is described as lacking scientific seriousness.——P. Emonet's article in the *Études* is fair and kindly, although concerning Galileo he writes "one unfortunate page."

Le Correspondant (10 June): Contains an article on the Russian-Japanese war. The two plans devised by the Japanese in their effort to conquer Russia are clearly shown; one of them Russia has upset; the other is, thus far, successful. The author adds a few reflections on the difficulties and advantages on either side, citing distance as the greatest obstacle to the Russians, while her enormous army seems well able to cope with the small army of Japan. Time has been the "precious ally" to the Japanese, who for the past ten years have been preparing for this war, and this, coupled with loyal and fearless soldiers, is likely to turn victory against the Russians. ——Félix Klein contributes another interesting addition to his sketches of "The Land of the Strenuous Life." In this number he writes of his trip to Baltimore, where he was entertained by Cardinal Gibbons; of his visit to Washington, where he had a lengthy conversation with President Roosevelt, whose character and ideas, tolerance in theory and in practice, fair attitude towards both Catholics and Protestants, he does not fail to notice.

(25 June): An article on "Bazaine and the End of the Mexican Expedition," by Émile Ollivier, deals with the final struggles of Maximilian's government to maintain itself on the American continent. Briefly a version is given of the causes leading up to the evacuation; the stupendous financial embarrassment, and consequent dearth of troops and supplies; the attitude of the United States; the final and unsuccessful effort of Maximilian to obtain greater resources at the court of Napoleon; and above all, the influence of Bazaine upon Mexican affairs. In the light of the latest documentary evidence that general's conduct now stands free from the charges of intrigue, ambition, or incompetence, and the failure of the expedition is seen to have been due solely to the difficulty, if not utter impossibility, of the whole project.——An

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article by M. G. Arren brings forward evidence to the effect that the trend of "lay teaching" in France at the present time is in a very marked degree Socialistic and revolutionary.

The Critical Review (May): Rev. James Iverach calls attention to some of the weak points in Herbert Spencer's system of philosophy. The most serious of these defects is, in his opinion, Mr. Spencer's failure to account for the origin and development of human intelligence consistently with the assumption that "all evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion." Mr. Iverach maintains that "we cannot think of mind in terms of matter and motion." "Feelings, volitions, thoughts are real, and have their own nature; they may have material movements as their accompaniment, but they themselves are not material. What we ought to have from Mr. Spencer is an attempt to trace the evolution of mind from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity, in which the possibility of cognition, feeling, and volition as it lay there at the outset, may be seen to evolve into the articulated equipment of mind as it is in the highest kind of mind we know. Instead of that we have an account of the evolution of the nervous system, with the assumption that the evolution of the mind is bound to follow."——Prof. V. Bartlet contributes a brief review of Bardenhewer's *Altkirchliche Literatur.* The reviewer is, with the exception of a few minor criticisms, most favorable in his estimation of the work, declaring it to be "indispensable to the full equipment of the theological library, not only of the church historian but also of the student of exegesis and of doctrine, . . . a great achievement and a real service to serious patristic study."

Theologisch-praktische Quartalschrift (July): In an article entitled "An Old Answer to the New Question: How can the people be induced to co-operate more zealously in the divine services of the church," summarizes the arguments against having the Mass read in the vernacular, instead of the Latin language, as a means to that end.——Other articles of interest in this number are "The Family and the School," by Dr. J. Rieder; and a review of Denifle's "Luther and Lutheranism," by Eleutherius.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

READING CIRCLE Day at the Champlain Summer-School is assigned for August 30, when the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy will discuss many points of inquiry regarding the growth and development of organized work for the diffusion of the best books among Catholics. For the past twelve years the friends of Catholic Reading Circles have been able to gather amid the congenial surroundings of Cliff Haven, and to meet the leaders of the movement from far and near. Though much has been done to awaken interest, and to discuss plans for self-improvement by systematic reading, there is constant need of further efforts to maintain a vigorous intellectual life. It is especially desirable to encourage beginners, who may be diffident owing to lack of guidance. For all such inquiries a number of Round Table Talks will be conducted, beginning August 29, under the direction of Warren E. Mosher, editor of the *Champlain Educator*—office No. 39 East Forty-second Street, New York City—which is especially devoted to Reading Circles. Among the topics to be considered are the following:

Value and necessity of organization in Reading Circle work. How to organize. The question of membership. Systematic course *vs.* desultory reading. Social features. Current topics. How to revive interest in the movement. Relation of the Reading Circle to the Summer-School. How to attract our young people and how to retain them in the Circle. Alumni Reading Circles. A common line of work. Central direction. Advantages and necessity. What the Circle can do for Catholic truth. University extension. Catholic publications. The introduction of sound literature in public libraries.

* * *

A recent writer has discovered that the Summer-School not only is an adjustment to the needs of the age, but it takes the pupil home to nature. It is largely out-of-doors work. It combines social sentiment with study, and unites all ages. It emphasizes the great fact that education never ends, and that other scarcely less important fact, that the book of all books to study is the original book of creation. Its thought passed over to farm life, and orchard schools were a consequence. Our regularly established institutions of learning inherit more or less from the past. The summer-schools come out of the present century; are fresh expressions of modern life and growth. There is freedom to think, as well as study, along novel lines. Hazings and gowns for boys are not considered essential to the study of comparative literature and biological research. In all directions economy rules. There are few large expenses, and none for social functions, athletic meets and degrees. In all ways the growth of summer-schools has been good for our people, and good in its reaction upon our schools. Summer and out-of-doors tend to vigor and wholesomeness, to clearness of thought and purity of life, more than the lamp and the study desk.

* * *

The late Dr. John A. Mooney was a strong advocate of the Summer-School in its early days, as well as a devoted friend of the Reading Circles.

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A READING CIRCLE AT CLIFF HAVEN.

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He held that the public library could bring together under one roof theologians, philosophers, poets, writers of fiction, essayists, economists, humorists, biographers, and others. In the social club a member is precluded from determining who shall be his associates, but in the library every man chooses his own company. There neither clique nor crowd control; there the most radically democratic student may share in the glorious independence of an autocrat.

His impressions of a visit to one of the New York libraries were thus recorded:

A bibliophile could easily fill a volume of moderate size with readable notes on the rare books or editions in the Astor Library. On the shelves there are incunabula quite as interesting as those in the cases in Middle Hall; manuscripts, rubricated and ornamented with miniatures, whose art is out of the common; Bibles printed before Luther manufactured his; Columbiana as old as Columbus; and *éditions de luxe* of literary and art works that are, and always will be, a delight to the trained eye.

I suggested that there were wants on the library shelves. A Catholic would note more than one, not only in Theology and Ecclesiastical History, or in plain History, but also in Science and in Literature. However, in time all these wants will be filled; or if not, it will be on account of the deficiency or the inexperience of Catholic students. The administration of the Astor Library invites those who fail to find important works in the catalogues to send the full title and a description to the superintendent. The books may not be on the shelves a month later, but they will be ordered in due time.

Probably there is not a single Catholic connected with the library. Under the circumstances it would be unfair to expect that the administration should have a close acquaintance with Catholic works. Indeed, how could they form an intelligent opinion of the intrinsic value of a Catholic work on theology, or even on history? The demand for a book can be their only guide. A recent experience in the library will serve as an illustration. Beside me stood a gentleman who asked a librarian for a book giving a Catholic statement of Catholic doctrine. I ventured to suggest that the *Faith of Our Fathers*, by Cardinal Gibbons, would probably serve the purpose of the applicant, who proved to be a Methodist minister. The book was not in the library, though a later volume by the cardinal was there. Expressing surprise that the famous volume was lacking, I was told that they had no demand for it. Demand will bring a supply.

This experience confirmed me in a view that I have long held. It seems to me that if Catholic writers, instead of lavishly distributing volumes to newspapers and magazines, were to present copies of their books to the prominent public libraries the writers would serve themselves and others more than they have done heretofore. Being catalogued in a library catalogue is not altogether the same as being catalogued in what a Catholic publisher still calls a catalogue; but, to the coming historian of Catholic literature in the United States, I dare say, the one catalogue will be at least as useful as the other.

Even socialistic students should join with their saner brethren in rejoicing that the first John Jacob Astor preferred being a millionaire landholder rather than a professional single-taxer. Thanks to his earned and unearned in-

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crements, New York students have facilities denied to others. Year by year, from the cash increment, an increment of books will accrue; and from this again, an increment of knowledge, of intellectual pleasure, of true politeness, and, unless the students fail in their duty,—of virtue.

* * *

Hon. M. E. Driscoll, of Syracuse, delivered a stirring and eloquent address in the House of Representatives a short time ago in support of a monument to Commodore John Barry. He said in part:

Barry was descended from that unfortunate people who have no Washington whose memory they may venerate as the father of their country, who have no day to celebrate as the anniversary of a great victory which gave them a place among the nations of the earth. Erin is depopulated, not because her sons and daughters have not loved her green banner and hillsides, but because the political conditions have compelled them to seek their fortunes under other skies and in other countries.

An oppressive and short-sighted government made it impossible for her self-respecting and ambitious young men to remain at home. In their desperation they looked across the sea toward the setting sun for deliverance. They thought and dreamed of the great Republic of the West, where all men were equal before the law, where education was not forbidden, where the avenues to success were not closed, and where merit was rewarded. The Irish youth longed for the time when he could buy or beg his passage across the Atlantic. He came to stay and became a citizen as soon as the law would allow. He believed in our institutions. He inherited that belief from his fighting ancestors. He inhaled it with his mountain air and imbibed it with his mother's milk. He loved our flag before he saw it, and was always true to that flag and the government it represents.

In the dark days of the Revolution there were no Tories of Irish birth or blood. There were no Royalists with Hibernian names. They hated oppression and the flag that represented it. They believed in the patriots' cause, and for it they endured the trials of heat and cold, thirst and hunger. On land and sea they fought for the new flag and the government of the people and by the people and for the people until the victory was won. In the second war with Great Britain they again rallied to the standard of their adopted country, with Old Hickory at their head, and in the Civil War, when the integrity of the Union was in danger, they contributed their full quota to the Federal armies.

A reference to individuals or recital of their achievements would be as laborious as unnecessary. Then, of all the men of Irish birth or descent who deserve well of their fellow-citizens, why have Hibernian organizations and students of Irish and American history selected John Barry for this special honor? Because between them and him there is a fellow-feeling—a bond of sympathy. They revere his memory, not only for what he accomplished as a man, but for what he endured as a boy. Their old men experienced it; their young men have read of it. They love him because his early environment did not sour his temper, for he retained his happy disposition through life, and he impersonated in a marked degree the highest characteristics of their nature—loyalty to his plighted faith, patriotism of an exalted type, and fidelity in his affections.

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A nation which expends annually $96,000,000 for the maintenance and development of its powerful and efficient navy can afford to pay this tribute of respect to the memory of its first commander. It has been too long delayed. His name and fame should not be permitted to go into oblivion, but should be kept fresh and green in the hearts of our people. The children of our capital should be prompted to read of him. Visitors to our capital should be prompted to think of him. Our naval officers, who enjoy the luxuries of the modern club on land and the modern battleship on sea, should be daily reminded of the dangers and trials of naval warfare in the early history of our country. To this end an appropriate monument should be erected in one of our beautiful parks to the memory of John Barry, Father of the American Navy.

* * *

Every Reading Circle should have a complete set of the works of the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D., especially his later books: *My New Curate; Luke Delmege; Under the Cedars and the Stars.* Not only is he an accomplished writer, but also a reader of rare discernment, as indicated by this passage:

A piece of pure, cold intellectualism, a Phidian statue in the ice-grotto of a glacier, lit up occasionally for worship by magnesian and other lights—that was Goethe! But intellectualism! One of the heresies of the age! The intellect starving out the heart, and demanding the sacrifice of all that is most holy and sacred in human emotions and aspirations, whilst stifling conscience and all the moral sense—there is the danger that lies in the path of all modern reformers and progressivists in the supreme matter of education.

Can you explain it? Very easily. Literature has usurped the place of religion as a guide and teacher of mankind; and religious persons have not been wise enough to retaliate and carry the war into the enemy's country. It must be close on fifty years since Carlyle mockingly boasted that the press had taken the place of the pulpit, and that religion had been relegated to the organ-loft and psalm-singing. He was speaking of his own experiences; or rather of his experiences of Protestantism, for he never entered a church for the purpose of worship. He was cognizant, however, of the vitality of Catholicity, which he admitted in so many words, and still more by the fierce virulence with which he attacked it. But the fact remains that literature throughout the whole nineteenth century assumed a didactic and even dogmatic tone, which ran through novel, essay, poem, article, and which was, of course, unrestrained except by literary canons. Hence, we find Goethe had a Gospel; so had George Eliot; so had Tennyson; so had Browning. The troubadours of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, if they could return from the shades, would stare aghast at the rhyming prophets of our age, who preach a kind of pious rogation to a generation that is sick unto death.

Another book that should be better known is entitled *Books and Reading*, by Brother Azarias, written especially for Catholic Reading Circles, and first published in THE CATHOLIC WORLD MAGAZINE. The name and fame of Brother Azarias has passed far beyond the bounds of his community, and his writings are appreciated by students and scholars who have no sympathy with the church to which he belonged. In that church his memory is cher-

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ished as a profound thinker, an elegant writer, a wise educator, not only successful in teaching but skilful in gauging, developing, and stimulating the intellectual nature of the pupils.

Those who would learn through reading should study the chapters devoted to that subject. His advice as to method in historical reading is golden: "Hold fast by leading dates and keep your maps before you, remembering that history without chronology or geography is not history; it is merely a romance of the land of Nowhere." His running criticism on poetry is delightful reading, but the best proof of the popularity of this volume is the fact that it has passed through several editions, and is still in demand.

A memoir of Brother Azarias, by Dr. John A. Mooney, is prefixed. To no one better qualified by sympathy of feeling and similarity of literary taste could the task have been confided. It is brief, for the semi-cloistered life of a Christian Brother is uneventful, and devoid of incident, unless the publication of a book or the delivery of a lecture might be so called. But Dr. Mooney gives us an insight into the character of the man, as distinguished from the writer and teacher, in these words:

Brother Azarias had one gift that his writings did not disclose,—a genial sense of humor. Why he concealed this charming quality I do not know. Perhaps it was through modesty; or perhaps, again, he feared lest a display of humor might seem undignified in a teacher, and especially in a religious. Whatever the reason, it is notable that his happy sense of humor was known only to his friends. As a man, Brother Azarias was of a lovable, genial character; not only guileless, but generous, hearty, and affectionate. Always simple and unaffected, he made friends everywhere. In gaining them he used no arts. He was blessed with a soft, gentle voice, and this made a lasting impression on many who met him but once. Among educated men of all religions he had friends.

* * *

The centennial of the birth of Nathaniel Hawthorne was fittingly celebrated in many ways on July 4, 1904, and proved the fact that he has more numerous admirers now than he had at the time of his death in the year 1864. The late George Parsons Lathrop, after he became a Catholic, gave a most interesting lecture on the growth of Hawthorne's gifted mind as indicated by *The Scarlet Letter* and his later book *The Marble Faun*, which reflected his impressions of Catholic life in Rome.

The Boston *Pilot* of recent date contains an appropriate editorial tribute to Hawthorne in relation to Catholics in New England, and gives him an assured place among the immortals of American literature in the passage here quoted:

A sojourn of a year and a half in Italy, chiefly in Rome and Florence, yielded him *The Marble Faun*, the greatest of all his books except *The Scarlet Letter*. On these two his fame and many fames might rest, for they are instinct with genius. It is these two books also which make their author a character of peculiar interest to Catholics.

The great novel of Puritan days shows that its author was not unfamiliar with the practical Catholic idea of penance for renounced and regretted sin, as distinguished from the hazy and comfortable Protestant idea of repentance

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without the necessity for personal reparation. Never has a more striking argument been offered for the human need of sacramental confession than in *The Scarlet Letter.*

The idea is even more strongly emphasized in *The Marble Faun.* In this sombre and splendid romance we have an unsurpassed word-picture of The World's Cathedral—St. Peter's. Hawthorne got into closer sympathy with the Catholic Church than most of the eminent Americans who visited the Eternal City in his day. But he had stumbling-blocks apparently insurmountable. He could not understand the heavenly treasures being entrusted to earthen vessels. He would admit the divine origin of the church, but would contend that it should be managed by angels. He loved Catholic art, and he loved Rome, which he calls more intimately our home than even the spot where we were born—a characterization which every Catholic who has ever visited the city of the soul will appreciate, while marvelling that a non-Catholic could have made it.

Hawthorne's marriage was one of the ideal marriages of history. Its fruit was three children: a beautiful daughter, Una, long dead; a son, now the well-known novelist, Julian Hawthorne; and a daughter, Rose, later the wife of the poet, George Parsons Lathrop, and since her widowhood the nun Mother Mary Alphonsa. For Hawthorne's daughter did what Hawthorne declared, in portraying his immortal Hilda, no daughter of the Puritans could ever do. In 1891 she became a Catholic with her husband.

M. C. M.

NEW BOOKS.

J. DIMOND, New York:
Immortality of the Soul. By Alois von Bauer. Pp. 99. Price 20 cents.

GINN & CO., Boston, Mass.:
Sea Stories for Wonder Eyes. By Mrs. A. S. Hardy. Pp. 157.

MACMILLAN COMPANY, New York:
Graded City Speller from Second Year Grade to Fifth Year Grade. By William Estabrook Chancellor, M.A.

O'SHEA & CO., New York:
In Many Lands. By A Member of the Order of Mercy. Pp. 460. Price $1.50.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, San Francisco, Cal.:
The Catholic Church in Japan. By Rev. Dr. Casartelli. Second edition. Pp. 39. *Catholicism and Reason.* By Hon. Henry C. Dillon. Pp. 32.

DESCLÉE, LEFEBRE & CO., Tournay, Belgium:
Rules for Psalmody. By the Benedictines of Solesmes. Pp. 28.

CATHEDRAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, New York:
Children's Prayer Book. Pp. 39.

D. APPLETON & CO., New York:
The Poems of Henry Abbey. Fourth edition. Enlarged. Pp. 359.

MORGAN M. RENNER, New York:
The Ellwoods. By Charles Stewart Welles, M.D. Pp. 344.

MCCLURG & CO., Chicago:
Sermonettes of Felicite Robert de Lamennais. By J. L. Jacobson von Hemert. Pp. 107.

THOMAS J. FLYNN & CO, Boston:
Music in Worship; Record of the Choir of Holy Cross Cathedral, Boston. By One of its Members. Pp. 24. Price 25 cents.

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE, Washington, D. C.:
Department of Agriculture of Cotton in the Cotton States. By J. L. Watkins. *Wheat Production and Farm Life in Argentina.* By Frank W. Bicknell.

Ninth Annual Report State Commission of Prisons, 1903, Albany, N. Y.
Bible Studies: Abraham, Joseph, Moses. By Rev. John F. Mullany, LL.D., Syracuse, N. Y. Pp. 60
The Red Branch Crests. By Charles Leonard Moore, Philadelphia, Pa. Pp. 270.

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THE
CATHOLIC WORLD.

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AMERICAN PRINCIPLES VERSUS SECULAR EDUCATION.

BY THOMAS F. WOODLOCK.

MY purpose in this article is to deal with the perennial "school question" in an aspect which may be new to many people, and which has the advantage of eliminating from the argument the denominational prejudice and bitterness that usually accompany discussion of the matter upon the more familiar lines. I claim, of course, no originality of thought in this, as my endeavor is simply to apply principles which are as old as reason itself, and are indestructible because they are true. The object which I aim at is the establishment of a thesis which may be simply stated as follows:

The system of universal free secular education which has been adopted in the United States is not capable of fulfilling the purpose for which it was established, and no system of purely secular education ever can fulfil this purpose.

By *secular education* I mean a system of training from which all religious teaching, whether by affirmation or denial, is absolutely excluded. Clearly, the first thing to investigate is the nature of the *purpose* aimed at by the state in its establishment of the common schools. This involves the question of the respective rights of the *parent* and of the *state* in the matter of education.

A. Rights of the parent. It is beyond question the exclusive right and duty of the parent to provide his children with all those aids which are necessary to their physical, intellectual, and moral life—subject to the special right and duty of the church to add thereto a training in the Christian faith. The

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special right and duty of the church, however, does not enter into the present argument, and no further reference to it is required.

The parent cannot surrender his exclusive *right* to direct the education of his children, nor can he avoid the exclusive responsibility for performance of his duty. He may, and indeed usually does, perform this duty through competent agents selected for the purpose, but he remains fully charged with responsibility for the acts of these agents.

B. Right of the state. From this it follows that the state has no *direct* right to control the education of children, and that whenever it undertakes a scheme of public education it does so simply as the agent of the parent. It is bound to consult the proper wishes of the parent in the conduct of its common schools in whatever pertains to the physical, mental, and moral training of the children.

The condition of modern society, however, has made it expedient for the common good of all that children should receive a certain *minimum* of mental training, and the state, under its general power to legislate within certain limits for the common good, has rightly demanded of its citizens that they give their children this *minimum* of mental training. The state's demand is just because it simply calls upon the parent to fulfil a duty already incumbent upon him. The state cannot, however, rightly demand more than this, nor can it demand anything inconsistent with the performance of this duty by each individual parent. In exacting its demand the state has undertaken for reasons of expediency to provide by taxation for a system of universal free education. In theory this is just, provided that the system be so arranged as to be entirely satisfactory to parents, for whom the state acts, not as a *sovereign*, but as an *agent*.

Thus, the ultimate *purpose* aimed at by the state in establishing a system of universal free education is subservience of the general good of the commonwealth, but in provision of ways and means for accomplishing this purpose it acts as *agent* and not as *sovereign*. The only *right* that it has in the matter is that of compelling parents to perform a part of their natural duty towards their children, and assisting them towards its most efficient and economical performance.

The state may rightly prescribe a certain *minimum* of edu-

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cation as obligatory for the children of its citizens, but this minimum must be within the minimum prescribed upon parents by their duties under natural law, and must contain nothing that is antagonistic thereto. For the exclusive *right* to prescribe the general scope of education resides in the parent and the *duty* is incumbent upon him to give his children such mental training as is suitable to their state in life, in the conditions of the society of which they are members. So much of this mental training as conduces to the maintenance and stability of social conditions as they exist the state may properly exact and properly provide by means of taxation. More than this the state may not rightly do by compulsion of the individual. The minimum of education demanded by the state in this country has for its immediate object the training of children for proper performance of their civic duties, this being the main concern of the state, and the only pretext for its interference in the matter of compulsory education. In conditions such as prevail in the United States it is necessary for the common good that every citizen should be so trained in the laws and principles of civil society that he is enabled properly to perform his duties as citizen toward the state and his fellow-citizens.

Therefore the direct and principal purpose of the common schools in this country is presumably to furnish in the minds of its citizens a logical basis for the principles upon which American civil society is founded. Considerations of the general good demand this at all events, whatever else the school system may do for the individual. The common schools must inculcate in the minds of future citizens a full knowledge of and a devotion to American institutions and the principles upon which those institutions rest. The schools, to succeed in their purpose, must enable their pupils to account for these principles, justify them and uphold them by logical methods. If they do not accomplish this they must be accounted as having failed, from the point of view of the community, no matter what else they may accomplish.

According to this argument the contention is that the present purely secular system does fail, and that every purely secular system must fail to support the principles of American institutions.

What are these principles? Fortunately the answer is clear,

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complete, and specific. Our system of society is organized as a representative democracy based upon certain first principles which are stated clearly in the Declaration of Independence. This document, taken in connection with the Constitution of the United States, contains the very keystone of our civil society. The Declaration states the principles which the Constitution in part applies. The Declaration stands for ever, while the Constitution may be amended from time to time. The Declaration says:

"*We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it and to institute new government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.*"

This is the vital part of the Declaration of Independence, as the rest consists mainly of its application to the case of the United States. The paragraph quoted contains three most important statements, viz.:

1. That men are *created.*

2. That men are *equal* in the enjoyment of certain *unalienable rights.*

3. That the object of government is to *secure men in possession of these rights.*

These are the principles enunciated as the foundations of our civil society, and for present purposes they may be resolved into two, viz.:

I. Possession of certain *unalienable rights.*

II. Protection of those rights the purpose of *law.*

Our common schools must be able to defend these principles in logical method, or must be confessed unable to defend the very foundation stones of our social system. But it is to be noted that as regards the very first important statement of the Declaration, viz.: That men are *created*, the common schools are silent and must remain silent. A secular school system can legally neither affirm nor deny that God exists or that He

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created man or any other thing. Teaching of any kind on these points is barred by law absolutely. Therefore, one "self-evident" truth of the Declaration of Independence is removed from the province of the state schools, and pupils can learn in those schools nothing about it. No common-school teacher could legally answer a pupil who asked regarding the attributes of the "Creator" who endowed men with "rights," except by total evasion of the question. Here, then, is failure open and confessed. But passing over this let us test the common schools in the light of the two principles into which we have resolved the Declaration of Independence, viz.:

I. The existence of *unalienable rights.*

II. The object of legislation being the protection of these rights.

In effect these two principles are part of the same idea, as will later appear. First as to *unalienable rights:* either such exist in man or they do not exist. The common schools are bound to teach that they do exist. The schools, therefore, are obligated to

(*a*) assign an origin for them;

(*b*) defend their justice.

(*a*) Now, the origin of *unalienable rights* is clearly stated in the Declaration of Independence as God the Creator, and we have already pointed out that the common schools cannot teach this doctrine. What doctrine can they teach? Can they teach a human origin for *unalienable rights?*

A *right* is the power to do or refrain from doing something, or demand that another shall do or refrain from doing something. An *unalienable* right is a right that cannot be taken away. The doctrine of *unalienable rights,* therefore, teaches that in each and every individual there inhere certain powers as against the community, which may not be taken away from him at the mere will of the community. These powers must have either a Divine or a human origin. Therefore, the common schools, being unable, as stated, to assign to them a Divine origin, must assign to them a human origin or no origin at all. But to assign to them no origin at all is to fail in the purpose for which the schools were established, and so the schools are obligated to teach a system of unalienable rights having a human origin.

How can such a doctrine be taught? Power conferred

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upon any one can of necessity be taken away by the giver. The central authority in a civil community, whether it be monarch or majority, can certainly withdraw the rights or powers that it confers as easily as it can confer them. These rights or powers connote a limitation of the scope of the central authority over the individual. The state cannot of itself set limits to its own powers which it cannot as easily remove. The doctrine of unalienable rights presupposes some such limits which are permanently fixed. What purely human power can fix them so that they cannot be removed?

The difficulty may be pushed a step backwards by supposing that the state fixed the limits in accordance with dictates of *general justice*, recognizing that they *ought* to be so fixed—but it is only a step. For in this supposition we find fixed principles of *justice* which the state did not fix and *obligations* that the state recognizes as incumbent upon it. Whence arose those principles and those obligations?

It may be moved yet a step farther backwards by postulating a system of morality with the notion of God excluded—morality without religion. Quite apart from the utter failure that has characterized all efforts to construct or philosophically defend such a system, it is evident that the common schools cannot legally teach it, because it is tantamount to a denial of religious principles and doctrines, which is as completely barred by law as the affirmation thereof. The common schools cannot, therefore, take refuge in a system of purely secular morality.

The simple fact is that it is impossible for the common schools to teach the doctrine of a purely human origin for the unalienable rights spoken of in the Declaration of Independence; impossible legally and logically. It is legally impossible because it is illegal for the common schools to teach "morality without religion" as a philosophic doctrine, and logically impossible because in no other way could the doctrine of rights with a human origin be a moment defended. It may be said, moreover, that even were "morality without religion" admitted to teaching in the schools, there would be insurmountable difficulties in logical defence of the doctrine of unalienable rights on that basis.

The common schools may not teach God as the origin of unalienable rights, and cannot successfully teach any other origin. Yet they must teach the existence of these rights. For

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a very little thought will show that with the doctrine of unalienable rights stand or fall the doctrines of abstract justice, equity, right and wrong. No concept is dearer to the heart of the American citizen than that of *liberty*. In what does liberty consist? There is much loose thought on this point. Many people appear to think that the essence of liberty is participation in the law-making power, but they forget that a *majority* can be fully as tyrannous as a monarch, as poor Madame Roland realized when, standing on the scaffold, she said: "O Liberty! what things are done in thy name!" The essence of liberty in the ordinary sense of the word consists in immunity from coercion at the hands of another. No citizen is free who is subject to *unlimited* compulsion by a majority of the citizens in his community—even though he have a vote on all matters. His liberty lies in the admission by the community that he has *rights* which it is bound to respect—rights to do and not to do, rights to demand that others shall do or shall not do certain things. No one can be *free* who does not claim the *unalienable rights* specified in the Declaration of Independence.

(*b*) The common schools, then, are legally or logically debarred from assigning and accounting for the *origin* of the unalienable rights on which our social system is founded. Can they defend their existence on the ground of justice? It is impossible for them to do this in a purely secular way. No purely secular system of authority can ever rise above the notion of *expediency;* it can never reach the level of pure *justice.*

No possible logical connection can be made between the notion of *expediency* and that of an *unalienable* right. How then can a system of purely secular education defend the existence of unalienable rights, or their justice?

The simple fact is that it cannot do so. And the reason is that the doctrine of unalienable rights as laid down in the passage cited from the Declaration of Independence is based upon recognition of what we call *Natural Law*—and this in its ultimate conception is what St. Thomas describes as a faint reflection of the Divine Reason pervading the whole universe. Natural law, he says, is "*participatio legis æternæ in rationali creatura*" (*Summa Theol.*, I. II. q. 91 a. 2). How symmetrical is the doctrine as contained in the Declaration of Indepen-

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dence! The origin of the law is stated clearly and correctly, and the object of human government is declared to be to give effect to the dictates of eternal law *naturaliter promulgata* in the form of natural law. The doctrine is logical and complete —but our common schools cannot legally teach it. Nor can any system of purely secular education teach it. That which it can legally teach is logically debarred, and *vice versa.*

Now, if the common schools cannot legally or logically teach the existence of any limitations on the power of the central authority—the state—over the individuals, it is clear that the logical deduction from their teachings must be that there are no such limitations, and that the power of the state is supreme and unrestricted. As already pointed out, the first concept to go down in such case is *liberty*, with the concepts of *justice*, *equity*, *right* and *wrong* closely following. *Vox populi suprema lex* would be the doctrine. Ultimately this would resolve itself into the axiom *Might is Right*, and brute force would become the final arbitrament of justice. The end would be social chaos.

And yet our common schools must either inculcate doctrines which in their last analysis mean this and nothing else, or they must teach the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence parrot-wise, being unable to defend or justify them in a logical way—which is equivalent, of course, to not teaching them at all. For man is a rational creature, and he will not permanently accept ideas for which his reason cannot furnish a foundation. The principles of the Declaration are "self-evident" only in the light of the Creator's existence; they are otherwise inconceivable. Thus the root of the failure on the part of the common schools to furnish a solid foundation for the first principles of our social system lies in the fact that as secular schools they cannot furnish religious teaching. "*Religio*," says St. Thomas, "*proprie importat ordinem ad Deum*" (*Summa Theol.*, II. II. q. 81, a. 1), and religion, as we understand the word, denotes that group of truths which set forth man's relations to God and his duties arising from these relations.

The foundation of our political system rests securely upon natural law. Men are equal only before God; liberty as we know it is a religious truth. Our common schools are unable to teach our children why they are free men and women, and they will remain unable to do so while they remain purely secular.

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ABSOLUTE AND RELATIVE EFFICIENCY.

BY J. C. MONAGHAN,

Head of United States Consular Service.

AN English geographer, Mr. Mackinder, of Oxford, writing in the *Geographical Journal* of April, 1904, says: "From the present time forth . . . we shall again have to deal with a closed political system, and none the less than one of world-wide scope. Every explosion of social forces, instead of being dissipated in a surrounding circuit of unknown space and barbaric chaos, will be sharply re-echoed from the far side of the globe, and weak elements in the political and economic organism of the world will be shattered in consequence. There is a vast difference of effect in the fall of a shell into an earthwork and its fall amid the closed spaces and rigid structures of a great building or ship." Probably some half-consciousness of this fact is at last diverting much of the attention of statesmen in all parts of the world from territorial expansion to the struggle for "relative efficiency." If the foregoing were a fact, it would furnish a great deal of satisfaction and cause for economists and geographers to congratulate the countries possessing the class of statesmen that are turning their attention from the problems of territorial expansion to those infinitely more interesting though much more difficult ones connected with efficiency.

I take it the words "relative efficiency," as used by Mr. Mackinder, the geographer, refer to industrial and commercial as much as to military and naval efficiency. Even if they do not, I shall give them such a significance, for I have a purpose in doing so. It is the fashion nowadays to coin all sorts of words to express the perils, political and otherwise, resulting from all kinds of possible and impossible combinations. Thus, we have the "black peril," the "yellow peril," the "American peril," the "European peril." This last is to affect us. It is based upon a belief that Europe is to organize its powers to

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resist the "American peril." Then, again, the ipse dixits of some writers are accorded a too great importance. When a writer of history standing as high as the late Professor Freeman says "the only history which counts is that of the Mediterranean and European races," he is saying a great deal and saying it so carelessly, it seems to me, that it ought to excite a great deal of surprise. Every son of Adam counts, counted, and will count to the very end of time. It is hard to say just what races have contributed most or least to the lump sum of what we call civilization, or rather to the "relative efficiency" of successful states. In a certain sense we are able to separate Egyptian from Assyrian, Babylonian from Indian, Greek from Roman, mediæval from modern contributions; but to assign its separate share to each race or nation is to assume as settled problems the very vastness of which is only just beginning to be realized. The judgments of age after age have been reversed. The last word has not been uttered in regard to the races.

The first man that guided a pointed log in the water, paddling with his hands and feet, from the mainland to an island or from the island to the mainland, was the historical prototype of Columbus. Without the one the other is unthinkable. In the evolutionary procession of time the pointed log of the primitive man became the caravel of the Genoese. How much of relative efficiency England owes to Rome, France, Denmark, and others will never be known. That much of each went into her making and moulding is certain. No nation liveth for itself. There is a racial ugliness in assumed superiority; a nastiness in such terms as Anglo-Saxon superiority. It is offensive. Besides, it is not true. The elemental forces of every people depend for their development upon very different causes. If the boat-load of people that first passed from the north into the Peloponnesus, provided that is the direction whence they did come, had gone onward into Italy, and the boat-loads that first landed in Italy had gone into Greece, does any one believe that the history of Greece and Rome would have been very different from what they have been? Nature "initiates," it seems to me, much more than Mr. Mackinder is willing to admit. When he says that European civilization is, in a very real sense, the outcome of the secular struggle against Asiatic invasion, he says only half as

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much as he should say. There is always a very great danger in half the truth, particularly if it seems to suppress or to stand in the way of the other half.

European civilization owes as much to what its Crusaders brought back from the East, and to what the East poured into its lap for two or three hundred years, as it does to the efforts to exclude the Eastern invaders. It would take a long time to tell the tale that will one day be told of the world's indebtedness to the countrymen of Avicenna and Averrhoes. To say that the course of empire is westward, is to put into picturesque language only things that appear to be true. Such phraseology is misleading. The course of empire, if power is to be its measure, has been as much northward and eastward as it has been westward, except that when it began to move westward it took on an unwonted velocity. Empire is a nebulous term any way. If from the unknown recesses of Asia, by the gateway between the Ural Mountains and the Caspian Sea, in all the centuries from the fifth to the sixteenth, there came a remarkable succession of Turanian nomadic peoples, and Europe and European civilization, less able then than now to defend themselves, were not overwhelmed, what cause for fear is to be found in the imaginary perils conjured up by the writers on Eastern questions?

What Europe, left to itself, would have been can hardly be conjectured. Whether harm came to it from the Turanian invasion or from the Turks, it is hard to say. Certain is it that an impression is abroad that England owes a very great deal to the Continental European peoples, French, Norman, and Scandinavian, that went in at her gates from the departure of the Romans to the present day. England's indebtedness to Continental Europe is infinitesimally small, however, compared with our debt to all Europe. The world is a great building or ship. It is a vast workshop. A full consciousness of this fact is being forced on others as well as on ourselves. The statesmen of the world are wondering what part they are to play in arranging the forces and factors of production in this great ship or shop.

While the geographical problems presented by Mr. Mackinder are intensely fascinating, there are others equally interesting. The problems of commerce, agriculture, and manufactures press for solution. They are national and normal problems.

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The war problems have been with us for a long time, it is true; but the world is tired of them. They are not what we are wont to think of as measuring man's normal attitude towards society. The purpose of this paper was not to discuss the geographic or strategic values of the states interested in the European and Asiatic and American problems or perils. It was to offer a word in regard to some phases of the problems connected with "relative efficiency." We are apt to look upon the successes of such men as Carnegie, Rockefeller, and others as the results of a higher efficiency. If we stop long enough to define words, we will find that ability and efficiency are words whose meaning may be very easily misunderstood.

I often wonder what Carnegie could or would have done had he gone to Essen, or to Dortmund, in Germany, rather than to Pittsburg, Pa. Would Mr. Rockefeller have been the multimillionaire he is had his parents picked out Berlin for their abode when they migrated from Scotland? Would Bismarck born in England ever have been prime minister? Could Gladstone have done Bismarck's work? It seems to me that Gladstone would have been great anywhere; Bismarck only under conditions like those that prevailed in Prussia and Germany. Are we as efficient, even relatively, as we claim to be or as we ought to be? I hold that we are not. Bismarck is reported to have told a convention of teachers that the nation that has the schools is to have the future ("*Wer die Schule hat, hat die Zukunft*"). He was thinking of Germany. She had the schools. He knew that. It was a piece of German Chauvinism, pardonable perhaps in the man who had made Schleswig-Holstein, Sadowa, and Sedan possible. Coming from Bismarck, the greatest constructive statesman in Europe, it carried great weight. And yet, like all half truths, it was a dangerous falsehood. It was hardly half true; that is, unless Bismarck meant a future like the past of Greece. If he did, he was right. But his life does not say that his meaning was such. What he meant by the future was, undoubtedly, one filled with material prosperity. It was a future in which agriculture, commerce, and manufactures, carried to their highest possibilities, would pour a golden stream into the coffers of any country wise enough to provide its people with the educational forces that Bismarck was clever enough to believe were behind material prosperity. What Bismarck failed to see, his

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successors soon found. It was forced upon them. His famous proposition needed "*eine Ergänzung*"—a filling or piecing out. "The nation that has the schools and the resources has the future," was the revised reading. It is to this reading that attention ought to be called. There is a "pivotal area" of industrial power that is sure, sooner or later, to affect the so-called pivotal area of the political world. This pivotal area may be one of vast intellectual potentialities rather than one of vast resources in coal, iron, cotton, and copper. But when intellectual powers and possibilities are allied with the cotton and copper, coal and iron, in the same country, a pivotal area is inevitable. The pivotal area in the "Post-Columbian" period—*i. e.*, for the last four hundred years—was England and the Netherlands. The Belgian monk's curiosity led to the use of coal, and the efforts of Dudley, one of Elizabeth's courtiers, were helpful factors, possibly the most helpful, in helping England to wrest the sceptre of sea power from Philip II. and the Netherlands. Other forces were the skill of the guild-trained weavers and workers that went out of France into England. A third contribution to the island empire's power was made by the genius of the men trained in its own shops and mines, men like Watts, Hargreaves, Stephenson, Crompton, etc. As the resources in raw materials grew dearer and dearer the efficiency in intellectual capacity was called more and more into activity. When and where it failed to respond retrenchment in output, curtailment of profits, and loss of power were inevitable. For a long time the workers of England were the world's industrial and commercial masters. They were the rule-of-thumb men that spun and wove and worked and wrought. From the day Samuel Slater went out of England with his head full of plans and designs down to this day, England has been sending us rule-of-thumb workmen. The dyers, bleachers, spinners, designers, all the leading textile workers for a long time, were Englishmen, Scotchmen, or Irishmen, men who had worked in or about Manchester, Glasgow, or Belfast. Roebling, a German, built the first big bridge over the East River. Ericsson built the Monitor and invented the screw propeller. Much of our efficiency, and we had a great deal, was relative. To-day a very large part of the high-class labor, the men who help a great deal, if not most, to make up our "relative efficiency," are men who came from far-off countries, men who were trained

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in or under the guilds and schools of Great Britain, Ireland, or Continental Europe. In an address delivered a few years ago by Theodore C. Search, at the time president of the Manufacturers' Association of the United States, the speaker showed "that one country at least," not our own but Germany, "is psychologically sound," that it is making "conspicuously successful efforts" to make of a people a great industrial army, "steady as a church and irresistible as an avalanche." In other words, the question of "relative efficiency" has been subjected by the Germans, like so many problems, to scientific analysis. The result was an absolute efficiency along some lines that is simply phenomenal. Take, for example, the work of the Reichsanstalt founded by Helmholz and the Old Kaiser. Is there anywhere on earth a stronger argument in favor of technical education? Besides its inestimable value to the empire it is a world benefactor. As a model of all that is best in a scientific system it has a wide reaching moral influence. It is one of those victories of peace no less renowned than those of war. Like the golden robe of the famous statue of Jupiter by Phidias, it is the crowning glory of a system of education whose chief claim for support is the absolute and relative efficiency it affords to an entire people. Attention ought to be called to this system of education, particularly at a time when Mosely Commissioners and loud sounding phraseologists are more or less liable to lead us astray. If half the flattering things said about us were true, we would have very great reason to rejoice. The fact is they are not true, and the one deplorable feature about them is that they might have been true had we been wiser in earlier days and generations. If it is never too late, we may make amends. The past, however, is past. The lost is lost. All we can hope to do is to make better use of the years that are to be ours.

What we should have done fifty or seventy-five years ago, when we began to erect the tariff barriers behind which we were to protect and build up our home industries, was this: we should have built industrial, industrial art, commercial, commercial high and technical schools. The one great crime was not the tariff wall but the neglect to build up behind it the educational arsenals and "relative efficiency" that would have made us independent of the outside world for a very large supply of the higher grades of manufactured articles.

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Just where the fault lies it is hard to say. Whether the movement towards technical education should have come from the nation or from each State is a question that will be decided according to each one's predilection for state or national sovereignty. While Germany was getting ready for Sadowa and Sedan she was preparing her Krupps, Hartmanns, Siemens, and Halskes for the far more important fields of foreign commercial conquests. Her record along both lines reads like romance. Her efficiency is effecting almost incredible results. Otherwise how explain the fact that a land so wretchedly poor in soil, dependent upon the outside world for almost all of the raw materials used in its mills, has been able to outstrip others, even England and ourselves, relatively? It is all due undoubtedly to efficiency. It is necessary now to find out to what the empire owes its success. What has helped it to beat England and France in the East, in Australia, in Africa, in South and Central America? Industrial, industrial art, commercial and technical schools. These gave the empire its marvellous efficiency, absolute and relative; such a system, one similar to that of Germany, Italy, or France, will do as much for us.

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RICHARD BAXTER.

BY DUDLEY BAXTER.

WHEN, a short time ago, the latest collateral descendant of this famous divine—perhaps the greatest of Nonconformists—was brought to the Catholic font for baptism,* yet another glimpse was afforded of the remarkable religious desolation occurring in old England.

Yet our ancestor was not so ultra-Protestant as most people imagine, and by no means an early edition of modern Nonconformity. Thus, in A. D. 1880 a little book appeared entitled *Richard Baxter on the Sacraments*, compiled by an "advanced" Anglican (the late Rev. Mr. Pollock, of St. Alban's, Birmingham), while quite recently he has actually been evoked by St. Alban's, Holborn, on behalf of Prayers for the Dead—of which more anon.

Baxter was born in A. D. 1615, and descended from an ancient family long settled in Salop; from his subsequent writings concerning his own early experiences we obtain some insight into the appalling state of contemporary Anglicanism. The clergy, often themselves dissolute and worldly, frequently employed immoral or illiterate men as "readers"—a lazy species of lay curate, specially useful to pluralists.

The Baxter family, however, became very pious—in the Puritan sense—and, for instance, were intensely annoyed one day by the erection of an ungodly maypole right in front of their house. Young Richard's education was obtained under decided difficulties, such as that of having successively drunken curates as his tutors; at length, when under the private tuition of the chaplain at Ludlow Castle, he was enabled to read for himself.

In his fifteenth year he was much influenced by an old book—adapted from Catholic sources—called *Bunny's Resolution (sic)*; we also learn that he was "chilled" by the formal,

* In the infant person of Stafford Squire Charles, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Baxter, of the Boarded Barn, Copford, Essex, England, and nephew of the writer.

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hasty method in which Anglican confirmation was administered to him.*

Meanwhile this chaplain and his parents persuaded him to go to court, instead of the ministry, in 1633; but a month at Whitehall was more than sufficient for the future divine. Thereupon he commenced to read for Anglican Orders with the Vicar of Wroxeter; despite his ill-health, Richard worked hard and, moreover, became acquainted with the great Catholic schoolmen, such as St. Thomas Aquinas, as subsequently displayed in his writings.

Religious persecution generally defeats its own object, and thus Richard Baxter, upon becoming acquainted with two pious and learned Nonconformists, was drawn to sympathize with them amid the relentless persecution of highly unapostolic Anglican prelates. His remarkable intellect was soon discovered, and in 1638 Baxter became head-master of Dudley School. Having been ordained in Worcester Cathedral, and having duly signed the Thirty-nine inarticulate Articles, with their incomprehensible comprehension, the bishop licensed him to teach as well as preach.

Baxter became very friendly with the local dissenters, and, as a result, began to waver over many points, such as the use of the surplice or the sign of the cross. He soon regretted having subscribed to the aforesaid Articles, and now commenced to carp at, first, the Anglican Liturgy and then at episcopacy itself. Another sore grievance to him was the utter lack of discipline in the Established Church, but *then* this concerned such instances as giving the Lord's Supper to drunkards or other bad characters; for Nonconformity began with quite a primitive severity.

When, later on, curate at Bridgnorth, he never wore the surplice or used the sign of the cross at baptisms; we find him successfully resisting ecclesiastical despotism over the "et cætera" oath, and thus he came to inquire into the *raison d'être* of episcopacy. This very naturally in turn convinced him that the Anglican hierarchy bore no resemblance to the bishops of Apostolic days—at that time, indeed, they were primarily county magnates. Unfortunately, Baxter did not

* *Vide* the *Dictionary of National Biography*, whence this and many other details have been taken.

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stop here; soon the rumor spread that he held Presbyterian doctrine, and altogether he became a marked man.

Meanwhile the neighboring town of Kidderminster had been thrown into a ferment of religious turmoil. Its vicar was an ignorant person, who only preached once a quarter, frequented taverns (and frequently became "overcome" therein); moreover his curate was worse—a "common tippler," as well as a vigorous agent in unlawful marriages. The hapless parishioners, in desperation at this scandal, forwarded a joint petition against their vicar, who now offered to "compound" with them by exchanging his curate for a preacher to be chosen by the town.

Consequently Richard Baxter was invited to come there in 1641, and before long secured a wonderful transformation in this parish—almost recalling Savonarola at Florence, and long afterwards commemorated by the erection of his statue in the market place. Upon the outbreak of the Civil War, although loyal to the throne itself, Baxter sided with the Parliamentarians in opposition to the local sentiment. Eventually driven out of Kidderminster, he proceeded to Coventry, and acted as chaplain to the Puritan soldiery; here he met other fugitive "ministers of the Gospel" and again exercised a striking influence—though Cromwell himself thought him far too loquacious. In 1647, owing to illness, our ancestor withdrew into retirement and thereupon commenced to write his immortal work, *The Saint's Everlasting Rest;* this immediately became famous, has been in circulation ever since, and after nearly three centuries remains one of the most popular of books. Numerous editions have been printed, but his lineal representative must confess agreement for once with Oliver Cromwell!

His biographer truly says that "Richard Baxter was an extraordinary man," with his amazingly fecund brain and his indefatigable activity despite a weak physique; he even entitles him the creator of our popular Christian literature. Book followed book, in rapid succession and often admirable eloquence; the great Nonconformist occupies over twenty-five pages in the *Index alone* at the British Museum, London.

At length he was enabled to return to Kidderminster, and there spent several more years. It is a curious trait of Dissent that its ministers are often political demagogues—Baxter being no exception. Scrupulously conscientious, he appears to

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have been (in consequence) somewhat indefinite over politics!—siding with the people, but at the same time not abandoning the monarchy; practically a Presbyterian, though not entirely anti-episcopal.

At much personal danger he had condemned the regicides and strenuously advocated the accession of Charles II.; so in A. D. 1660 he proceeded to London and, like other Nonconformists, joined the Cavalier Restoration party. Indeed, he himself was one of the leading instruments in the exiled prince's triumphal return, being admitted into all the inner projects. On April 30 Baxter preached before the Commons at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and we may note that Parliament voted for the Restoration on the following day. Again, on May 10 he preached before the lord mayor, the aldermen, and a great congregation, in old St. Paul's Cathedral—being the thanksgiving day for Monk's decisive victory.

The new sovereign afterwards treated Baxter with marked honor, and created him one of his royal chaplains; moreover, the Bishopric of Hereford was now actually offered to and declined by this prince of Dissenters. At the subsequent Savoy Conference he played a prominent part, and presented a remarkable "reformed Liturgy" in vain, though it was much commended—by Dr. Johnson among others.

Richard Baxter, too, was inhibited by a Bishop of Worcester, and therefore not enabled to return to his beloved Kidderminster, but occasionally preached, by Bishop Sheldon's license, in London. Finally, in 1662, just before the Act of Uniformity, he publicly seceded from the Church of England "established by law," in the old Blackfriars' edifice, soon afterwards destroyed in the Great Fire. Baxter now dwelt in retirement at Acton, then a country village, and his house there was only demolished quite recently. Here he continued to write, and sometimes was still even allowed to preach; during the Plague he stayed with Richard Hampden in Buckinghamshire.

Then came the cruel "Clarendon Code" and the contemporary persecution of Nonconformity by a veritable Anglican "Inquisition"; our venerable divine was illegally arrested in the pulpit and nearly thrown into prison forthwith. Thereupon the wicked "Merrie Monarch," who certainly possessed a kind as well as an amorous heart, with kingly tact himself

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procured his release; but the great Nonconformist continued to suffer relentless hostility with uniform patience, and his various meeting-houses were all disbanded.

Knowing how anti-Popish he was, we can imagine Baxter's horror when he heard of Charles's deathbed, and when a Catholic sovereign sat once more in St. Edward's chair. Despite King James's well-known liberality of mind—a trait in which his unfortunate majesty was in advance of his times, and which eventually cost him a precious crown indeed—the ruling powers resumed their persecution of Nonconformity, and Baxter's trials were increased henceforth.

In 1685 he was imprisoned on a ridiculous charge of libelling "the Church" in his paraphrase of the New Testament. The judge before whom this holy man had to appear was none other than the infamous Jeffries, who grossly insulted his revered victim (as described so graphically by Macaulay). Being condemned to pay a heavy fine, or to imprisonment until it was paid, Baxter actually remained in jail for a year and a half.

He was released on November 24, 1686, and the fine remitted—the government vainly hoping that he would now conform; from time to time he managed to preach again, always to enormous gatherings of people. Curiously enough, he endeavored to promote unity between Anglicans and Nonconformists, though himself a separatist and largely to blame for this further breach in a divided Christendom. He continued, moreover, firmly to believe in the validity of his orders—in the Protestant sense, of course; he now completed his pathetic *Reliquiæ Baxterianæ*.

Meanwhile King James's well-meant but highly injudicious efforts to secure toleration for both Catholics and Dissenters only ended in his becoming himself the victim of disloyal bigotry. Like his fellows, rather than obtain freedom at this price, Baxter eagerly joined the grateful Anglican mob in their victorious onslaught.

Then came the so-called Toleration Act of Dutch William and unfilial Mary, to which he submitted—continuing his zealous labors up to the last. It is touching to read how, on his deathbed, being reminded of the good achieved by his works, the dying man murmured: "I was but a pen, and what praise is due to a pen?" On December 8, 1691, he passed away to

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eternal life, and was buried beside his childless wife (whose death ten years previously had been a severe affliction) in Christ Church, Newgate. This interesting Renaissance edifice occupies the site of London's Franciscan friary, where three queens were laid to rest; it seems strange that there is no monument or inscription of any kind. It is said that no private funeral in England had ever approached Baxter's in its great popular tribute to his memory—a memory still cherished by unknown thousands, to whom his books have brought, and bring, so much spiritual consolation—especially the famous *Saint's Rest.*

Richard Baxter was amongst the most prolific of writers; publications of all kinds and sizes appeared at short intervals—in fact, nearly one hundred and fifty books alone! His writings have appealed to all classes, and ever since his death some have been in circulation—in itself greatest of tributes; they have been translated into many languages, and still have an almost unrivalled popularity among the English-speaking race.

With regard to Rome, some of their titles are suggestive: thus, one is called "A Key for Catholiks to open the Jugling of the Jesuits and satisfie all that are but truly willing to understand, whether the cause of the Roman or Reformed Churches be of God; and to leave the reader utterly inexcusable that after this will be a Papist" (1659)—subsequently reprinted in 1839 in that spiritual physical-culture, "The Morning Exercise against Popery" series!

Then we find, to our surprise, "Catholic Communion Defended" against an Anabaptist—for Baxter called himself a true Catholic—wittily answered by "Bellarminus Junior enervatus," who made out that his arguments exactly paralleled those of the great cardinal. Other volumes are headed—"Catholic Unity," "The true Catholick, and Catholick Church, described; and the Vanity of the Papists, and all other Schismaticks, that confine the Catholick Church to their Sect, discovered and shamed." Even the titles are voluminous, and it is rather perplexing to find, on the other hand, "The Protestant Religion truly stated and Justified," or "The successive Visibility of the Church of which the Protestants are the soundest members."

One is glad to notice that the hapless recusants took up the gauntlet—thus, one publication is entitled "The good Catholick

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no bad subject; or, a Letter from a Catholick Gentleman to Mr. R. Baxter, modestly accepting the challenge by him made" in a certain sermon. Another tract, addressed "to all Baxterians," again accused him of agreement with Cardinal Bellarmine concerning justification, while in 1681 appeared "A Dialogue between the Pope and the Devil about Owen and Baxter," written under the pseudonym of His Holiness Pope Innocent XI.! Spiritualists would be interested, doubtless, in his book upon "The Certainty of the Worlds of Spirits, fully evinced by the unquestionable Histories of Apparitions and Witchcrafts, Operations, Voices, etc."

We have already adduced his defence of the term Catholic, but of chief interest to us are his decided leanings towards Catholic sacramental *teaching*—an important point little known. Now, in the aforesaid "Ritualist" appreciation of the great Puritan, several interesting proofs of this are brought forward.

Baxter had written *inter alia* "Monthly Preparations for the Holy Communion" (second edition, printed in 1706), which was decidedly in advance of his age. His strictness with regard to the communicants themselves evoked the enmity of Bishop Morley, of Worcester, who accused him of inculcating "the same thing in other words with that of Auricular Confession" —the only difference, in reality, being that he did not uphold its *necessity*.

This booklet certainly displays Richard Baxter in an altogether new light, and, by means of various extracts from his writings, shows how "Anglo-Catholic" his teaching was in some aspects. Thus, he believed in "a Catholic, visible continued Church"—"the Church, which is His Body"—but not in the absolute necessity of episcopacy, although in that of "ministerial ordination." He recognized the value of tradition, and upheld the primitive church's attitude concerning Scriptural interpretation as opposed to private judgment; he would defend the teaching of the Fathers, five Sacraments, the necessity of Baptism, and so forth.

With regard to Confirmation, it is interesting to read his defensory words: "So that the Papists shall have no cause to say that we needlessly or erroneously do deny either the name of Confirmation, or the true use and ends of it, or the notional title of a sacrament to it in a large (yet not the largest) sense.

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We affect not to fly further from them than we needs must, much less to fly from the ancient practice of the universal church" (quoted in *Richard Baxter on the Sacraments*, p. 69).

Baxter's attitude about Penance was surprisingly Catholic. He zealously advocated daily examination of conscience and—most of all—private *Confession* of grievous sin, even upholding the Catholic distinction between mortal and venial sins.

In certain cases he actually imposed confession to a pastor before allowing admission to the Lord's Supper, and said: "In flying from their (Roman Catholic) invented way of Confession, we have lamentably wronged the souls of men, by disusing so much as Christ hath made our duty and necessary, and the ancient churches used; and we must use, before it will be well with us" (*ibid.*, page 84).

Apparently Absolution is reserved to the pastor's discretion, and first Communicants should be examined by their ministers; he frequently makes use of the Catholic simile about a physician. His scathing attitude towards "the English prelacy" over this and kindred matters is quite in *Church Times* style!

Absolution, said he, is no mere declaration but a delivery of pardon to the penitent; he upheld "Excommunication from Catholic Communion" for persistent mortal sin, and maintained that such matters were "sinfully neglected in the Church of England." He frequently laments over the appalling contemporary neglect of discipline therein.

With regard to the Communion service, Baxter held that the Sacrifice of Calvary is there re-presented (as opposed to being renewed—the Holy Mass), believing in some sort of spiritual Presence. He misunderstood and denied the awful truth of Transubstantiation, erroneously thinking that the Fathers had upheld the permanence of the Elements, and that the Eastern Churches followed suit. All the same his language concerning Christ's glorified Body is most beautiful, and he makes use of a happy parallel over the sun and its all-embracing rays of light. He advocated a constant reception of this sacrament, at least every Sunday—then, of course, quite the exception—indeed, once a quarter was barely the rule.

Baxter here rises above Puritan gloom and, in his desire to secure a joyous service of thanksgiving, boldly taught that

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"Eucharistical worship is the great work of the day" (Sunday), as in the primitive churches. He even advocated non-communicating attendance, but, in reality, only to teach people to become communicants or to secure conversions of sinners.

The prevalent neglect of the stipulated daily Morning and Evening Prayer in church by "the Conformists" had, of course, confirmed the objection of Nonconformists to this alleged burden. Baxter evidently wished the Saints' Days to be reobserved, and approved of fasting or abstinence.

His words concerning the dead are exceedingly consoling, and, in a limited sense, he may be said to have advocated prayer for their souls. This is the point which St. Alban's, Holborn, in their parish magazine for November, 1903, displayed in a series of extracts headed "Directions about our Communion with Holy Souls Departed, now with Christ" (edition 1707). The words here quoted are singularly beautiful, and he specially insists upon the comforting paradox that the Dead are in reality Alive—as members of Christ's Body Spiritual.

Baxter is interesting about church music, liking a cheerful service, and we may note how he says the ancient Gregorian "singing was liker our saying than to our tunes." He had no objection to a metaphorical use of the words "priest" and "altar," and in touching language pleaded for pictures of the Crucifixion: "Now we set His picture, wounded and dying, before our eyes. . . . And those eyes, through which folly and lust hath so often stole into our hearts, shall now be the casements to let in the love of our dearest Lord for ever" (*Saint's Rest*, I. vii. i.)

He at first, apparently, had refused to condemn the Sign of the Cross, or its material erection; the mixed chalice, images, or turning to the East; he even seems to have held at one time that the rubric in reality enjoined the use of "the cope, alb, and other vestments." We find him talking about "the sad example of King Henry the Eighth's Reformation, and the almost miraculous consumption of the estates of impropriators," and of how England had been punished for what was stolen from the altar. It is delightful to read his condemnation of pew-rents or appropriation of seats—instancing how after the Great Fire in London ministers had to preach "in inconvenient tabernacles," the seats consequently soon became

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taken, and an "eminent esquire" could not get one for a fiver!

Baxter was consulted—even by royal command—in cases of mixed marriages or in the vain hope of stopping conversions (for example, that of the Lady Anne Lindsay, who afterwards became a nun in France). No doubt, after his secession he became more pronouncedly Protestant, and this High Church booklet scarcely seems to realize that he did deliberately secede from Canterbury.

Although so opposed to the Papacy, Baxter only took up this attitude because he honestly thought it was of mediæval creation; for his reverence concerning the Primitive Church, or Apostolic customs, was profound: "If you find anything in God's worship which the Primitive or Universal Church agreed in, you may be sure that it is nothing but what is consistent with *acceptable* worship. For God never rejected the worship of the Primitive or Universal Church" (*ibid.*, p. 159).

Perhaps I may commend these passages to that strange phenomenon, the modern Nonconformist conscience; if my ancestor had lived in our days of unlimited research, is it not quite conceivable he might have resembled John Henry Newman? He fearlessly advocated what he believed to be the truth, caring nothing for reproach or rebuke: "If the cause I defend be not of God, I desire it may fall. If it be, I leave it to God how far He will prosper it, and what men shall think or say of me. . . . Farewell." It was this same trait which eventually, of course, landed him in Dissent—private judgment, wrongly used, leading to its supreme excess.

Centuries afterwards Richard Baxter's most direct descendants both also left the Established Church of England, but travelled not along his Via Dolorosa. For they found, like many another heir of Puritanism, this Primitive Church had believed that Peter spoke by Leo, the Roman Pontiff—*apertis oculis viderunt.*

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"BUGGINS: A FRIEND OF THE THRONE."

BY M. F. QUINLAN.

IT was an outlying slum of the West End. The hour was 8:30, and the Girls' Club in full swing. A factory hand leaned against the piano and watched my fingers moving over the keys.

"I knoo yer was 'ere," she said fragmentarily, "cos I 'eard the music dahn the street; an' sez I ter meself, that's er! sez I, for nobody else ain't got 'er fingers. So I come up."

Her appreciation was certainly a tribute. Presently she looked up wistfully.

"Wishes ter Gawd I could play the pianner," she said with much earnestness. "I did 'ave some lessons once—'ad 'em off the lady as lives rahnd the corner." She paused. "But the lessons was 4*d.* each, so I on'y 'ad two." And there was a world of regret in the admission.

Hoping to abate her musical zeal, I mentioned a few of the difficulties to be overcome before perfection could be attained, to all of which Sarah Buggins turned a deaf ear.

"Me father sez as 'e 'll buy me a pianner some day," she remarked, as if I had been more encouraging.

"A piano costs a lot of money," I said tentatively, while I gazed at the factory girl's rags.

"Yuss it do," she confessed; "but me father 'ad the offer of a pianner last week from some one as did n't want it."

"How much was it?" I asked.

"'e wanted a pund for it,—but it was n't new," added Sarah conscientiously. Whereupon my heart went out to the old piano that was going for one pound sterling. I could just picture it laboring under the disadvantage of a broken leg and possibly leaning for support against the damp wall of some tenement room in the pathetic endeavor to stave off dissolution. Verily, the Muse dies hard!

"Does your father know anything of pianos?" I asked with some hesitation.

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"W'y! my father's a musician!" said the girl with filial pride; "an' 'e plays somethink lovely! Yer dunno' me father?" She stopped and looked at me in commiseration. "Yer ought ter know 'im," said Sarah, "for 'e's tiptop. Yuss! an' 'e's a man of eddication, too. An' jes' ter 'ear 'im on the cornet—w'y, it's a fair treat!"

From that time forward, possibly owing to a community of interests, I experienced a sense of kinship for the father of Sarah Buggins. This sympathy was further encouraged by the many kind messages I received from him: messages that were invariably prefaced by the "best respects" of Mr. Buggins.

Then a day dawned when he invited me to tea. In view of his having moved in Society the invitation was perhaps inevitable. Yet it was an honor that I had not coveted. To be candid I even shrank from it. But one cannot plead an engagement for ever, and there came a time when I was forced to choose between tea and Mr. Buggins taken collectively—and the loss of a meagre popularity.

Therefore I went to tea at the tenement. It was a stumpy, blind street—a sort of morbid excrescence out of the main road, and this particular tenement house was more than particularly grimy. Its front steps were broken and crumbling, and it seemed as if the Spirit of Decay had inserted its clammy fingers into the chinks of the walls and eaten away the corners of the masonry. The wooden stairs were rotting and many balusters were missing, and the balustrade altogether looked so elderly and decrepit that I could not help comparing it to an ancient person who had lost her teeth. In fact the unhappy tenement claimed one's sympathy as if it were a human thing.

On each landing tousled heads were thrust out and hastily withdrawn. Not that individual interest was abated thereby, for I was conscious of eyes peering at me through the chinks of the empty door-ways. That I was expected by the sum aggregate of the lodgers was evident; and even the strings of wet washing that hung suspended from the ceiling seemed to drip more vigorously at my approach.

My invitation was to the Third Floor front. So I clambered higher and higher, dodging the washing as best I could. Finally I reached my landing and knocked, whereupon the door opened and Sarah Buggins drew me into the room.

The tenement seemed to be suffering from an epidemic of

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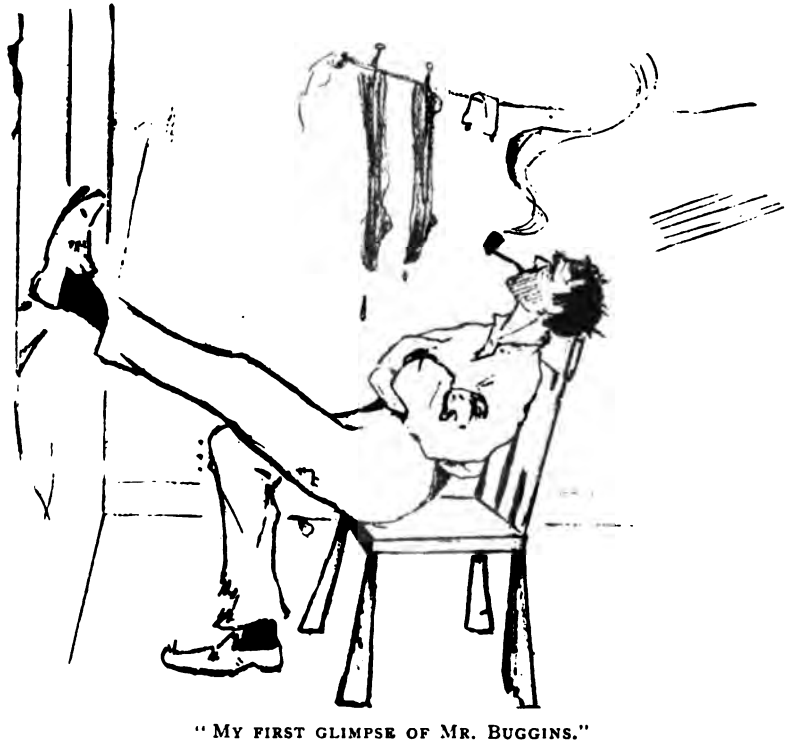
washed linen—the Third Floor front not having escaped the infection. At first I thought we were alone, Sarah and I. But standing clear of a wet shirt which had hitherto obstructed the view, I was enabled to obtain my first glimpse of Mr. Buggins.

He was in his shirt sleeves and a broken brace; while his feet were encased in a pair of green carpet-slippers that seemed to have fallen victims to the ravages of the moth. Mr. Buggins was reclining in a rickety chair with his green feet out of the window.

"Pa!" said Sarah hurriedly, "'ere 's—"

But Mr. Buggins never stirred. As though unconscious of transitory things, he continued to gaze abstractedly between



"MY FIRST GLIMPSE OF MR. BUGGINS."

the flower-pots in which the stalks of last year's fuchias stood up stiff and stark just as when the frost had surprised them.

Far be it from me to doubt the sincerity of Mr. Buggins' artistic temperament, which would account for such moods of mental aberration; for if one is to think great thoughts one

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"MADAM!—WE MEET!"

must see through this week's washing and beyond it. It was not that which caused my suspicion. It was the coincidence that Mr. Buggins gave me just sufficient time to be impressed by his attitude of lofty abstraction before he withdrew his feet from the window ledge. This he did with great deliberation, lifting them down one at a time with a dignity incidental to genius. After that he shook himself off the rickety chair and drew himself up to his full height. Then, removing the cutty pipe from his mouth, he threw back his head and addressed me in stentorian tones.

"Madam!" he ejaculated—"we meet!" And he grasped my hand.

The melodrama of the situation appealed to me. Hastily I rallied my mental forces and awaited developments.

But Mr. Buggins was silent. He only gazed at me earnestly. This inspection was thorough and, as I hope, not

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unsatisfactory; for he finally waved me into a chair with the air of a magnate who confers a favor.

The chair thus indicated had but three available legs, for the fourth was too feeble to rely on. And my mind was busy with the abstract Laws of Balance as Mr. Buggins took my soundings educational and intellectual.

"My gel 'ere 'as been a-tellin' me as y' are a musician," he said presently; "been learnin' the pianner in furring parts, I 'ear."

I confessed to having studied abroad.

"Kin yer play any other hinstrument?" he asked.

Here it was with diffidence that I mentioned a banjo. Mr. Buggins frowned; whereupon I endeavored to retrieve myself by saying that my banjo-master was not sanguine as to my ability. But this confidential outrider was nipped in the bud by the freezing attitude of my host. To Mr. Buggins a banjo was low; it was associated in his mind with Margate and periwinkles. Therefore he frowned majestically and waived the vulgarity of it, which immediately recalled me to a sense of the dignity of music, as apart from the banjo.

"Now, wot abaht the orgin?' he demanded. "Kin yer play that?"

I humbly admitted my inability, and that after several months of fruitless labor.

At this Mr. Buggins gained confidence.

"Ah! the orgin," he said impressively, "is the King o' hinstruments!" He cocked his left eye in ecstasy and a smile overspread his unshaven countenance. It was the smile of the enthusiast.

"I plays it," he remarked, "so I s'pose I oughter know?" His tone was suddenly defiant.

"Certainly," I acquiesced; whereupon Mr. Buggins was at once mollified.

He then drew up his chair to an imaginary organ and rolled up his sleeves with a business-like air. "Theer's the notes to think abaht," he said turning to me, while he ran his fingers through the air; "an' the stops"—here he made a sudden lunge to the right. It was to be presumed that he seized upon the coupler, for his voice gained in volume and, glancing at me hurriedly over his shoulder, his eyes burned with the fire of genius.

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"THE ORGAN WAS A HYPOTHESIS."

"An' don't forgit the pedals!" he ejaculated. This was actively demonstrated by Mr. Buggins sprawling his feet across the pedal-board—which in itself was a mere hypothesis—over which he played a fine chromatic passage, heeling and toeing it across the floor of the tenement room. The impressiveness of this performance was heightened by the musician half shutting his eyes and humming a vocal accompaniment in quavers. "Theer ain't no beatin' the orgin," said he; "for fust yer 'ave the singin'-like o' the 'igh notes, an' the boomin' o' the bottom notes, an' the swellin' o' the middle 'uns."

"No," said my host in conclusion, "ev yer dunno' the orgin, yer dunno nothink abaht music." And he glared at me with severity.

So far there was only one thing that disturbed the complacency of Mr. Buggins, and that was the doubt whether I believed a word of it; for my talented musician could no more play the organ than I could. He knew this, and he wondered if I did. But I maintained an expression of unsophistication while he studied me furtively with the tail of his eye.

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"I hear you play the cornet?" I said, with a view to allaying suspicion.

"Ye're right theer!" he asserted. For diffidence was not cultivated in the tenement.

"Ask my gel theer," he urged, "ef I kin play the cornet or no?"

The daughter, thus appealed to, supported the statement with warmth.

"Yuss, they understands music," said the man, indicating with a gesture his wife and family, "though they ain't got no eddication." This remark was received without rancor. Indeed, the self-abasement of the Buggins family aroused my interest, until I learnt that Buggins was the star round which his family revolved.

He shook his head.

"Not but wot theer right enuff in theer way," he admitted magnanimously. "But bein' eddicated yerself," said Mr. Buggins, "yer kin understand 'ow I feels."

It was the loneliness of genius from which he suffered; but not being stricken myself with a like complaint, my sympathy was found to be inadequate.

A pause followed, during which Mrs. Buggins from force of habit wiped her grimy face with the end of her apron, and then retired into the inner room for the alleged purpose of "cleaning herself."

So Mr. Buggins reverted to his cornet-playing. "Yuss, I plays the cornet;—wot say?" he demanded disapprovingly. "Yer wants me to play yer somethink? Well! I dunno ev I 'ave a hinstrument by me." He turned to his daughter. "Ain't got one in the chest o' drawers, 'ave I?"

"No, you ain't," said the daughter steadily.

Mr. Buggins sighed regretfully, and then changed the conversation.

"I s'pose," he began irrelevantly, "that you never knoo as I was once a drum-major in the harmy?" This honor having hitherto been omitted, Mr. Buggins hastened to enlarge upon the social advantages peculiar to such an exalted position. "An' yer would n't b'lieve," he added, "the amount of 'igh life yer sees in the Harmy."

"How?" was my stolid inquiry.

"Why! I remembers the day as if 't was yesterday," be-

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gan Mr. Buggins. "I was jes' a-walkin' along the railway station—'t were at Aldershot, ev I 'm not mistaken—w'en the royal train pulls up, an' 'is Royal 'ighness the Prince o' Wales—'im wot 's King—'e puts his 'ead aht o' the winder, an' seein' me further along, 'e beckons me wif 'is 'and—'Mr. Buggins 'ere!' sez 'e. An' with that 'is Royal 'ighness—wot 's now King—'e gits aht o' the kerridge an' 'e shakes me be the 'and. Then 'e introdooces me to 'er Royal 'ighness the Princess o' Wales, wot was in the railway kerridge undoin' the lunch-basket. So she takes off the lid o' the basket an' sez she: 'Mr. Buggins! 'ave a sandwich,' sez she. Wich," said Mr. Buggins, "I was 'appy ter do."

Here there was a break in my friend's narrative. Without bestowing a glance upon me he raised his voice angrily and extended his lungs. "'Liza!" he roared, "tell this 'ere lady ev I lie."

"Yer don't, Uriah!" came the voice of his dutiful spouse.

"Yer 'ear thet?" he asked reproachfully. "Yer kin b'lieve Mrs. Buggins, I s'pose?"

Further proof being impossible, I inclined my head to the Friend of the Throne, while Mrs. Buggins emerged from the inner room with the teapot in her hand.

On the whole, I think it was a successful tea-party. For though my host snubbed me while there, he seems to have thought much of me thereafter. Soon after this, however, my lot was cast in other lines, and for eighteen months I received no news from the tenement.

But one summer afternoon a visitor was announced—"Miss Buggins" by name.

Owing to the whirl and rush of life I had meanwhile made many new friends, and though the personality of the Buggins family remained one of the treasures of memory, the name had escaped me, and on entering the room I was surprised to find myself face to face with Sarah the factory girl. Her hair was in curling-pins, and her hat ornamented with a dreary-looking ostrich feather. She shook hands in silence and drew her shawl around her.

I saw that something was amiss.

"Me father's bad, an' 'e wants yer," she said with the directness of slumland. "Will yer come?"

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"ME FATHER 'S BAD AN' 'E WANTS YER."

"Yes, of course I'll come," I answered, while a tear trickled down her cheek.

"I've been tryin' ter find yer fur two days," she said huskily, "an' I did n't know wheer yer was. But 'e kep' on arstin' fur yer, so I puts on me hat an' shawl terday, an' I sez to 'im, 'Don't yer take on abaht it, father,' I sez ter 'im, 'I'll find 'er wheeriver she is'—w'ich I 'ave."

The girl smiled through her tears, and in a few minutes we had set off together for the slums. On my arrival I found that the tenement looked as dilapidated as ever, and the washing still hung from the ceiling. I was not taken into the front room to-day, that being already occupied. For when Mrs. Buggins was not out charing, she took in washing; and the washing had to be done in the Third Floor front, though Death stood by with outstretched arms.

However, Mrs. Buggins left her work for a minute to follow me into the little back room where the sick man lay on the untidy tenement bed. His breath came in painful gasps and the hand that was laid in mine was almost transparent.

"Looks bad, don't 'e!" said Mrs. Buggins, by way of introduction; and shaking her head she returned to her work. The man raised himself feebly on his elbow and his eyes seemed to be looking at me from beyond the grave.

"Madam!" he said in a hollow whisper, "we meet—again!"

It was as though his ghost had spoken. He sank back exhausted on the pillow and his lips moved. I bent down to hear. "I ain't the man I were," he murmured, "w'en last yer see'd me." He gave a hard, dry cough that racked his feeble frame.

"LOOKS BAD, DON'T 'E?" SAID MRS. BUGGINS PHILOSOPHICALLY.

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His eyes closed and his fingers worked nervously. So I sat down by the bedside and took his hand, while I talked of the things that endure, for I saw that his life's race was nearly run, and the Angel of Death was in waiting.

But the call came not that day, nor the next; for he lingered on for several days, sometimes weaker and sometimes stronger.

"WHEER 'S YER EDDICATION?" ASKED MR. BUGGINS.

I remember one day sitting with him when the door opened and Sarah's head was thrust in. "Miss!" she ejaculated, her face glowing with pride, "wot 'yer think? W'y, we was sent a telegrapht yesterday!" Feeble and weak as he was, Mr. Buggins sat up in bed and glared at his offspring.

"'Ow dare yer?" he demanded. "Telegrapht! Wheer's yer eddication—the eddication wot I give yer?" He turned to me. "It ain't no use a-tryin' ter learn 'em. But," he said in a broken voice, "I calls yer hattention ter the fac' that, as long as I were above ground, I taught 'em grammar!" Exhausted with the effort, he lay back and looked like one dead.

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"Well, anyhow yer need n't get so excited abaht it!" expostulated Sarah, who had resented the interruption. For it was not every day that a telegram came to the tenement.

I remember noticing some fresh flowers on the mantelpiece.

"How lovely your roses are!" I exclaimed, while I examined a delicate La France, whose beauty was enhanced by the surrounding squalor.

"Ain't they?" exclaimed Sarah with pleasure.

"You are fond of flowers, are you not?" I asked her.

"Yuss, I loves flowers; they like reminds yer o' the cimetary," was the unexpected reply. And instinctively I recoiled from the rose.

The next time I arrived at the tenement I found Sarah waiting on the steps.

"It ain't safe fur yer ter go up be yerself," she said abruptly.

I laughed. "Since when?"

Sarah assumed an air of mystery. "It 's the lady as lives under us," she volunteered; "an' she sez that if she see 'd yer goin' up-stairs agin, she 'd insult yer!"

"I wonder why?" I asked, for there seemed to be a psychological interest involved.

"'Cos yer ain't never been ter see 'er," replied Sarah.

"But do I know her?" I asked.

"Dunno' er as yer knows 'er or not," was the answer, "but she see'd yer once at the Mothers' Meetin'. An' yusterd'y w'en she knoo as ye 'd been ter see me father, she sez ter me on the stairs: 'Sarah Buggins!' sez she, 'if that theer lady comes agin I 'll insult 'er,' sez she. An' she jes' would," added Sarah, "fur she ain't no class."

But whether the insult was to have taken the form of dynamite or broomstick I never discovered; for I was jealously watched over by the Buggins family, who constituted themselves my body-guard.

The following day when I got to the little back room I found a visitor already there.

It was Sarah's rich aunt.

Aunt Belinda I had frequently heard of, as being a person of great affluence.

"Rich!" commented Sarah. "W'y! she lives on 'er own

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"AN' WOT WIF THE WORRY O' SERVINTS AN' ONE THING OR ANOTHER."

money an' keeps two servants." The opulence of Aunt Belinda was beyond local belief.

"Now, ain't it lucky you come?" said Mrs. Buggins on my arrival, "fur we was jes' talkin' abaht yer"; and forthwith I was introduced to Aunt Belinda as the lesser is to the great, and the second best chair was offered me. There were only two, and Aunt Belinda had the other. She had brought with her a basket of dainties for the sick man. This she hastened to mention, adding that she could afford the expense of it.

"Ye're very good, Belinda," murmured the invalid.

"Well, Uriah," replied his rich sister, "ev things was different an' I was pore, I knows as you'd 'elp me."

"That I would," answered the dying man, whose generosity was only limited by his poverty.

"So I sez ter meself," said Aunt Belinda, "theer's Uriah, lyin' sick, I sez, an' p'raps 'e cud eat a chickin! But," and here she addressed herself to me, "wot wif me gentlemen lodgers, an' wot wif the worry o' servints an' one thing or another—" she shook her head until the large red rose in her bonnet trembled on the end of its stalk—"I 've been that worrited that I could n't come 'ere afore."

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"Yer do 'ave a lot ter see ter," said Mrs. Buggins respectfully.

Aunt Belinda held up a pair of fat hands that had been squeezed into black kid gloves. "Wot it is," she said with impressiveness, "to 'ave a 'ouse an' servints of yer own, yer would n't never b'lieve!"

But now she shook off the gloom of her domestic respon-

Q.

"NOT YET—'LIZA!" PLEADED THE DYING MAN.

sibilities and gave me her address. She even expressed a hope that I might call upon her—our social equality being taken for granted.

"You jes' drop in whenever yer like, an' welcome," said this local aristocrat. And Sarah Buggins sat on the fender with her elbows on her knees and looked at me wistfully; for invitations were limited at Aunt Belinda's.

The next time I climbed up to the Third Floor back Mrs. Buggins beckoned me in with a silent finger. The end was at hand. The dying man stirred restlessly and the beads of cold

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perspiration stood on his forehead. He tried to speak, though his voice failed him. But I knew that he could hear what I said to him, for from time to time he made a motion of assent. Meanwhile Mrs. Buggins sat on the fender and watched him. Then she shook her head gloomily.

"'E's goin'!" she said aloud, "an' that's sure an' certain."

The dying man opened his eyes. "'Liza—not yet!" he murmured appealingly,—"not yet—'Liza."

"Now, Uriah!" said Mrs. Buggins with a firmness just tempered with forbearance, "wot do *you* know abaht it? Think as the doctor don't know 'is business? W'y 'twas on'y yusterd'y as 'e see'd yer, an' 'e sez ter me afterwards on the landin' ahtside theer—'Mrs. Buggins,! sez 'e'—an' a nice-spoken young man 'e were—'Mrs. Buggins,' 'e sez, 'I'm sorry fur yer, *very sorry*,' sez 'e, 'but 'e's goin'.' Now them was 'is very words: *'e's goin'!* An'," said Mrs. Buggins looking reproachfully at her husband, "it ain't fur sich as you ter say contrariwise."

Here I made an imploring gesture, which Mrs. Buggins half resented.

"Thet's all very well, miss," she admitted, "but it ain't my way. I'm Jack Blunt, as the sayin' is, an' I likes ter talk me mind. An' yer can't get away from fac's do wot yer will. Fur, 'owever yer takes it, a funeral is a 'eavy expense."

I glanced at the emaciated form on the bed, and as I watched him struggling to live, I shrank back from the realism of the tenement. The man's brows were contracted as if in pain, and his breath came fitfully, but his lips were closed and he held his peace.

"Yuss," continued Mrs. Buggins, "a 'eavy expense, an' who's a-goin' ter pay fur it, I dunno'. Fur yer must bury 'im decent! An' it ain't as if 'e b'longed to a burial club—w'ich 'e don't, wuss luck!—so we'd 'ave ter be content wif two 'orses an' 'ave things quiet-like." Here Mrs. Buggins sighed regretfully. "Then theer's the corfin ter pay fur," ticking it off on the ends of her fingers, "*an'* the 'earse. An' of course you 'ave ter give some sort o' victuals ter the mourners, an' wheer's the money ter come from? That's wot I wants ter know?"

Mrs. Buggins was a practical person. But absorbing as this financial problem undoubtedly was, my eyes were fixed on the

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"THEN THEER 'S THE CORFIN TER PAY FUR—AN' THE 'EARSE," SAID MRS. BUGGINS.

dying man, who was battling for breath, and his whispered appeal "'Liza! not yet," found an echo deep down in my heart.

Mrs. Buggins, however, continued her soliloquy. "Yuss, these is the things yer 'ave ter think abaht," said she with philosophy; "an' likewise ter pay fur," she added. "An' then—w'y lord love yer!" she ejaculated, suddenly realizing that the chief item of expenditure had been omitted—"Blest ev I ain't forgot me black!"

She ceased speaking and gazed into space, and I could see that her mind was busy with detail. Would it be a two-horse funeral? or could she raise enough money, after all, for the four horses? What funeral meats would she cook? How many could she pay for? What of mourning coaches? And how about a china wreath for the coffin?—for it must be a decent burial. Then, of course, there was her "black." How long would the dressmaker take to make it? It must have crape on it; but what style should she choose? Would the old

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crape bonnet bear re-trimming? she wondered, or must she buy a new one? . . . But her reflections were interrupted by the rustling of an Angel's wing, and the Voices of the Nine Choirs became hushed while a human soul stood at the Bar of Eternity.

It was some days later. The coffin had been nailed down, and the mourners had arrived. Mrs. Buggins was arrayed in her new black dress, and the old brown shawl was drawn across her shoulders. The funeral mutes were carrying the dead down the tenement stairs, and Mrs. Buggins followed next as chief mourner. All the neighbors had collected into whispering groups, and stood watching at their several doorways.

"'E were a good man—as men goes," said one. "Ain't it wonderful 'ow she bears up," said another. "Ah! poor thing!" said the rest. And the widow, feeling that the moment of her life had come—for in the slums it is not the wedding but the funeral that counts—walked with head erect and stepped into the first coach with an assumption of dignity. From henceforth everything would date from to-day. For what the Hegira is to the devout Mohammedan, the burial is to the widow of slumland.

So Mr. Buggins was laid to his rest, and amongst the mourners who stood by the grave there was found no representative of Royalty.

For the ways of man are strange and unstable, and lo! Mr. Buggins had been forgotten at the Court of St. James. "Eheu!—sic transit gloria mundi!"

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"FOLLOW THOU ME."

John xxi. 22.

BY SISTER M. WILFRED, O.S.B.

I.

HOW lovely are Thy Feet upon the hills,
O my Belovèd! Lo the crystal rills
Of living water gush beneath Thy tread
To give back life to that which erst was dead,
And more abundant life to them that live.
For Thou, who lovest all, art fain to give
That *All* which is Thyself, a gift as free
As air or light, to all who ask of Thee.
Along the rugged thorn-set path, where'er
Thy nail-pierced Feet find rest, spring up the fair,
Sweet flowers of sacrifice. "Incline Thine ear."
Thou sayest "follow Me." Ah! Lord most dear,
Thou knowest well how weak I am and frail,
How to the dust I cleave, how mine eyes fail
With looking upward! And shall such as I
Walk in the heights with Thee? Hear how I cry
To Thee, halt, maimed, half dead! It were more meet,
Low in the dust, to lie beneath Thy Feet.

II.

He who loves best fears neither depth nor height!
Humbly he scans as in his Master's sight
His misery and sin! Yet, at His call
(Leaning on his Belovèd, lest he fall),
He rises quickly and with willing feet
Hastens to do His Will and to complete
His given task ere night's soft shadows come—
The call to rest in his eternal home.

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IRISH FAIRY AND FOLK TALES.

BY CHARLES WELSH.

THE history of Ireland and of the Irish people dates back from a very remote antiquity; indeed, its beginnings are lost in the twilight of fable, but its language, as Mr. Douglas Hyde says, "has left the clearest, most luminous, and most consecutive literary track behind it of any of the vernacular tongues," excepting the Greek.

Linguistically speaking, the Celtic people are a branch of the great Aryan race. The Irish are part of a vast Indo-European family which countless ages ago spread to the West over a great part of Europe. The Gaelic language has roots which go far down towards the parent stock; its literature, consequently, is of the utmost interest and value to those who seek to read the riddle of the past and to push back the horizon of knowledge concerning it. The reader will not, therefore, be surprised to learn that the Irish Fairy Tales and Folk Stories are among the oldest of those of any of the European races. "Of all the traces that man in his earliest period has left behind him," says Mr. Douglas Hyde in his *Beside the Fire*, "there is nothing except a few drilled stones or flint arrowheads that approaches the antiquity of these tales."

And although they have many counterparts in other languages, which would seem to indicate a common origin in the far off past—notably in Oriental Folk Lore—the spirit of the race is enshrined in them in a more characteristic and striking degree, perhaps, than in the fairy tales and folk lore of any other country. This is doubtless due to their preservation in the ancient Gaelic; to the fact that the wandering bard has lingered longer in Ireland than elsewhere, and to the fact that the professional story-teller, although fast disappearing, is not yet entirely extinct in that country.

Story-telling has always been a favorite amusement of the Celtic race. In ancient times the professional story-tellers

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were classified, and were called, according to their rank, ollaves, shanachies, filès, or bards. Their duty was to recite old tales, poems, and descriptions of historical events in prose or verse at the festive gatherings of the people. They were especially educated and trained for this profession, which was looked upon as a dignified and important one, and they were treated with consideration and amply rewarded wherever they went.

It is recorded how the story-tellers used to gather together of an evening, and if any had a different version from the others they would all recite theirs and vote, and the man who had varied would have to abide by their verdict. In this way stories have been handed down with such accuracy that the long tale of Dierdre was, in the earlier decades of the eighteenth century, told almost word for word, as in the very ancient MSS. in the Royal Dublin Society. In one case only it varied, and then the MS. was obviously wrong—a passage had been forgotten by the copyist. But this accuracy is rather in the folk and bardic tales than in the fairy legends, for these vary widely, being usually adapted to some neighboring village or local fairy-seeing celebrity.

While the Irish fairy tales and folk tales are among the oldest in the world, they are also the most numerous and diversified. Many collectors have classified them more or less. The following will give an idea of the main grouping:

There are "The Sociable Fairies," who go about in troops, and quarrel, and make love, much as men and women do. They are land fairies or Sheoques (Ir. *Sidheog*, "a little fairy") and water fairies or Merrows (Ir. *Moruadh*, "a sea-maid").

The Sheoques haunt the sacred thorn bushes and the green raths or royalties—those little fields circled by ditches, and supposed to be ancient fortifications and sheepfolds. Many a mortal they are said to have enticed into their dim world. Many have listened to their fairy music, till human cares and joys drifted from them and they became great seers, or "Fairy Doctors," or musicians, or poets like Carolan, who is said to have gathered his tunes while sleeping on a fairy rath; or else they died in a year and a day, to live ever after among the fairies. The Sheoques occasionally steal children and leave a withered fairy, a thousand or maybe two thousand years old, instead.

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The Merrows sometimes come out of the sea in the shape of little hornless cows. In their own shape they have fishes' tails and wear a red cap, called in Irish *cohuleen driuth.* The men among them have green teeth, green hair, pigs' eyes, and red noses; but their women are beautiful and sometimes prefer handsome fishermen to their green-haired lovers.

"The Solitary Fairies" are mostly gloomy and terrible. Among them are:

The Lepricaun (Ir. *Leith bhrogan; i.e.*, the one shoemaker). He is seen sitting under a hedge mending a shoe, and whoso catches him can make him deliver up his crocks of gold, for he is a miser of great wealth; but if you take your eyes off him he vanishes like smoke. He wears a red coat with seven buttons in each row, and a cocked hat, on the point of which he sometimes spins like a top. In Donegal he goes clad in a great frieze coat.

The Cluricaun's (Ir. *Clobhair-cean* in O'Kearney) occupations are robbing wine-cellars and riding sheep and shepherd's dogs for a livelong night, until the morning finds them panting and mud-covered.

The Gonconer or Ganconagh (Ir. *Gean canogh; i.e.*, love-talker) is a creature of the Lepricaun type, but a great idler. He appears in lonely valleys, pipe in mouth, and spends his time in making love to shepherdesses and milkmaids.

The Far Darrig (Ir. *Fear Dearg; i.e.*, red man) is the practical joker of the other world. He presides over evil dreams.

The Pooka (Ir. Puca, a word derived by some from *poc*, a he-goat) is of the family of the nightmare. His shape is usually that of a horse, a bull, a goat, eagle, or ass. His delight is to get a rider, with whom he rushes through ditches and rivers and over mountains, and whom he shakes off in the gray of the morning. Especially does he love to plague a drunkard; a drunkard's sleep is his kingdom. At times he takes more unexpected forms than those of beast or bird.

The Dullahan has no head, or carries it under his arm. He is often seen driving a black coach called coach-a-bower (Ir. *Coite-bodhar*), drawn by headless horses. It rumbles to your door, and if you open it a basin of blood is thrown in your face. It is an omen of death to the houses where it pauses.

The Leanhaun Shee (Ir. *Leanhaun sidhe; i.e.*, fairy mistress)

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seeks the love of men. If they refuse, she is their slave; if they consent, they are hers, and can only escape by finding one to take their place. Her lovers waste away, for she lives on their life.

The Far Gorta (man of hunger) is an emancipated fairy that goes through the land in famine time, begging and bringing good luck to the giver.

The Banshee (Ir. *Bean-sidhe; i. e.*, fairy woman) is a sociable fairy grown solitary through much sorrow. The name corresponds to the less common Far Shee (Ir. *Fear Sidhe*), a man fairy. She wails, as most people know, over the death of a member of some old Irish family.

There are also the House Spirits; the Water Sherie, a kind of will-o'-the-wisp; the Sowlth, a formless luminous creature; the Pastha (piastbestia); the lake dragon, a guardian of hidden treasure; and the Bo men fairies, who destroy the unwary; and there is the great tribe of ghosts called Thivishes in some parts.

And there is fairy poetry as well, and of which not a little is to be found in the works of the Irish poets from William Allingham to William Butler Yeats. But it is not so abundant as one might expect. The ancient myths and legends and the half mythical history of Ireland and her manifold wrongs and sufferings seem to have appealed more to the Irish poetical spirit.

The very first collection of Fairy Tales and Folk Tales are, of course, to be found in the old chapbooks. "They are," says Mr. W. B. Yeats, "to be found brown with turf smoke on cottage shelves, and are, or were, sold on every hand by the pedlars, but cannot be found in any library of this city of the Sassanach (London). 'The Royal Fairy Tales,' 'The Hibernian Tales,' and 'The Legends of the Fairies' are the fairy literature of the people."

Of a certain volume of the "Hibernian Tales" Thackeray writes pleasantly in his *Irish Sketch Book*, remarking: "So great is the superiority of the old stories over the new, in fancy, dramatic interest, and humor, that one can't help fancying that Hibernia must have been a very superior country to Ireland."

"These Hibernian novels, too," he continues, "are evidently intended for the hedge-school universities. They have the

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old tricks and some of the old plots that one has read in many popular legends of almost all countries, European and Eastern; successful cunning is the great virtue applauded; and the heroes pass through a thousand wild extravagant dangers such as could only have been invented when art was young and faith was large. And, as the honest old author of the tales says 'they are suited to the meanest as well as to the highest capacity, tending both to improve the fancy and enrich the mind,' let us conclude the night's entertainment by reading one or two of them, and reposing after the doleful tragedy which has been represented. The 'Black Thief' is worthy of the *Arabian Nights*, I think—as wild and odd as an Eastern tale. . . . Not a little does it add to these tales that one feels, as one reads them, that the writer must have believed in his heart what he told; you see the tremor, as it were, and the wild look of the eyes, as he sits in his corner and recites and peers wistfully around lest the spirits he talks of be really at hand." And after telling us the chapbook version of the story of "Hudden Dudden and Donald," and of "The Spaeman," he says, "and so we shut up the hedge-school library, and close the 'Galway Nights' Entertainments'; they are not as amusing as Almack, to be sure, but many a lady who has her opera box in London has listened to a piper in Ireland."

It is significant of how Ireland's contribution to English literature in every department has been ignored by the English, and in consequence by the entire literary world, that in the two great collections of chapbooks made by the elder and the younger Boswell, which are now in the library of Harvard University, there are scarcely any of Irish origin, though England and Scotland are fully represented; and yet, during the period covered by these collections, as these remarks by Thackeray and W. B. Yeats would indicate, her output of this literature was as large as, if not larger than, that of either England or Scotland. If it had not been for a certain purchase made by Thackeray at Ennis when on his tour through Ireland, and for a certain rainy day in Galway about 1840, the English people might never have known that the Irish people had their chapbooks from the fifteenth to the nineteenth century as well as the people of almost all other European countries.

The systematic collection of Celtic folk-tales began in

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Ireland as early as 1825, with T. Crofton Croker's "Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland." Among the novelists and tale-writers of the schools of Miss Edgeworth and Lever folk-tales were occasionally utilized, as by Carleton in his "Traits and Stories," by S. Lover in his "Legends and Stories," and by G. Griffin in his "Tales of a Jury-Room." These all tell their tales in the manner of the stage Irishman. Patrick Kennedy, a Dublin bookseller, printed about one hundred folk and hero-tales and drolls in his "Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts," 1866; "Fireside Stories of Ireland," 1870; and "Bardic Stories of Ireland," 1871. Lady Wilde has told many folk-tales very effectively in her "Ancient Legends of Ireland," 1887. Mr. J. Curtin's "Myths and Folk-Tales of Ireland," 1890, must not be forgotten. Douglas Hyde has published in "Beside the Fireside," 1891, English versions of some of the stories he had published in the original Irish in his "Leahbar Sgeulaighteachta," Dublin, 1889. Miss Maclintoch has published many various periodicals during the past twenty years, a period which has been remarkably fruitful in active workers in this hitherto comparatively untilled field. P. W. Joyce's "Old Celtic Romances"; W. Larminie's "West Irish Folk Tales"; P. J. McCall's "Fenian Nights' Entertainments"; Seumas MacManus' "Donegal Fairy Tales"; D. Deeney's "Peasant Lore from Gaelic Ireland," and many other books, too numerous to mention, are rich in material of this kind. But Dr. Douglas Hyde, Lady Gregory, and W. B. Yeats have done more than all to reveal to us "the old weird world which sleeps in Irish lore." They know the people of Ireland thoroughly, and in their works they give us not only the folk and fairy tales of the people, but they make us feel how entirely they enter into and pervade and influence their every-day lives.

One reason, perhaps, why the Irish people are as a rule so supremely gifted with the power of poetical self-expression, why they are endowed with so rich and luxurious a fancy, is because for centuries they have been nourished on such a wealth of fairy tales and wonder stories as is exceeded by no other literature of the world.

But, on the other hand, the simple-minded, poetical nature of the people, and the curious, undefinable, mystical character which so often underlies its wonderful ready alertness, is the

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right soil for that crop of wonder tales and fairy lore which has flourished for centuries as in no other country.

Emerson says: "What nature at one time provides for use, she afterwards turns to ornament"; and Herbert Spencer, following out this idea, remarks that "The fairy lore, which in times past was matter of grave belief and held sway over people's conduct, has since been transformed into ornament for 'The Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'The Tempest,' 'The Fairy Queen,' and endless small tales and poems; and still affords subjects for children's story-books, amuses boys and girls, and becomes matter for jocose allusion."

Sir Walter Scott also says, in a note to "The Lady of the Lake": "The mythology of one period would appear to pass into the romance of the next, and that into the nursery tales of subsequent ages"; and Max Müller, in his *Chips from a German Workshop*, says: "The gods of ancient mythology were changed into the demigods and heroes of ancient epic poetry, and these demigods and heroes again become at a later age the principal characters of our nursery tales."

In just the same way many of the Irish Folk Tales are the detritus of the Ancient Bardic Stories, and we can see this detrition in actual process in Ireland to-day, where the belief in the fairies and legends still exists in the minds of many of the older folks. As Lady Wilde says in her introduction to *Irish Legends:* "With the highly sensitive organization of their race, it is not wonderful that the people live habitually under the shadow and dread of invisible powers which, whether working for good or evil, are awful and mysterious to the uncultured mind that sees only the strange results produced by certain forces, but knows nothing of the approximate causes." And so Tir-nan-og, the country of the young, the place where you will get happiness for a penny, so cheap and common will it be, is still devoutly believed in by many to whom Hy Braesill, the Island of the Blest, is also something more than a name.

And it is not a little curious to note in this connection that, while the fairy tales of other lands have long been the natural literature of childhood, it is only in later years that even in Ireland itself Irish fairy tales, folk lore, wonder tales, and hero stories have figured in books especially made for young people.

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The fairy tales and folk lore of Ireland should have a special interest not alone for Irish-Americans, but for that greater American nation which is being evolved out of the mixture of the blood of all the races of the world, to-day. We inherit, we are infused by, and we are transmuting into terms of national individuality, all the romance, all the culture, all the art, and all the literature of the past, of all the nations of the world.

And when this individuality shall have been achieved, we shall have a culture which will be distinctly American; we shall have an art which will be distinctly American; we shall have a literature which will be distinctly American.

There has entered, and there will enter, into the composition of this new and individual race a greater infusion of the Celtic element than of any other, and it is therefore of the highest importance that the literature in which this element has been cradled, the literature to which the Celtic spirit responds most quickly and with the happiest results, should form part of the mental nourishment of our young people, in the form of the fairy tales and folk lore of Ireland.

We have given our children freely for the last two hundred years of the English Mother Goose rhymes and fairy tales, of the German, and even of the Norse fairy tales and romances—much of the content and idea of which is remote, and to which, because of race-inherited feelings and tendencies, they cannot respond—while we have left unheeded the vast treasures which exist in Irish fairy literature—a literature which makes the strongest appeal to the largest ingredient in the composition of the new American race which is being evolved.

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A LITTLE JOURNEY IN THE SCHWARZWALD.

BY ESTELLE McCLOSKEY DASCHBACH.

WHEN I gave the guard my ticket and told him that I wished to go to Königsfeld the consternation on his jolly face was slightly disconcerting.

"Königsfeld, Fräulein?" he demanded.

"Yes, Königsfeld," I repeated.

"But there is nothing for the Fräulein to see at Königsfeld," he persisted with that polite tenacity so characteristic of his countrymen.

I did not tell him that my reason for going to Königsfeld was because there was nothing to be seen. "A small Moravian settlement with about three hundred inhabitants" was all the information my guide book offered. It was enough to determine me. Ever since I came to Germany I had been looking for a small settlement of about three hundred inhabitants. I was sure I should find it in the Black Forest, but so far every village or hamlet possessed some waterfall or clock-making industry to attract the tourist. Hotels, starred and unstarred, were numerous enough to indicate that the waterfalls and clocks proved strong allurements. Not a hotel or inn was mentioned under Königsfeld, however, so the guard's efforts to deter me were unavailing.

"The Fräulein has friends at Peterzell to drive her out to Königsfeld? Is it not so?" he questioned.

No, I had no friends; but I trusted to my purse and the kind hearts of the people of Peterzell to see that I reached the little village, which was three miles from the railroad station.

Perplexedly mopping his brow, the guard turned away, and I was left at last to the enjoyment of the beautiful country through which the train was speeding. The forests on both sides seemed never-ending. Older and darker and deeper even than their name suggests, the shadowy woods stretched in rising slopes to the rounded hills in the distance. No sign of

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life disturbed their solemnity and peace. The rushing train was so little a part of the great, green grove that it seemed unable to stir so much as a leaf on a tree.

However, I was not to be left to undisturbed delight in the beauty of the scene, for the guard reappeared with his face fairly beaming. The cause of his elation he hastened to make known. Three Moravian sisters were on the train, also bound for Königsfeld. There would be a coach to meet them, and I was welcome to a seat in it. The enthusiasm of this worthy official at his happy solution of my difficulty knew no bounds. He hovered near me during the next half hour as if he feared I might escape him and defeat his happily adjusted plans. At last he had the satisfaction of telling me, with manifest delight, that the next station was Peterzell. As the place was too small even for a "Gepäckträger" to find business lucrative, the guard himself picked up my big carry-all—that happy invention of the Germans to circumvent baggage fees—and rushed off with it to three black-robed, white-capped women on the platform.

"Here is the Fräulein," he explained hastily as he dropped my belongings at their feet. And turning to me, "Adieu, Fräulein," he exclaimed, "the sisters will take care of you. Adieu."

The sisters smiled upon me with benevolence and each one shook me by the hand. Then we all climbed into a big black coach. The *Kutscher* stowed away four carry-alls, mounted his seat, and we started. The sisters spoke no English, but one of them proudly drew a German-English lesson book from her capacious pocket, and told me she was studying my language with the expectation of teaching it. My German was indifferent; but feeling myself a guest of my three companions I made strenuous efforts to take part in polite conversation. I several times agreed that the scenery was indeed *wunderschön*, and that Hamburg, their native city, was *sehr interessant*. With growing confidence I tried to explain why I wished to go to Königsfeld, and at last confided to them my presumptuous hope that some kind villager might be found to take me into the bosom of his family and spare me the ceremonious hospitality of the village inn. At this the three sisters leaned forward and exclaimed breathlessly, "You have yet no place engaged?"

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"No," I replied, smiling at their concern.

"*Ach*," they cried, throwing up their hands in dismay, "then you cannot go to Königsfeld. Every room in the *Gasthaus*, every bed in every dwelling, is engaged, for the Moravians from all over Germany are assembled there—is it not so, *Kutscher?*"

The coachman had stopped his horses and with impassive face confirmed their assertions.

"You must spend the night at Peterzell, Fräulein," the sisters declared. Without further words the coachman turned his horses back in the direction of Peterzell.

I was not pleased at the summary way in which matters were taken out of my hands. Ever since I came to the Fatherland I had been protesting against the paternalism with which every native insisted upon favoring me. But this time my protests were in vain, and in anything but a resigned mood I was driven back to Peterzell. There was nothing at Peterzell but a telegraph station and an inn. The inn stood out on the public road, a small, dingy brick building with curtainless windows and a broken outside staircase. With my spirit rebelling at every step, I mounted the staircase and pulled at the knocker. That was broken too, so I gave a feeble rap on the door. It was opened with a jerk, and the most disagreeable-looking woman I had seen in Germany confronted me. My heart sank and I looked back helplessly at the coach from which Fate in three white caps was poking out. Fate thought that my vocabulary, not my courage, had failed me, and bravely came to my assistance.

"The Fräulein wishes a bed for the night—she can remain here? *Was kostet?*"

"*Kein Platz*," muttered the inn-keeper, and shut the door with a bang.

"*Ach*," shrieked the sisters, "what for rudeness!"

"*Ach*," I replied inaudibly, "what for luck!" I ran down the steps and clambered into the coach again.

"Go on," I called to the coachman. "If no one in Königsfeld will take me in, I shall pass the night in the forest."

"No, no, Fräulein, that would be impossible," remonstrated my three friends.

"Insects," said one, shaking her head.

"Perhaps brigands," added another.

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"Cold in your head," cried the third, pointing to her ears, which were stuffed with cotton.

My practical companions would not have understood, had I told them, that ever since I had read Robert Louis Stevenson's *Travels with a Donkey* I longed to spend a night out of doors. Here at last was an opportunity. I recalled his beautiful description of the peace and stillness of a solitary night under the stars, the sounds which but accentuate the silence, and the great throb of dawning day. I forgot my companions and their tragic distress over my predicament. There was the deep, shadowy forest. The air was fragrant with pine, and a smooth carpet of pungent needles offered sweet repose.

"If the Fräulein wishes she may have a room in my house. My daughter will care for her," quoth the coachman without turning his head.

The sisters accepted for me with alacrity. They smiled and nodded and congratulated one another. "All right," laughed the English student. Then they closed their eyes and bobbed their heads in sleep during the remainder of the journey, while I sighed regretfully for the night in the forest I was not yet to know.

It was dark when the coachman stopped in front of a low, rambling house. The sisters awoke, shook hands with me, wished me luck and happiness, picked up their umbrellas and carry-alls, and left me alone in the coach. For a few minutes more the horses jogged on. Then they halted and with never a word of explanation the coachman helped me out.

We had stopped before a small, newly-built house, in the door of which stood a young girl. She hurried out and at a mumbled word from her father led me up the steps. The daughter proved to be as loquacious as the father was taciturn. She wished to know, as she took me to my room, whence I had come and whither I was going? Was I an orphan or were my parents living? Both? How many brothers and sisters had I, and what were the ages of each? Was America very big, and did I live in New York? How much did my hat cost, and what did I pay for my shoes?

Laconic answers failed to stem the stream of questions so I resignedly suffered the "story of my life" to be wrested from me. During the catechism the girl made the bed. She laid upon the canvas slats a high feather mattress, buttoned into a

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clean muslin case. At the head of the bed, she placed two great pillows, one on top of the other. A thick blanket, which was also encased in white muslin, was spread over the mattress, and the whole crowned by a second huge feather bed. Against the latter I protested, but I was warned that the nights were cold in the forest and there would be need of warm covers. Sure enough a few hours later I shiveringly groped for the discarded mountain of feathers and gladly buried myself under it.

Early next morning, before the village was awake, I walked down the main road past the small, one-storied houses and their trim little gardens. Two old women passed me on their way to Peterzell. On their heads they carried big baskets of green lettuce and berries.

"*Guten Tag*," they greeted me, but without a smile. They are not a happy-looking people, the German peasants. Life seems to be all seriousness to them. The women with their leathery skin, dull eyes, and brawny figures show the effects of long years of never-ending toil. Even the men, whose burdens seem to be carried by their wives, take their beer soberly and sadly.

From the door of the *Gasthof Brüder Gemeinde* came the fragrance of coffee, so I entered the *Speise-saal*, where a few early risers were taking breakfast. I chose a table where I might sit with my back to the other guests. I am fastidious enough to dislike the noisy delight with which a German eats his rolls after sopping them in his coffee. Besides, the place I chose commanded a view of the veranda and garden. Boxes filled with old-fashioned roses and sweet-smelling verbenas were placed in the windows and on the railing of the wide porch. In the garden were fragrant shrubs and thick vines.

Across the road from the inn was a shop where the handiwork of the Moravians is sold—baskets, carved woods, and cuckoo clocks. I was idly wondering if I should have the strength of mind to leave the Black Forest without buying a cuckoo clock, for which I have above all other clocks a special aversion, when the waitress came and I paid for my breakfast. Eighty pfennigs! And I had eaten rolls, unsalted butter, and honey with the appetite of a school-boy. The girl who had served me so bountifully told me that the profits from the shop across the way went to extend the missionary work of the society, which maintained in the village a large home for mis-

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sionary students and retired missionaries. She pointed out this building and then called my attention to the house adjoining, a large, low, sunny structure with vines and roses climbing over it. "That," she said, "is the Wittwenhaus, or home for widows." Every widow has her own two rooms and the use of a common kitchen. Near by was the Schwesternhaus, for unmarried women. These sisters have separate bed-rooms, but general dining-rooms and sitting-rooms. They sell bread and cakes, fine sewing and embroidery. For many years a small school flourished in connection with the Schwesternhaus, where instruction in cooking, sewing, laundering, and other branches of domestic art was given for a trifling sum.

When I left the *Gasthaus* church bells were ringing and a group of persons, who looked as if they might be going to church, were trudging up the road. I followed them and presently came to a plain building, which looked more like a school-house than a church. On the door hung an advertisement of lost articles which could be claimed at the post-office: a pair of gloves, a pocket-knife, a string of beads. With the temerity characteristic of my countrymen, I entered a large, well-lighted room with an organ and a raised desk at opposite ends. White curtains shaded the windows, but there was no other decoration. At a small melodeon in front of the desk sat one of the sisters. Her hands were hard and knotty, but her face was beautiful. Her black dress and white linen cap accentuated the spirituality of a countenance purified by plain living and high thinking. It is a type not common among the Germans.

I was so engrossed in the characteristics of those about me that I failed to observe that the men and women occupied opposite sides of the aisle, and of course I was on the wrong side. A benevolent old lady with a purple rose in her bonnet called my attention to the blunder and made room for me beside her.

The minister took his place at the desk. There were no hymn books, so the congregation repeated the hymn after the minister, line for line, which was scarcely necessary in this instance, for the hymn sung was that one so dear to Protestant Germany:

"Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott,
Eine gute Wehr und Waffe."

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The Lord's Prayer and a short talk by the minister followed. His language was not a dialect, but the pure, correct construction of literary German. I learned later that the Moravians are noted for the purity of their speech and the high standard of their scholarship.

The morning service lasted about half an hour. There is no evening service except on Saturday, when at eight o'clock all the people assemble at the *Schlusswoche* devotion to give thanks for the close of the week. This is in reality but a song service with prayers and litany. One petition of the Moravian litany has lingered long in my mind. It is the oft-quoted, "From the desire of becoming great, deliver us, O Lord."

There is no petition against the besetting sin of curiosity, however, and the old lady who had rescued me from the church brethren had a goodly share of it. After a few leading questions she suggested that I visit her, and she pointed out a large thatched cottage at the foot of the hill. My own curiosity seemed to be thriving on foreign soil, and I gladly accompanied her.

"This is my cow," she said, opening a shutter on the ground floor. I looked in and beheld a really fine cow; but no matter how well bred, scarcely a desirable coinhabitant. However, without voicing my doubts, I praised the animal, also the hay which was packed under the stairs, and which filled the air with fragrance.

"In there," said the old lady, pointing to a door in the plaster wall, "there lives a baker."

"Oh!" I gasped, speechless at the complexity of life under a single roof.

"These," continued my hostess, "are my stairs."

She had three large rooms at the top of the house, with plastered walls and bare floors. In the living room a big German stove reached to the ceiling. A German parlor stove looks like an enamelled wardrobe. Frequent investigation as to where the fire is kindled has not made me any wiser, and as the people are very sparing of wood and coal, I have never seen a stove in operation. Variegated tidies, wreaths of autumn leaves making frames for pictures of the Kaiser and the old Emperor William, quaint blue jars and bits of pottery, dried herbs and grasses—these and a multitude of other things distracted me in the best room. While I ate a piece of

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Zwetschenkuchen, which is a little like an American pie without a crust filled with tart plums, my new acquaintance told me something of the Moravians and their settlement here.

It is only one of numerous branches of the society, closely resembling the settlement at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. The Moravian society existed as early as the sixteenth century. Later in its history the name of Count Zinzendorf is prominent as its promoter and organizer. In religion it is evangelical. The principle on which it is based is the "Unitas Fratrum" of Christianity. There is no community of goods, no prohibition of marriage; but there really exists among the Moravians a close following of the Golden Rule and a high degree of morality. There are no poor in the community and no rich. Beggars are unknown.

Five minutes' walk from the church is the little cemetery. There are no walls about it save the boundary of the tall forest trees. A walk leads through it, and where the walk enters and leaves the graveyard are wooden arches. Over one is the inscription, "*Christus ist mein Leben und Sterben mein Gewinn.*" Over the other is written, "*Unser keiner lebt ihm selber und keiner stirbt ihm selber.*" This walk leads into one of the most beautiful parts of the forest, and the site seems a most fitting spot for *Gottes-Acker*. The tall pines and birches shade it tenderly. Over the graves, with their simple stones, ivy and myrtle grow like a thick green counterpane.

No word so well expresses the peace and content which here possess one's soul as the German "*Ruhigkeit.*" The forest stretches into unknown depths, and in its shadowy stillness the world of care is forgotten. There is no sound of traffic, no cloud of smoke to hide the blue of heaven, no hurry and bustle of men to spur one on in the race of life. But under the pine-trees of the Schwarzwald the heart reiterates, "From the desire of becoming great, deliver us, O Lord."

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THE BLACK HAND.

BY EUGENIE UHLRICH.

THE teacher sat on Mrs. Garvin's front porch near the end where the Gothic-pointed willow hedge kept off the western sun in the summer and the blizzard winds in winter. Away off eastward, on the level gray line of road, between the pale, yellowish-green wheat fields, she saw a moving speck growing into shape just below Peters's place three-quarters of a mile away. Presently Mrs. Garvin came out and sat on the porch steps, fanning herself vigorously with her apron. "My, but it is hot! You are the lucky one. All you have to do is to sit here on the porch when school is out, and pretty soon your term will be over, and then you can go away and won't have anything at all to do until fall."

"Oh," said the teacher, "nothing to do and no salary, and what about the Summer-School and the Institute? There is no rest for the wicked—nor for the teachers in these days."

The heat-flushed woman looked at the teacher in her cool shirt-waist and linen skirt, her glossy hair stirring with the movements of her big palm-leaf fan, with a sort of yearning expression that told plainly that Mrs. Garvin had her own ideas of that rest.

The teacher's eyes had wandered back to the road and centred on the little speck coming nearer and nearer, so curious in its outline as it grew larger, like unto neither man nor beast.

Presently Mrs. Garvin, following her gaze, said: "What can that be coming down the road from Peterses? It's just creeping along. It looks too big for a man and it isn't the shape of a horse, nor of any other creature belonging to these parts."

The teacher had formed the happy habit of allowing Mrs. Garvin the pleasure of her own discoveries. So she merely said: "That is so. It is a queer-looking object. What do you think it can be?"

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Garvin; "seeing you're

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the teacher, it seems to me you ought to know, if it's a queer beast of some kind. You 've a whole book full of them in there."

The teacher shook her head and laughed a little by way of the easiest reply possible, and sat there, fanning and watching. Mrs. Garvin became so absorbed that she stood up to get a better view. "Sure," she said, "it 's queer; I don't believe my eyes are deceiving me, but I never saw anything like it."

Nearer and nearer it came, down the highway, now covered with foot-deep dust—for there was a midsummer dry spell on—right in the face of the sun that had been blistering all day, and along a bare, unshaded road. none the cooler in the summer because in midwinter the snow lay man high and whirled over it in white clouds for months.

"I declare to goodness," said Mrs. Garvin, "I believe it is a woman." The teacher, too, sat up and looked almost excitedly at the figure that certainly moved with a looseness of outline that could come only from skirts swaying as she walked.

"She is carrying something on her head, that 's what makes her look so queer," said Mrs. Garvin. "And a bag in each hand," she gasped.

"That 's so," said the teacher, with astonishment that was not emphasized this time for Mrs. Garvin's benefit. Nearer and nearer the woman came, until the bright yellow of the 'kerchief on her head shone out under the pack like a gleam of light against the dark, coppery tan of her face.

In front of the drive turning in at Garvin's she hesitated, looking at their place and then along the road, where a little to the westward was the Gaffney farm.

"She has decided for us," said the teacher, as the woman came in slowly.

"I wonder what she wants?" said Mrs. Garvin. "She looks like one of them Eyetalian pedlars I have seen in the city, but I never saw one before on this road. I wonder where she is coming from. The nearest railroad stop east of us is Redbank, and that is twelve miles from here"; and she looked over at the figure. "She surely could n't have walked all that way with those things on her head and in her hands, could she now?"

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The teacher vouchsafed no explanation. She had heard some tales of robust womanhood in the Minnesota country—stories of women who worked in the fields with their husbands; of Bohemian women who grubbed out trees better than the men; of a woman who had carried her month-old baby five miles on foot to the hospital in town to visit a husband with a leg broken by a falling tree. Such stories had come to her to be traditions respected as possible, though quite out of the line of understanding of her own slim girlhood and intellectual associations; but now the sight of a woman who had walked twelve miles from Redbank on a day like this, loaded down like a pack-mule, was like something on the other side of a fence too high to look across. All sorts of things might be there, but the imagination had no basis on which to give them form.

A moment later the figure had reached the end of the lilac hedge and was standing over in the driveway, looking questioningly at the two women in the cool shade of the porch.

"Would you want to be buying anything of her, teacher?" Mrs. Garvin asked apologetically, as if seeking an excuse for herself. "I'd like to look at what she has, though I don't know whether I have any change to throw away."

"I may need needles and pins, and I do believe I ought to have some fresh ribbon; I feel that I ought to take something of her to give her a chance to sit down and take that pack off of her head."

When Mrs. Garvin motioned the woman to come on, her face broke into a beatific smile and her step grew as springy as a young girl's hastening to meet her sweetheart. The teacher gazed at her in wondering admiration as she came over and deposited her two bags, and bending her head with a deft movement, slid her pack onto the porch.

"Sit down," said Mrs. Garvin, "woman alive; it makes my own feet ache to think how tired you must be"; and she shook her head a little deprecatingly and went on: "and where did you come from to-day?" The woman looked around uncomprehendingly. The teacher, used to putting her thoughts into simple language and few words, leaned forward and said with great distinctness, "Where—from—to-day?" Again the woman did not understand. "From what railroad station did you come to-day?" Again she looked blank. "What town to-day?"

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Then again that expansive smile broke over her face. "Redbank, Redbank!"

"So it *was* Redbank," exclaimed the teacher. "Think of it!"

"Think of it!" echoed Mrs. Garvin. "But she talks English well enough when she knows what she wants to say."

The teacher looked at the woman and smiled mistily, saying: "Maybe she is a Syrian, and all Syrians talk English well after they learn to speak it."

Mrs. Garvin turned approvingly to the teacher. "My, how much you know! If I had to remember all them names and places like you do, I'd surely have a headache."

The woman seemed to catch the idea and smiled. "Their own language is so hard," went on the teacher, "that it seems to give them a talent for languages."

The woman still seemed to feel the compliment and said: "Syrian ver' ver' hard," and nodded her head. All the while, mindful of business, she was steadily undoing her bundle, bringing out bright-colored silk handkerchiefs, bits of ribbons, celluloid combs, collar-buttons, and cheap pins to catch the rural eye, with an assortment of needles and thread and tape and pins and other outfit for a good work-basket, so hard to keep in stock when there are no corner stores nearer than five or ten miles.

The teacher, with an impulse of generosity, began to select pins and needles and bits of ribbon far beyond her immediate use and up to the limits of her slender purse. The woman's smile grew broader and broader when Mrs. Garvin, too, not wishing to be outdone, hauled out a couple of aprons for herself and some handkerchiefs for the "good man."

"Why did you come to this country?" asked the teacher, sympathetically curious. The woman held up her hands with the ready gestures of the Oriental. "My man dead fi' year, three children in Syria. Bring here, cost money, much money."

The teacher's eyes were fixed in fascination upon the woman. She thrilled as though she had suddenly seen an act in a great tragedy. Twelve miles a day with a pack she herself could not even lift, to keep three little ones in Syria and bring them at last to this country, on the profits of a few cents worth of needles, tape, and so forth. Was there anything left in the world that was impossible to devotion? Her eyes

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moistened, and the woman, with the sense of human fellowship, which is beyond race and beyond language, suddenly put out her brown hand and patted the girl's slim, white one. The teacher rose quickly to hide more tears and hurried to her room to get her purse. By the time she came back with the change the pedlar was packing up her wares. The teacher looked at Mrs. Garvin pleadingly. "Oh, where is she going for the night?"

Mrs. Garvin's face took a puzzled, hesitating look. "Sure, I don't know; I never thought of that till this minute."

"I think she would be glad to sleep out in the hay. It's nice and clean. She would n't even ask a place in the house," suggested the teacher, eagerly.

"Oh, I would n't have her do that; if I had her stay at all she could sleep on the lounge in the sitting-room. I don't suppose Pat would mind, although he don't like the looks of them furriners, men nor women."

"Well, if he does, play she is my company, and put it on me."

"All right," said Mrs. Garvin cheerfully, and she motioned to the woman to put down her pack. At first the pedlar did not seem to understand what was meant, but when she realized that she was to stay the night in this pleasant place she bent forward and kissed Mrs. Garvin's hand. "Oh now! what would she be doing that for? Sure I am not used to that sort of thing"; and she blushed to the roots of her hair.

The teacher herself led the woman around to the bench beside the pump in the back of the house, where the family performed most of their ablutions in the summer-time, thus saving both housework and porcelain. Then she left her to go and straighten her own hair and lend Mrs. Garvin a hand at setting the table, to keep her in good humor in return for the extra trouble she was to have.

In the morning, when the teacher appeared for her breakfast, her first question was: "Where is our guest?"

"Oh! sure," said Mrs. Garvin, "she has been on the way since five o'clock, and is nearly in Goodhue County by this time. She is not like some people I know about getting up."

The teacher thoughtfully stirred the sugar into her coffee and made no remark at this comment.

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"She would n't eat any breakfast either, only a cup of coffee and a bit of dry bread; and look at these! She has given everybody in the house something, even you. There is a red and white handkerchief for that boy Wenzel," said Mrs. Garvin. "When she looked at that black-eyed Bohemian she smiled, and I suppose thought he was one of her own kind. They ought to understand each other, for the talk of one of them is about as bad as the other. Then there are some collar-buttons for Pat, which he is always needing, and a ribbon for Esperanza."

The teacher always suppressed a smile when Mrs. Garvin brought out Esperanza in that unctuous way. It was a sign of exceeding good humor. At times less cheerful, she was likely to shorten it into Essie, and put the rest of her breath into some such term as "ye little omadhaun."

"And here is another bit of ribbon for you." The teacher looked at the ribbon with a grateful smile, and a thought at the gauge of her taste which gave her a piece of dark blue ribbon instead of the impossible pink that had been left for the little girl.

"I hardly deserve this, for I did not do anything for her," she said. "It was very good of you to keep her."

"There is n't every one around here that would do it, and if I do say it myself," said Mrs. Garvin. "If she had gone on to the next house, to Gaffney's, she would not have been kept all night."

"I suppose her guardian angel is watching over her."

"Sure, she 's religious enough. Not a bite would she eat until she had blessed herself and said her prayer, just like the rest of us, and better, I suppose. But," said Mrs. Garvin, "I 'd never turn away a woman like that anyway, if I thought she had n't any other place to stay. The likes of her always make me think of a story my mother used to tell. It may seem queer to you, for I don't suppose you 've ever heard the stories the old people tell about fairies, and the spells and the like in Ireland. I don't know much about them myself, for you know I was raised in this country. There was an old woman— I don't believe I could tell the story just the way my mother used to, though I heard her tell it over and over; those old folks were wonderful for remembering. Why, my mother could tell all the litanies in the prayer-book by heart—"

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The teacher gently brought Mrs. Garvin back to the track: "Well, what about the old woman?"

"'Well, once upon a time in a town in Ireland there was a well-to-do farmer. His wife was a good housekeeper and all that, but she was a little near and close about things, and there was a good deal of talk that the girls and the men on the place did not have any more to eat than they ought to have. One day there was an old woman came down the road, and she was that weary she could hardly stand. She turned in and asked the farmer's wife herself to give her a drink of milk. But herself said she did n't have any to spare. The old woman walked on down the road a little, and then she came back and asked if she could not have even a drink of buttermilk, for she had seen there was churning on the place that day, and she thought that most of the buttermilk would be going to the pigs anyway. And the wife told her 'No' again. The old woman then asked if she could not sit down on the porch and rest, but the wife would not let her; but told her to get out and be gone, or she would set the dogs on her, saying this was no place for harboring beggars and tramps."

"Tramps?" said the teacher, her pedagogic sense of the fitness of words getting ahead of her for the moment. "Did they have tramps in Ireland, too?"

"Well, maybe she did n't say tramps," said Mrs. Garvin, a little tartly, "but something like that. Well, with that the old woman turned and gave the wife a long look and put her hand in her pocket and pulled out a little black thing and threw it at the wife; but no matter how much the farmer's wife looked, when the woman was gone, she could not find the little black thing, for she had a curiosity to know what it could be. After a bit, when she went out into the dairy to get a drink for herself, she saw there was a little black thing in the milk. She tried to get it out; but no matter how she tried, it kept slipping away from her. At last she thought as she was thirsty she would drink anyway, and would feel the thing if it came against her lips, and she would stop and not swallow it. So she took a drink, but no sooner did she take the milk in her mouth than she felt something hard slipping down her throat. Then she looked for the black thing, but it was not in the milk any more. Then she ran into the house and in a little while she began to feel dreadfully sick. Her face and

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her hands and then her whole body began to swell until her body was twice its natural size. They sent for the doctor as fast as they could, but not a bit of good could he do her. Then they sent for the priest. The priest looked at the woman and said: 'It looks to me like something more than sickness,' and he says, 'What have you been doing that was wrong to man, woman, or child?' And then the woman raised herself up and told about the old beggar woman she had refused the drink of milk.

"'Well, the hardness of your heart is being punished,' said the priest, and he took some holy water and sprinkled the woman with it and he prayed over her. Then he told them to put her in a hot bath. By and by the woman got better and the swelling went down out of her body and her face, and then the blackness went out of her body too, except out of her right hand. Nothing would take it out of that hand. Then she sent for the priest again. He came and he said: 'That is a sign the good Lord has left on you, showing that you should be kind to the poor and to the stranger that comes to your door asking for a sup of that of which you have plenty and to spare.'

"And so it was that the woman's right hand stayed black, though she lived a long life afterward. But never a person came to her door and was turned away; and if she heard of any one out of her way in want of food or fire she went to them herself. So when she came to die, from all the towns around came the poor, that people had never seen before, and all of them fell down and cried and prayed for her soul and kissed her hand. And when the tears of the poor fell on her hand, little by little it grew whiter and whiter, and at last it was white as snow."

"The tears of the poor had washed away the stain?" asked the teacher.

"Yes," said Mrs. Garvin, "that's the way my mother said it was; and," she added, "I do be thinking when I see a woman like that old Eyetalian—or what do you call her? Syrian? Oh, yes, maybe there's a black spot on me somewhere, and it would be good to have a few prayers and tears of the poor to wash away the blackness of it when I am dead."

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ROBERT SOUTHWELL: POET, PRIEST, AND MARTYR.

BY KATHERINE BRÉGY.

FROM Thomas Carlyle comes the assurance that "as the highest gospel was a biography, so is the life of every good man still an indubitable gospel," a statement we will all accept because we must have felt its innate truth. It is impossible to study, for example, the history of Robert Southwell, one-time priest of the Society of Jesus, and poet of the Elizabethan Catholics, without feeling an interest that is more than intellectual. Having said that he is best worth knowing for the beauty and sublimity of his personal character, we have indicated the chasm which separates him from the great body of Elizabethan songsters. His memory is not, as often happens, sanctified by his art; rather is his art sanctified by the life which produced it. And yet—and the fact is in its own way a tribute—this young priest's immortality is mainly due to the unique charm of his literary work. "It marks not only the large Roman Catholic element in the country, but also the strange contrasts of the times," says Dr. Stopford Brook,* "that eleven editions [of his works] were published between 1595 and 1609, at a time when the 'Venus and Adonis' of Shakspere led the way for a multitude of poems that sung of love and delight in England's glory." Such *was* his popularity; and although it may have passed for ever now, the critics are not alone in insisting upon Father Southwell's permanent place in our literature. His poetry, so strangely free from the glad, passionate earthliness of most Elizabethan lyrics, is full of quaint, fanciful grace—above all, of deep religious fervor. The hopes, the fears, the pathetic weariness of English Catholics in those days, all entered into his work; these, and that tender mysticism which bound them like a spell to the Old Religion. Yet, when all is said, the life of the man himself is our choicest heritage—his life as poet, as priest, and, at last, as martyr.

* *Primer of English Literature.*

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Robert Southwell's birth is usually placed somewhere in 1561, a year which saw two events memorable in English history—the arrival on Scottish shores of the young Mary Stuart, and Elizabeth's final break with the Papacy in her refusal to send envoys to the Council of Trent. He was the third son of Richard Southwell, Esq., head of a prominent Catholic family of Horsham St. Faith's, Norfolk; it is interesting, also, to note that his maternal grandmother was a Shelley, a member of the same family which later gave birth to the "Skylark" poet. His adventures seem to have begun in the very cradle, whence he was stolen by some wandering gypsies; but, as the theft was soon discovered, it had no serious consequences. Far more significant is the fact that at a very early age the boy was sent to school at Douay, where a seminary had been established to supply the needs of English Catholics. Here, in the person of Leonard Lessius, he first came in intimate contact with the Society of Jesus—destined to be so potent a factor in his life. Later, at Paris, his studies were continued under the guidance of Thomas Darbyshire, a zealous soul and one of the first Englishmen to enter that order. The Catholic mind will scarcely need any comment on the ardor and self-consecration of these early Jesuits, but it is edifying to read the following tribute from such an eminent and high-minded Protestant critic as Dr. Alexander B. Groshart: "The name of Ignatius Loyola was still a recent 'memory' and power, and his magnificent and truly apostolic example of burning love, compassion, faith, zeal, self-denial, charged the very atmosphere with sympathy as with electricity. . . . The society was then in its first fresh 'love' and force, unentangled with political action (real or alleged); aud I pity the Protestant who does not recognize in Loyola and his disciples noble men . . . with the single object to win allegiance to Jesus Christ."* It is not surprising that their stupendous mission of winning back Europe to Catholic Christianity should have appealed to the earnest young English student, or that their lives should have excited his passionate admiration; but it is remarkable that when in his early teens Robert Southwell should have formed a life-purpose from which he never wavered. To "leave all," to take up the Cross, and bear it back to the old forsaken shrines, became the one dream of this elect young

* "Memorial Introduction," Groshart edition of Southwell's poems.

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soul. He applied for admission into the Society of Jesus; and, being refused because of his youth, wrote an impassioned "Lament," expressing his disappointment. Delay tried but did not shake his determination; so finally the coveted consent was obtained, and, on the 17th of October, 1578, his name was formally entered "amongst the children" of St. Ignatius. Two years later he took holy orders in Rome, and made his first vows as a scholastic of the society. Then followed four peaceful years of study, during which Southwell was occupied with philosophy and divinity. and, incidentally, it seems, with verse-making! In this case the "poetic temperament" was evidently quite compatible with hard work, for the brilliancy of his labors soon won him the prefecture of the English College at Rome. It was in 1584—probably in his twenty-fourth year—that Robert Southwell received the final rites of ordination, and stood prepared to commence his truly apostolic ministry.

Almost simultaneously a law was passed in England (27 Elizabeth, c. 2) declaring any native-born subject who entered the Roman Catholic priesthood since the first year of the queen's accession, and thereafter resided *more than forty days* on English soil, to be a traitor, and liable to the penalty of death. This was merely one of the most severe of the anti-Catholic laws which disgrace the reign of the great Elizabeth, and did not dampen the ardor of the Jesuits in general, or Robert Southwell in particular. The English mission—if most interesting—was obviously one of the most perilous in Europe; religious fanaticism had been aggravated and embittered by political hostility; the air was dark with conspiracies for and against the imprisoned Queen of Scots, and the whole country, to quote Mr. Turnbull,* "was in a ferment of political intrigues." Alarmed by Catholic successes abroad, the queen had redoubled the rigor of her Uniformity acts; the celebration of Mass was forbidden even in private houses, the fines on recusants were increased, and over every Catholic lowered the shadow of High Treason. But what was a stone about the neck of the layman became a knife at the throat of the priest; upon him fell the real weight of the persecution, for him alone the work of martyrdom was reserved. Against Jesuits, as supposed tools of the Papacy to sow treason in England, popular hatred was even more intense; they were "tracked by

* *Memoir of the Rev. Robert Southwell, S.J.*

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pursuivants and spies, dragged from their hiding-places, and sent in batches to the Tower." * Then from dungeon to scaffold was but a little way. And all this was done in the name of justice, on purely political grounds! "To modern eyes," as Mr. Green very aptly remarks, "there is something even more revolting than open persecution in a policy which branded every Catholic priest as a traitor, and all Catholic worship as disloyalty." †

But had not Ignatius Loyola prayed that his followers should never be free from persecution? Seventy priests had already been banished—not to mention those who had been put to death—when, on May 8, 1586, two more intrepid Jesuits set out for the island. One of them was Father Garnett, subsequently head of the English Jesuits; the other, Robert Southwell. In spite of spies, who somehow ascertained their coming, the priests succeeded in landing in July, and in reaching the house of Lord Vaux of Harrowden, where they were later joined by others of the society. There was plenty of work for them to do; there was also plenty of danger. Father Southwell—who passed in society by the name of Cotton, and who is described as a man of middle height and auburn hair—seems to have been watched rather narrowly from the beginning. It was worse than a dog's life for them all, and the necessary precautions were irksome. Father Gerard, one of his companions, tells how the young priest tried to familiarize himself with terms of sport for the purpose of conversing with Protestant nobles, and adds that he "used often to complain of his bad memory for such things"! We can well imagine how comforting the presence of this earnest, sympathetic soul was to his co-religionists, to whom he ministered largely in London, with occasional journeys to the north of England. "He much excelled," says Father Gerard, "in the art of helping and gaining souls, being at once prudent, pious, meek, and exceedingly winning."

One of Father Southwell's first cares was to win back the wavering faith of his father and his brother. The former, who had married a Protestant lady of the court, was restored to his birthright by a most eloquent and inimitable epistle from his son. "Howsoever," it concludes, after playing upon almost every key of emotion, "the soft gales of your morning pleas-

* Green's *History of the English People*, Book vi. chap. v. † *Ibid.*

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ures lulled you into slumbers; however the violent heat of noon might awake affections, yet now in the cool and calm of the evening retire to a Christian rest, and close up the day of your life with a clear sunset." We are glad to learn that the zeal of the young poet-priest proved contagious.

In 1589 Father Southwell became chaplain and confessor to the Countess of Arundel, whose husband, Philip Howard, was then confined in the Tower. For several years he lived in comparative safety at Arundel House in the Strand, and there commenced his real literary activity. "Triumphs over Death," perhaps his first known work, was occasioned by the death of a certain "noble lady" of the Howards, and was intended as a comfort and a check to inordinate grief. *Notes on Theology* and other prose works, mostly of a theological nature, also date from these years; but it is not certain that any of his English poems were yet composed. From Father Gerard we learn that Southwell set up a private printing press to disseminate his productions more safely, from which it appears that the "apostolate of the press" is not altogether a recent idea! But "Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears"—one of his most popular compositions, and model of Thomas Nash's "Christ's Tears over Jerusalem"—was printed by Cawood with a license. None of these works was signed, but the government seems somehow to have suspected our poet's authorship.

The letters* written by Father Southwell during these years reveal the Catholic life of the day with terrible simplicity. Poor Mary Stuart had been executed; the Spanish Armada had come and gone, uniting Catholic and Protestant in a common zeal to protect England; it would seem that Elizabeth had no longer much need to fear the Old Religion! Yet the persecutions went on with pitiless insistence. "The condition of Catholic recusants here," wrote Father Southwell in 1590, "is the same as usual, deplorable and full of fears and dangers, more especially since our adversaries have looked for wars. As many as are in chains rejoice, and are comforted in their prisons; and they that are at liberty set not their hearts upon it, nor expect it to be of long continuance. All, by the great goodness and mercy of God, arm themselves to suffer anything that can come, how hard soever it may be, as it shall please our Lord. . . . A little while ago they appre-

* Found in *History of the Persecutions of England*, by Didacus Yepis, lib. v. cap. v.

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hended two priests, who have suffered such cruel treatment in the prison of Bridewell as can scarce be believed. . . . Some are there hung up for whole days by the hands, in such manner that they can but just touch the ground with the tips of their toes. . . . This purgatory we are looking for every hour, in which Topcliffe and Young, the two executioners of the Catholics, exercise all kinds of torments. But come what pleaseth God, we hope we shall be able to bear all '*in Him that strengthens us.*'" Yet even through this darkness eyes of faith caught gleams of a coming sunrise. "It seems to me," he wrote later that year, in words which were to prove so deeply prophetic, "that I see the beginning of a religious life set on foot in England, of which we now sow the seeds with tears, that others hereafter may with joy carry in the sheaves to the heavenly granaries. . . . With such dews as these the church is watered. . . . We also look for the time (if we are not unworthy of so great a glory) when our day (like that of the hired servant) shall come."

His day was, in fact, not long to be deferred. In 1592 Father Southwell made a dangerous acquaintance in the person of Richard Bellamy, of Uxenden Hall, one of whose kinsmen had been executed in connection with the regrettable "Babington Conspiracy," and every member of whose family was under suspicion for belief. The young Jesuit said Mass at their home and ministered to the whole family, until the storm-cloud suddenly broke above their heads.

Anne Bellamy, a young daughter, was chosen as the government's first victim. She was confined in the Gatehouse at Westminster, under the care of one Nicholas Jones, and the story of her double fall is as brief as it is ugly. Having lost both honor and religion, the girl was soon persuaded to the final baseness of betraying her family and her friends. From her the savage Topcliffe learned that Richard Bellamy was in the habit of receiving Father Southwell and other priests at his home; he learned the manner of their coming and other details; then, like Judas of old, he acted quickly.

On June 20 Southwell rode over to Uxenden with Thomas Bellamy—some say in hopes of ministering to Anne, who herself had written for him—and fell directly into Topcliffe's snare. "I never did take so weighty a man, if he be rightly used," wrote that officer to the queen; and the sinister mean-

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ing of his words was soon apparent. The young priest was brutally tortured in his captor's own house; then sent to Westminster, under the care of the scoundrel who had becc me Anne Bellamy's husband. In September a new entry appeared in the records of the Tower of London, that of "Robert Southwell, alias Cotton, a Jesuit and infamous traitor"; and the old gruesome story was repeated. His fortitude during these ordeals coerced the admiration of Cecil himself. "There is," he wrote, "at present confined one Southwell, a Jesuit, who, thirteen times most cruelly tortured, cannot be induced to confess anything, not even the color of a horse whereon on a certain day he rode, lest from such indication his adversaries might conjecture in what house, or in what company of Catholics, he that day was." *

Persecution makes of some men misanthropes; of others, saints; of Father Southwell it made a poet. Broken by torture, imprisoned in the darkness and filthiness of the dungeon, he still worked for his beloved people; and, unable to speak, he sang! His spirit was like that pure frankincense of which Lyly tells us that it "smelleth most sweet when it is in the fire." Dr. Groshart asserts that "probably his entire poems were produced in prison"; and if this is true, it adds enormously to their interest and pathos. The government, no doubt in hopes of forcing some revelation, kept the father awaiting trial over three years. During most of this time he was confined in a dungeon so unspeakably noisome that Richard Southwell finally petitioned the queen that his son be put to death if he deserved it, or else, as he was a gentleman, that he be treated as such. This protest availed somewhat, for the prisoner was allowed to receive clothing and a few other necessaries, and even books; of which, however, he asked only for the Bible and St. Bernard.

At last, in 1595—and without any previous warning, says the St. Omer MS.—he was hurried off to Westminster and placed on trial for high treason. The courtesy, dignity, and Christian meekness of Father Southwell throughout this travesty of justice were most impressive." † When questioned, he pleaded "not guilty of any treason"; but he freely acknowledged the only crime with which he was charged—fulfilling

* More, *Hist. Prov. Angl. Soc. Jesu*, quoted by Turnbull.
† See Groshart's "Memorial Introduction."

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the duties of a Catholic priest to his suffering co religionists. The result was foreordained; England had a law, "and by that law he ought to die!" Once more torture did its revolting work upon his much-tried body; then the next morning his jailer brought the final summons. "You could not bring me more joyful tidings," the priest answered simply.

So at daybreak, on the 22d or 23d of February, 1595, he was placed in a sledge and drawn to Tyburn for execution. Bishop Challoner tells us* that a notorious highwayman was executed the same day, to divert popular attention from Father Southwell's doom; nevertheless, the usual mob awaited him.

The priest who had poured out his life-blood for these English people, the poet who had sung to them from his dungeon, gazed down upon the upturned faces—upon the hostile, the friendly, and the merely curious. Then, signing himself with the cross, he began to speak: "'Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord. Therefore whether we live or whether we die, we are the Lord's.'" The words were scarcely uttered before the sheriff attempted some interruption; but silence being regained, the young priest continued, craving of the "most clement God and Father of Mercies" forgiveness "for all things wherein I may have offended since my infancy. Then, as regards the queen (to whom I have never done nor wished any evil), I have daily prayed for her, and now with all my heart do pray, that from His great mercy . . . He may grant that she may use the ample gifts and endowments wherewith He hath endowed her to the immortal glory of His name, the prosperity of the whole nation, and the eternal welfare of her soul and body. For my most miserable and with all tears to be pitied country, I pray the light of truth, whereby the darkness of ignorance being dispelled, it may learn in and above all things to praise God, and seek its eternal good in the right way."

There is quite an infinite pathos in these prayers of the condemned man for the queen and country that repudiated him; far ahead into the future of England his thoughts were wandering, when suddenly he returned to the awful present. "For what may be done to my body," he cried, "I have no care. But since death, in the admitted cause for which I die, cannot be otherwise than most happy and desirable, I pray the God

* *Memoirs of Missionary Priests.*

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of all comfort that it may be to me the complete cleansing of my sins, and a real solace and increase of faith to others. For I die because I am a Catholic priest, elected unto the Society of Jesus in my youth; nor has any other thing, during the last three years in which I have been imprisoned, been charged against me. This death, therefore, although it may now seem base and ignominious, can to no rightly thinking person appear doubtful but that it is beyond measure an eternal weight of glory to be wrought in us, who look not to the things which are visible, but to those which are unseen."

The simple spiritual grandeur of this valedictory sank deep into the heart of the listening multitude, and won them, in spite of Protestant detractors, to the martyr's side. The executioner did his work clumsily, which added extra torment to Father Southwell's death; but to the last he calmly commended his soul to its Maker. We are glad to read that the mob itself prevented his body being taken down before dead, as the sentence had directed. "May my soul be with this man's!" exclaimed Lord Mountjoy, a bystander;* and when the poor severed head was held aloft to the public gaze not one voice was heard to cry "Traitor!" †

The world, as often happens, was kinder to the man's work than to the man himself. Three volumes of his productions—already extremely popular, it seems—were published immediately after Father Southwell's death; and they were followed by a host of others, right and piratical.‡ In a very eminent degree this young Jesuit was "poet of Roman Catholic England"; but he was not merely poet of any single class. He spoke to the sorrowful and serious of soul, to the meek and the devout; and the Old Faith and the New ceased their warfare to listen. The longest and most ambitious of his poems, but by no means his best, is "St. Peter's Complaint." The ever-sympathetic Dr. Groshart anticipates a very natural objection when he declares that "regarded as so many distinct studies of the tragic incident, it is ignorance and not knowledge that will pronounce it tedious or idly paraphrastic," for its constant play of fancy is almost too redundant for the modern reader. Such striking passages as the following, however, do much to relieve the monotony:

* Turnbull, *ut supra.*

† *Dictionary National Biography*, "Robert Southwell." ‡ *Ibid.*

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"At Sorrow's door I knocked; they craved my name;
I answered, one unworthy to be known.
What one? say they. One worthiest of blame.
But who? A wretch, not God's, nor yet his own.
A man? Oh no! a beast; much worse. What creature?
A rock. How called? The rock of scandal, Peter!"

But it is in his shorter poems that Father Southwell shows to better advantage. It was only natural that the minor notes of life should have struck the deepest echo in our poet's heart; their very titles—"Scorn not the Least," "Life is but Loss," "What Joy to Live?" etc., are a pathetic commentary. But their sadness is utterly without bitterness, or pessimism; their weariness of life always presses on to a hope beyond. A few lines from "Times go by Turns" illustrate the beauty, and even cheerfulness, of his thought:

"Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
No endless night, yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay;
Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall."

The lyric which Mr. Saintsbury calls "unquestionably the best" of Father Southwell's, and to claim which Drummond of Hawthornden tells us Ben Jonson would have destroyed many of his own poems, is the famous

"BURNING BABE.

"As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,
Surprisèd I was with sudden heat, which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe all burning bright did in the air appear:
Who scorchèd with excessive heat, such floods of tears did shed,
As though His floods should quench His flames, which with
His tears were fed;
'Alas!' quoth He, 'but newly born, in fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel My fire but I!
My faultless breast the furnace is, the fuel wounding thorns,
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and
scorns;

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The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the coals;
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defilèd souls,
For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath to wash them in My blood':
With these He vanished out of sight, and swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I callèd unto mind that it was Christmas Day."

This deep religious fervor permeates our poet's entire works; not merely the "Mæoniæ," a series on the life of our Saviour and His Mother, but even the shortest lyric, without, I think, one single exception. He bitterly regretted the worldliness of most Elizabethan verse, complaining in one of his introductions that "The finest wits are now given to write passionate discourses." To-day, perhaps, we see the deep human value of many of these same "passionate discourses" more clearly than did the pious young monk; we cannot help smiling a little at his ingenious recasting of Master Dyer's "Fancy," in which the subject is made to mourn a lack of "*grace*" instead of *love*. But the constancy and depth of this devotion, and the delicacy of imagination which accompanied it, compel our admiration. They are the characteristics of his prose as well as his verse—they are the dominant, unmistakable notes of his personality. And if, in his own words, his work be "coarse in respect of others' exquisite labors," let us not forget the circumstances which called it into being—the "evident fact," to quote Mr. Saintsbury, "that the author thought of nothing less than of merely cultivating the Muses."*

Probably the most obvious faults to be found in Southwell's works are extravagance of metaphor and an almost constant habit of playing upon words; for both of which the age, not the man, must be held responsible. When we recall the years during which he wrote—the vogue of the sonnet-sequences, of "Euphues," "Arcadia," and the "Faërie Queene," we can understand that "conceits" were in the very air. Sir Philip Sidney himself, we remember, has somewhere compared a white horse speckled with red to "a few strawberries scattered in a dish of cream"! The real, fundamental merit of Father Southwell's poetry is recognized by all the best critics, and his literary influence is being more and more appreciated.

* *History Elizabethan Literature.*

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This influence is very manifest in the poems of Richard Crashaw; and these lines from "Scorn Not the Least,"

> "He that the growth on cedars did bestow,
> Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow,"

certainly suggest Blake, notably his "Tiger." "As a whole," says Dr. Groshart, "his poetry is healthy and strong, and I think has been more potential in our literature than appears on the surface. I do not think it would be hard to show that others of whom more is heard drew light from him, as well early as more recent, from Burns to Thomas Hood."

Biography is, after all, the best history, and the life of Robert Southwell reveals one phase of Elizabethan England better than a dozen commentaries. It is not, indeed, the phase oftenest remembered. In the stirring political drama of the day—in the clash of arms and clash of wits through which England was led to unprecedented material splendor—he played but a little part. Still further was he from the wild bohemianism of Greene and Marlowe, or the mature artistic glory of those who congregated at the old Mermaid Tavern. But there was a darker, sadder undercurrent to this rushing tide of Elizabethan life. There was the ardent Catholic minority, nowise deaf to the call of the young intellectual life, nor blind to the signs of England's growing strength—sensitive, indeed, to every vital influence, yet forced into hostile inactivity! Adherents of the Old Faith were shut out from both the great universities; they had no part in the administration of justice; they were ineligible to any public office in the kingdom. Thus a great body of men with the culture of the New Learning and the passion of the Renascence were compelled to march not *with* but *against* the trend of their age. Some of them sought adventure over seas, or plunged into purely secular activity; others, already forced into disloyalty, spent their time plotting a change in government, and were the easy prey of each new conspiracy. Still others, purified by persecution, rose above the heat and bitterness of personal feud to apostolic zeal and endurance, and fought the losing fight so nobly that in their very defeat lay the assurance of everlasting victory. Of these last was Robert Southwell.

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FATHER THÉBAUD'S REMINISCENCES.*

THE United States Catholic Historical Society has performed a creditable and praiseworthy work in publishing the reminiscences of the late Rev. Augustus J. Thébaud, S.J. The present volume includes the author's views of our country, its people and their customs, during the years 1839–1885. A sketch of the author is written by the Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J.

It is almost needless to say that these recollections, taken for the most part from an accurately kept diary, form a valuable contribution, particularly to the religious history of our country. And it is a source of the greatest regret to an historian of the present that others of the zealous and heroic missionaries did not keep similar records of their work and their travels. Father Thébaud enjoyed an unusually long experience, with a keen observation, a wide knowledge, and the gift of a generous sympathy.

Born at Nantes in 1807, at the usual age he was ordained there a secular priest. Going to Rome in 1835, he joined the Society of Jesus. One day, sailing on the Loire, he met a gentleman who had travelled in America. With the hunger for news that always seems to have possessed him, Father Thébaud inquired concerning the number and condition of the Catholics in the States. On hearing the story of the traveller, he first entertained the idea that God might prepare the way for him to take a share in this spiritual harvest. In 1838 he came to America. Of that coming he writes: "I have always considered the 18th of December, 1838, as a day of thanksgiving and joy because on that day I landed at the foot of Rector Street, North River, New York." Father Thébaud went direct to St. Mary's College, Kentucky. He taught in different colleges till 1852, when he was appointed superior of St.

* *Three-Quarters of a Century (1807-1882).* A Retrospect written from Documents and Memory, in 1882 and the following years, by the late Rev. Augustus J. Thébaud, S.J. Vol. iii. Forty years in the United States of America. With a Biographical Sketch by Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S.J. Edited by Charles George Herberman, Ph.D., LL.D.

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Joseph's Church in Troy, and held the post till 1860. He returned to Troy in 1863, remaining there six years. Again he is in Troy in 1873. Some five or six more years were occupied in parish work, and then, after a year in Fordham, he moved to St. Francis Xavier's, this city. He died at Fordham in 1885.

Besides engaging in parochial and missionary labors, Father Thébaud was a voluminous writer. His *Gentilism, Irish Race, The Church and the Moral World* are well known, and have had a very wide circulation. The memoirs, of which this volume forms a portion, are so extensive that the Historical Society will be able to publish only extracts. Father Thébaud must have been an extensive reader from his earliest days. He gives a remarkable list of books which he read before the age of ten, and adds, "It would be beyond my scope to state in detail their full number." Many a reader will feel encouraged with his remark that the *Télémaque* of Fénelon was one that he "could never go through." It was not at all matter-of-fact nor practical enough for a man of Father Thébaud's character. For from these reminiscences one will learn that the practical was always his attraction. His eyes saw even the smallest of details and his pen noted them. His judgments are always positive, and he evidently permitted doubt to play but a small part in his make-up. He is aggressive, he is argumentative, but he is never offensive. He is always enthusiastic, whole-souled, eager. His recollections are, at times, diffuse and scattered, and now and again he wanders from his point to distant lands and times; but they are, as we have said, interesting and instructive. The author was a man who passed judgments upon small matters equally positive with those on subjects of wider import. We cannot but give some instances of this kind, humorous and preposterous they seem to us, but they will serve at least to throw light on a certain phase of our author's character. "It was calculated by newspaper writers that on the Mississippi and its tributaries a steamboat explosion took place every day of the year, on an average; yes, 365 during the year." So Father Thébaud prudently travelled by stage. Once when delayed for five hours he came upon the relay-driver, who was in a rage, "a thing," adds Father Thébaud, "which does not happen so often in the United States as it does in Europe." Father Thébaud is a

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careful observer of the weather and of meteorological variations. In opinions on these subjects his is no guesswork, and his observations are minute. He writes of the weather in Kentucky (the italics are his own), "*there was often a difference of forty degrees (Fahrenheit) between midday and midnight.*" We find also here and there an evident inaccuracy. For example, one line reads: "Man is severely injured, physically and morally, by the climate of the South and West"; yet just below this is written "a great number of (the) men were remarkable for their moral courage and good sense."

But we cannot leave this Kentucky weather. It was remarkable. Father Thébaud asserts (and there appears to be some need of the assertion) that "there is no exaggeration in the statement that at St. Mary's College in the study hall, which contained just one hundred boys, an enormous stove *fifteen feet long and three feet high* was *constantly* filled, even in moderate weather, with *four* or *five logs of the length of the stove.* These logs were blazing all the time, and new ones were thrown in as soon as combustion had consumed those inside. When evening came and candles were lighted, they positively melted down in their sockets from the heat of the room. Duty obliged me several times to occupy the desk of the study-keeper. My head soon ached as in summer and the blood-vessels throbbed ready to burst. Unable to bear it, I was invariably obliged to withdraw from my chair, go near the door and open it a little on the sly in order to breathe, or rather not to be suffocated."

And did the one hundred students look up with envy at this selfish professor taking the fresh ozone all for himself?

No, indeed. "To raise the sashes of the windows on such occasions would have excited a rebellion among the boys, and they would probably have instantly left the room previous to leaving the college."

But Father Thébaud adds a little later that the infirmary was almost always full during this season.

The holy simplicity of the author is evident from this amusing passage: "In a corner of the fence near this spot I selected an angle making a kind of bower. There were some creepers and lichens embroidering the rails of the fence; a small cedar-tree rose above the top, and with a single board

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which I had fastened to the fence, I had found a niche worthy of a better saint than I am."

These are but lighter stories that give a little pleasantry to Father Thébaud's otherwise serious and thoughtful reminiscences. The larger questions of religion, of politics, of national institutions and customs, the greater events and problems of his day, all receive consideration.

He found that social intercourse in America was "cheerful and gay." This no doubt was owing in some measure to Father Thébaud's own personality, and it enabled him by conversations to learn much more than he otherwise could have done. "The Kentuckian," he writes, "as a rule, under a rough exterior was good-natured and warm-hearted whenever he met with true objects of charity." Father Thébaud extends this remark to the Kentuckian's relations with his slaves, "at least in the form of slavery he saw in the Southwest." He objects strongly to *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as an exaggerated, *ex parte* plea. Nevertheless, Father Thébaud warns the reader not to infer that he is a partisan of the institution of slavery. "I could not agree with them (the Southerners), knowing that slavery as legally established in the South was opposed to the divine law, and no true Christian could avail himself of the tyrannical rights conferred on him by the civil law." It would be wrong, we might add, to infer in turn from this that Father Thébaud condemns every Southern slaveholder.

An interesting comparison is made between the civilizations of that day, more than half a century ago, of Kentucky and Louisiana to the favor of the latter. The picture that Father Thébaud draws of that journey down the Mississippi towards New Orleans, with magnificent villas beautifying either side, speaks eloquently but sadly of the departed glory of the old South.

Father Thébaud writes that the patriarchal views of society in the South existed in spite of the prevailing slavery. He should rather have said that this patriarchal concept existed because of slavery, not in spite of it. Again, the author writes with regard to the Southerner's view of the Union, that "the United States was a federation, and a federation they wished it to remain. State rights, in their opinion, was a consequence of this." On the contrary, State rights was the antecedent of this, else the Southerner's stand in 1861 could never be defended at all.

It must be remembered that Father Thébaud came to

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this country as a missionary. He praises the sound moral tone of the people which, he writes, he found to be universal. In fact it "was everywhere remarkable." "No land," he adds again, "was so charitable as America." He was happy to be disabused of the opinion that there was scarcely any family feeling in the United States by meeting a husband, wife, and child, who had undertaken a long journey simply to pay a family visit to the wife's mother and father. Everywhere also he found great respect for the marriage bond, and for the law of the sacredness of Sunday. The people believed then, he observes, that marriage was indissoluble. He found, moreover, that the American people were a religious people. Among Kentucky Catholics he met constantly not only with the Bible, but prayer-books, explanations of the truths of religion in the forcible style of Challoner, and the learned Lives of the Saints by Alban Butler. Atheism was unknown, at least in the country districts, though it had acquired some foothold in the larger cities.

The vast majority of Protestants Father Thébaud finds were not Protestants through their own fault. Bigotry and prejudice existed widely among them. Yet oftentimes also a spirit of good-fellowship grew up between them and the Catholics, both as regards laymen and priests and ministers. This spirit Father Thébaud was always anxious to propagate, for it was the necessary prelude to any efficacious missionary work among non-Catholics. The introduction, on one occasion, of a priest into such a particularly prejudiced community, where Catholics and non-Catholics would scarcely nod to one another, is thus humorously described by an incident from the life of Father Badin, the first priest ordained in the United States:

"Father Badin was a master in that useful science (of repartee). Having one day lost his horse, which fell under him and died on the road, he took his saddle-bags on his arm and, leaving the carcass to its fate, walked to the nearest inn. There was in the barroom a numerous assemblage; among them a Presbyterian minister well known for his broad humor. As soon as the priest appeared the Calvinist went to him. 'I hope,' he said, 'that before your horse died you had time to anoint him.' 'Unfortunately I could not anoint him,' replied Father Badin, 'because the scoundrel turned Presbyterian.' This repartee put everybody on his side, and

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he procured, without any expense, whatever he needed for the remainder of his journey."

So Father Thébaud, besides laboring among Catholics, found opportunities, in spite of prejudice, to extend the truth among those without. In this he did especially good work during his years in Troy. He lived to see a much better spirit prevail both North and South. In 1850 he notes a decided change. The Civil War made it afterwards almost complete. This war fairly worked a rehabilitation of the Catholic Church in the minds of her former enemies, both North and South. In the South it extended through all classes of society, and Father Thébaud gives an amusing story in evidence, which we quote, not to the discomfiture of our separated brethren but for the humorous point which it contains:

"Father De Luynes had once gone from Louisville to New Orleans, and found himself in the midst of a number of Presbyterian ministers who were hastening to an ecclesiastical convention convoked in the latter city. Their conduct and pretensions were so obstreperous as to dispose all the people on board against them, but particularly the captain. The old sea-dog—so he called himself—could not restrain himself at last, and in the midst of many cabin passengers he exclaimed: 'It is always so when there are dominies on board. Except the Catholic priest, whom I respect, I would not give a —— for all the others.'"

Father Thébaud writes of the liberality of the State governments towards the church; but, in spite of this toleration in law, continued prejudices did not permit the Protestant sects to offer the hand of fellowship to the superstitious Romanists. In 1838 it was a glaring fact that Catholics were excluded from all or nearly all public offices, that all public institutions were in the hands of Protestants, and no Catholic could fully enjoy his religious rights within them. Father Thébaud represents the Catholics during all this time as being cowed by a tyranny which had lasted more than two centuries. Perhaps to the predominantly aggressive spirit of Father Thébaud they did at times appear to be cowed; that they were really so, that they did not possess both courage and prudence, is sufficiently refuted by Father Thébaud's own book. The other abundant evidence that might be supplied is not needed.

Father Thébaud himself did considerable missionary labor,

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as we have said, among non-Catholics, to whom he was ever kindly disposed. But fifty years after his first experiences he still writes that there is always among Protestants a lurking fear of Catholics. It is only among High-Church Episcopalians that he notes a kind feeling.

It is surprising to read that in 1850 Father Thébaud had been persuaded that it would be impossible to form in this country an American Catholic Church, since the parish of St. Peter's in New York was still composed entirely of Irishmen from Ireland. Yet he lived, as he himself says, to know that there was no lack of vocations among American-born families.

Father Thébaud saw the many problems with which America has to contend; saw them, perhaps, only in their beginnings, but yet realized much of their importance. He foresaw that a national homogeneity must arise from the heterogeneous populations that even in his early day were crowding into the country. He gives little or no consideration to the methods how this assimilation was or was to be, but he bears testimony to it as an accomplished fact in many instances, and he was astonished thereat. May we not gain hope and confidence from his own citations, that the same assimilation will continue for the future? Thus, of the Irish emigrants in Kentucky he writes: "All these people were ardent Americans firmly attached to the government of the Republic, and altogether indistinguishable from the rest of the population."

"Because nearly everybody favored the equality of all citizens before the law and was well satisfied with the liberal naturalization laws, superiority of race over race, which has so far obtained in ancient and modern times, soon vanished; the consequences were the union and fusion of immigrants and natives and the natural homogeneity of the people."

A chapter is devoted to the Irish exodus after 1846; the fearful devastation of the plague among the helpless immigrants in Montreal, Boston, and New York; the growth of the church through the Irish and German immigration, and the facility with which the members of both races became thorough American citizens. His description of the infant days of the Western church are endowed with much interest, and looking upon its extent and power to-day one is filled with enthusiasm indeed.

A last chapter is taken up with the discussion of American

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schools and colleges. He relates how, up to 1850, Protestant school committees controlling public education took no pains whatever to have books in use freed from error concerning the Catholic Church. He points out the necessity of parochial schools. In this chapter the following sentence is noteworthy: "There was a time when yearly appropriations of money were granted in Albany to the colleges in which classical instruction was given; and the faculty of St. John's College, Fordham, to my knowledge, twice received a grant of six thousand dollars. The principle on which this was done was that, though the colleges are independent of State control, still they contribute to the welfare of the commonwealth by the superior instruction they give." The expurgation of text-books began after 1850 in the New England States, and an enthusiastic tribute is paid by Father Thébaud to Bishop Fitzpatrick, the third Bishop of Boston, for his labors in this respect. "Ardently devoted to the church, he would never have yielded one iota of her rights and he was ever ready to fight her battle when occasion required. Yet it is well known to all those who knew him that he thought that there was no great danger for the children of Catholics if they frequented the public schools in New England. He did not share in the exaggerated zeal of some bishops, who ordered their priests to refuse absolution to all parents that sent their children to the public schools. A few prelates went so far in their ardor as to make this a reserved case; but they saw their error before long." Our Catholic readers familiar with the rulings of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore will join with us, of course, in taking exception to these remarks.

Father Thébaud gives credit to the secular education, its method, its fruits, as represented in the public-school system, and states that it has introduced into the country greater social uniformity than can be seen in any European state. He discusses American colleges, Catholic and non-Catholic, at some length.

Many other interesting questions are treated of, and memoirs cited that would merit attention, if further space were permitted us. The volume, besides being a valuable historical contribution, forms a fitting memorial also to Father Thébaud himself, whose labors it so eloquently chronicles, and who through it gives an inspiration to his followers in the labors of the priesthood.

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ANTI-CLERICAL TACTICS IN SPAIN.

BY REV. WALTER M. DRUM, S.J.

IN the August number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD we examined some of the false charges by which the anti-clericals of Spain ineffectually strove to offset the nomination of Mgr. Nozaleda for the see of Valencia. How completely the worthy prelate has been vindicated will be seen by the protest of the Spanish hierarchy to the prime minister: "The Cardinal-Archbishop of Toledo has recourse to your excellency in the name of the whole Spanish episcopate; his spirit is cast down by the systematic insults and calumnies that are perpetrated in the press, in public meetings, and in many other ways, against the most fundamental principles of the Spanish monarchy and of social order; his deep sorrow and righteous indignation are now increased by the series of injuries and insults that are hurled against the learned and most worthy ex-Archbishop of Manila because of that prelate's well-deserved nomination by his Majesty the King to the episcopal see of Valencia." *

In the same spirit of support the faculty of the University of Madrid sent to the government this despatch: "The faculty of the university congratulates the government on its nomination of the illustrious Nozaleda as Archbishop of Valencia, and protests with indignation at the calumnies of the sectarian press in regard to the conduct of the ex-Archbishop of Manila. He was always a patriot and a great prelate of Spain." †

The Spanish residents of Manila cabled the prime minister that the peninsular press had shamefully calumniated Mgr. Nozaleda.

Such support was very gratifying to the prelate; but he felt that a fair and plain statement of the case was called for from himself, and on February 13 published his defence. The style of this pamphlet is simple and clear-cut; the defence is complete, cautious, eloquent, and backed up by well-authenticated documents. As for the mode of procedure of his enemies,

* London *Tablet*, January 30, 1904. † *Revista Catolica*, April 7, 1904.

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he sums it up in his straightforward way: "They have not brought to light a single document to favor their view; they have not been able to get a single eye-witness to give such testimony as would lend a semblance of probability to the very least of their many false accusations." * So clearly does Mgr. Nozaleda make good his point, and so roundly does he take to task the different papers of the opposition, that the government seems to fear that he has dealt too severe a blow at ultra-liberalism; for report has it that the postal officials have impeded the circulation of the pamphlet, and that a number of copies thereof have failed to reach those to whom they were directed.†

After the two dastardly attempts to assassinate Señor Maura, April 6 and 12, much of the turbulence of the liberal and radical press simmered down, and even his greatest enemies showed a willingness to rescue Mgr. Nozaleda from the rank and vile calumnies they had previously heaped upon his innocent head. "Such is the reckless and heedless method with which certain papers, known full well to all, follow up their plan of campaign. Yesterday they shouted war against Maura and Nozaleda; to-day they sigh for sorrow." ‡

The editor of *El Imparcial*, Señor Gasset, wrote: "We have done no more than to give out what we have picked up in the streets." "We find fault with government only because this nomination has set the whole country into such an uproar." *La Correspondencia* insists: "From the start we have wished no part in this affair; we have remained neutral." The *Heraldo* and *Diario Universal* join in protesting against the riot and crime that their words have helped to bring to pass.

Such protests are really laughable, if viewed in contrast with the attitude of hatred of the church and of intolerance to Mgr. Nozaleda that has marked the entire bearing of the liberal press. However, this change of front by the anti-clerical papers may be used to our purpose; it indicates the innocence of Mgr. Nozaleda, the tactics and virulent animus of his enemies.

Will the anti-clericals now let the prelate go to Valencia in peace? No! The other charges may be false; there is one charge that is true. Nozaleda is a friar; that is true. "When

* "Defensa Obligada contra Acusaciones Gratuitas," Madrid, 1904.
† *La Gaceta del Norte*, Bilbao, April 13, 1904.
‡ *The Review*, St. Louis, April 14, 1904.

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all their accusations have been cut to pieces, and the falsehood thereof has been laid bare, the republican rabble can only shout: "Nozaleda is a friar! No friar shall be Archbishop of Valencia." * As the Count de Romanones put it, when he introduced the motion to reject Mgr. Nozaleda: "The rashness and blunder of government rests in this, that it has presented for Valencia a member of a monastic order—a man who stands not merely as a friar, but as the friar-type, nay, as the whole friary." †

This opposition to the religious orders is frankly avowed by all the liberals of Spain. One of their chief organs, *El Liberal*, lays down this significant platform: "Although it be proven that Padre Nozaleda be not guilty of any crimes against patriotism, nor of any of the wrong-doings that have been imputed to him; nay more, although it be clear as the noon-day sun that the archbishop is pure and free from stain, a very angel in the flesh, deserving not only of the respect of the faithful but of canonization by the church; although the people see in him another St. Bernardine, his case is none the better for all that. The mainspring of this bitter opposition to him is the fact that the man presented for the archbishopric of Valencia is a friar; and be he a Bernardine or a Gerundio, he stands for all friars." ‡

And *El Pais* says: "In Nozaleda we attack the Spanish friars of the Philippines, and the theocratic spirit whereof they were the exponents during Spain's misrule of the archipelago." §

There is the keynote of anti-clericalism in Spain. Down with the religious orders! The church will be attacked later on. There can be no doubt of the trend of anti-clerical tactics in Spain. The tactics of French anti-clericals have been brought across the Pyrenees. It is worthy of at least a moment's attention that socialistic and anti-clerical ideas are not so deeply rooted in other provinces of Spain as they are in Catalonia, the nearest province to France. Moreover, the violent ring-leaders of anti-clericalism in Spain are for the most part men whose names are either French or Catalan, rather than Casti-

* *Cf.* Speech of Señor Nocedal before Congress, February 4, 1904.

† *Cf.* Speech before Congress, January 26, 1904.

‡ *Cf. Lectura Dominical* for February 7, 1904, and *Revista Catolica* for April 7, 1904. Fray Gerundio is the name given by Padre Isla to the friar whom he scores so severely for an absurd and bombastic style in preaching.

§ *Cf. Lectura Dominical*, January 31, 1904.

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lian: Junoy, Lerroux, Lleget, Gasset, Moret, etc. May the tactics of these men not bring to Spain the havoc brought to France by the anti-clericalism of the *bloc!*

This very same note of discord was dominant in the noisy republican meetings during the late religious crisis in Spain. Some speakers showed great zeal for religion. "What a shame that the friars act so! What sins for a bishop to be guilty of! What virtue, what devotion should be stamped upon the ministers of grace! What love of purity! What purity of love!" All this is very artful. Señor Nocedal* congratulated the zealots on their delicate intentions, and assured them the Holy Father was on the look-out for the best interests of the Church in Spain. Most of the speakers, however, adopted an abusive tone. Their words of insult are almost too vile to repeat. "We do not wish to lessen the number of the friars, quite the contrary; of every friar we would make two." "I am very fond of friars, not alive and kicking, but cut to pieces." "Let the friars be brought back from the Philippines—the sooner the better—but let them be brought back in a sort of fricassee." †

Are the friars of the Philippines deserving of such obloquy? No, they are not. Any one who goes through the islands without prejudice, or carefully sifts the evidence for and against the friars, will speak in the highest terms of the work of the religious orders in the Philippines. Let us examine some of that evidence.

In the course of the debate in the Cortes over the nomination of Mgr. Nozaleda, Señor Maura quoted some authorities whose words should be accepted by us as worthy of honest consideration.

Twenty years before Spain lost the Philippines a sad foreboding of the future was uttered by Don Adelardo Lopez de Ayala, a Spaniard fired with love of country: "In the Philippines there are two great forces that go to make up the foundation and cement of the fabric of our power: the prestige of the name of Castile, and the prestige of the religious orders. The religious have civilized and catechized that immense country, and now keep it in a spirit of obedience and loyalty to Spain. Change the old Castile that the natives have been

* *Cf.* Speech before Congress, February 4, 1904.
† *Cf. Lectura Dominical*, January 17, 1904.

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wont to respect; bring in ideas that are new, poorly set together, and in nowise needed; set before the native a Spain he has never seen before; and at the same time weaken the prestige of the religious orders, set at naught the power they have ever wielded for Spain; do all this, and you will leave without foundation and without cement all our power over that whole country; and before the new methods shall have got a hold throughout the land, the day will dawn on which Spain will wake up to the sorry realization that she has lost the Philippines. She will not be able to regain them. It were easy now to keep the Philippines; it will be hard to get them back once lost." What these new ideas were we shall see later on.

Escosura, the royal commissioner, who went to the islands to study the question of the friars, reported: "You ask me what link, what ties, what power binds this immense archipelago to its capital? I must admit this link, these ties, this power is the friars."

Moriones, governor of the Philippines in 1877, a man not at all in sympathy with the clericals, wrote: "Many tribes in the north of Luzon have submitted not to violence nor to force, but to the preaching of the gospel by the religious orders, to their tact, abnegation, and self-sacrifice."

General Weyler, when governor of the islands, made the following worldly-wise report: "To take away the influence of their priest is to take away from them their one Spanish element. . . . The day on which the religious orders depart or lose their influence, will be the day on which we shall have to introduce a Peninsular army, as in Cuba and Porto Rico. Our expenses will then be very much increased. The religious now cost us very little; for their goods are owned in common and the salaries of parish priests go to the whole community."

When there was question of putting Mgr. Nozaleda in charge of the Archdiocese of Manila, ten years ago, *La Solidaridad* upheld as strongly as it now puts down not only the Archbishop of Manila but all friars: "With all our power we commend Nozaleda for the Archbishopric of Manila, chiefly because he is a friar; if he were a candidate for one of the metropolitan sees of the Peninsula, we would be the first to urge him to the government; for Nozaleda is good, virtuous,

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and wise." Why has *La Solidaridad* so quickly changed its tone?

These citations by Señor Maura, on January 28, 1904, created a marked sensation in the Congress. The radicals almost admitted their discomfiture. They were completely defeated later on, February 4, 1904, when Señor Nocedal cleverly quoted the ultra-radical papers and socialistic editors in flat contradiction of the accusations now made against the friars in the very same papers and by the very same men. Señor Nocedal had been unwell, and left a sick-bed to give to truth the staunch support of his clever intellect and noble Catholic heart. Here are a couple of his amazing citations:

On August 22, 1896, Señor Gasset wrote in *El Imparcial:* "The chief support of our power in the islands is, as all the world knows, the religious orders."

In *El Liberal*, that same day, Moya said: "The Philippines belong to Spain not only by the power of our army, but also by the blessed fruit of civilization and Christianity. The religious orders have conquered the hearts of the natives. They are the shield and bulwark of the Filipinos."

Testimony of this sort by friend and foe could easily be kept up for many pages. The Arthur H. Clarke Company, of Cleveland, is now publishing a monumental work, under the title *The Philippine Islands, 1493–1803*, that will give the labors of the religious orders in the Philippines such valuable and lengthy testimony as is given by the Jesuit Relations to the labors of the Society of Jesus in New France. We shall add the authority of ex-Governor Taft and of Mr. Sawyer. The latter is an Englishman and a Protestant who spent fourteen years in the Philippines:* "The friars have fared badly at the hands of several writers on the Philippines; but it will be noticed that those who know the least about them speak the worst about them." "The friars were the chief outposts, and even bulwarks, of the government against rebellions." Mr. Sawyer is enthusiastic about the Jesuits in Mindanao. "To my mind," he says, "they realize very closely the ideal of what a Christian missionary should be." He hopes that Catholics of the United States will give that aid which those of Barcelona and Madrid formerly gave the society; and even

* Sawyer, *The Inhabitants of the Philippines*. New York, 1900. Pp. 64, 65, 385, and 415.

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hints at the advisability of such government support under the new régime as obtained under the old. "I wish to state my conviction that the easiest, the best, and the most humane way of pacifying Mindanao is by utilizing the powerful influence of the Jesuits." Unfortunately the hopes of Mr. Sawyer have not been fulfilled. There are now only half as many Jesuits in Mindanao as there were six years ago, when the government of Spain used to give the needed support. And as for the pacification of Mindanao and of Joló, it will probably be accomplished by the extermination rather than Christianization of the Moros.

In a recent Joló campaign, under Major Scott, nearly 3,000 Moros were killed. At present our soldiers in Mindanao are always under arms. Even the company-cook wears his Colt's revolver while at the camp-fire. Let us compare our method with that of Spain. From 1570 till 1828 the Spaniards controlled the islands without any permanent garrison of Spanish regular troops. During all this time the Filipinos increased in numbers and in civilization. From 1828 till 1883 there were about 1,500 artillerymen in the islands. Then began the anti-clerical work of undermining the influence of the friars; then, and then only, was there need of more troops. Yet, even as late as 1890, there were in the archipelago, out of a population of 8,000,000, only 14,000 Peninsular Spaniards (including friars, soldiers, and civil officials), 8,000 Spaniards of Philippine birth, and 75,000 Spanish mestizos.* There is the Spanish side of the subjugation of the Philippines,—a side that covers 328 years of growth and progress. Our side is yet to be written. We have done much good in six years; but there has been great harm done, too—more harm than most of us know of. To bring peace to the islands we kept there an army of more than 100,000 Americans; and to-day, while we exhibit at St. Louis the signs of peace and prosperity that have resulted from our subjugation of the Philippines, we are supporting over there an army of about 5,000 native scouts and 8,000 constabulary troops, besides a larger number of American soldiers than Spain had of Spanish soldiers to uphold her sovereignty against the forces of General MacArthur. Let us be honest and acknowledge these tremendous facts. In New Zealand, Australia, and the United States the aborigines have been well-

* *Cf. Filipina's Fundamental Problem*, by Don Luis Aguado, Madrid, 1891.

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nigh totally destroyed. In all the Indies, East and West, there is to-day only one land in which the aborigines have been preserved as a race, and that land is the Philippine Islands. Their many tribes have been kept intact, and brought from barbarism to the cultivation of the soil and to Christianity. What wonderful force has done this work? The teaching and example of the members of the religious orders! Such is the testimony of an Englishman; let us now hear an American about the friars.

Mr. Taft went out to the Philippines with the prejudices that many an American has against the friars, but a mind singularly open to conviction; he saw the truth, and was convinced. Last February, at a banquet of the Presbyterian Social Union of Philadelphia, he dissuaded his hearers from proselytizing in the islands. "Going back to the beginning of Spanish occupation," said he, "we find the heroes of Christianity, the Spanish priests and friars, leading the way. Before, and with, and after the soldiers, came these valiant men of God carrying only the cross. . . . It was charged that the friars obtained their land unjustly. I did not find that there was truth in this allegation. That they were oppressive landlords was also charged. I could find no evidence to sustain this allegation."*

Then why were the friars hated by some of the natives? Was it because they were immoral? Not at all. Among the native clergy some were immoral, grossly immoral,—so much so that they found it better to join the schismatics of the Aglipay movement than to await punishment by ecclesiastical superiors. These unfaithful priests to-day have the staunch support of those Filipinos who oppose the friars. No, the Tagalogs who cling to the Katipúnan, and are even now scheming to oust our government from their country, do not hate the friars for any immorality. Besides, the outcry about the immorality of the friars is most unfounded. One might just as well harp on a solitary instance of an unfortunate fall of a priest in the United States, and cry out that therefore all our priests were bad. Mr. Sawyer is not a Catholic, and we may take his testimony as without a bias in favor of the friars. He writes: "During the many years I was in the islands I had frequent occasion to avail myself of the hospitality of the priests on my journey. . . . I declare that on none of these many

* *Cf. Standard and Times*, Philadelphia, February, 1904.

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occasions did I ever witness anything scandalous or indecorous in their convents, and I arrived at all hours and without notice."* From the word *convents*, and other parts of his book, it is clear Mr. Sawyer speaks of the friars and not of the native priests.

We have not yet answered why the friars were hated by some of the Filipinos. Father Coleman, O.P., in his book, *The Friars in the Philippines*, gives the true reason, and our officers carry out his view. The Filipinos identified the Spanish friars with the government of Spain, just as they will identify loyal American priests with the government of the United States. Those that wish the Philippines to be for the Filipinos hated the government of Spain, as they hate the government of the United States. They hated the priests of Spain as they hate the priests of the United States. Not all Filipinos are so ill disposed to us; but the attitude of the Aglipay priests to our American bishops in the islands is a serious drawback to the well-being of the church. Mr. Taft puts the situation in this wise: "The trouble with these friars arises from the fact that in the last fifty years they have been drawn into politics as the agents and detectives of the crown of Spain. They opposed the revolution, and thus earned the hatred of the mass of the people. . . . They were landlords and representatives of the crown, and as such were hated."†

We have said enough to show that the friars have been the glory and not the shame of the Philippines. Hatred of the friars did not bring about the revolt of the Filipinos from Spain. What brought about that revolt? In answering this question we shall side with the view taken by Señor Maura before the Congress of Spain and defended most successfully by the prime minister and Señor Nocedal.

"If we are going to look back upon our past history," said Señor Maura,‡ "if we wish to put under criticism the deeds we have done and to tell our woes in public, then we shall in the end have to respect the fair name and true rights of others, to admit our guilt and put the rope around our own necks. . . . The true cause of all our sorrows and disasters the anti-clericals would hide from the people of Spain, the unfortunate people of Spain, that have been wounded in the

* *Cf.* Sawyer, as cited above. † *Cf.* Speech of Mr. Taft already cited.

‡ *Cf.* Speeches before Congress, January 26 and 28, 1904.

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most sensitive and sacred fibres of the heart by so painful and cruel an adversity. The anti-clericals would point the finger of scorn and blame at one man as the cause of this adversity. He is not the cause. The rabble may think so; the worthy and upright Spaniards do not." "Shortly after our colonial misfortunes, the common opinion not of a mob, not of the unlettered, not of the rabble that had been set on a false scent and driven mad by the shoutings of violent haranguers in noisy streets and the scoffings of conscienceless writers in heartless papers, but of the thinking few, of that body which the nation had elected to deliberate upon its affairs of great moment—the common opinion, I say, of the Cortes of Spain was impregnated by a tremendous suspicion, a suspicion founded on facts, and not on the trumpery of fancy, on facts many and undoubted that all went to show that the dagger which had been dug into the heart of Spain was welded and wielded by Freemasonry and its allied societies." "The Filipino Masons attacked the friars, because they had been set against Spain by the Masons of Spain; as a matter of course, the Filipinos first attacked the only real defence that Spain had in the islands."

The prime minister's fearless charge was received with round after round of applause by the clericals and with consternation and indignation by the anti-clericals. Inside and outside the Cortes anti-clerical feeling against Maura ran very high and far more bitter than ever. Blasco Ibañez wrote in *La Publicidad*, of Barcelona: "This man is predestined not to die in bed." A few days later a well-dressed youth of nineteen, as if to meet the prophecy of Blasco Ibañez, stabbed the prime minister, and shouted "Long live anarchy!"* Thereafter a grand public demonstration was given to Maura in Barcelona; and, as the parade passed *La Publicidad* building, Junoy, Lleget, Lerroux, and Blasco Ibañez were so wrought up as to shout "Death to Maura and the Monarchy!" A riot was the result.

Inside the Cortes the anti-clericals shouted for proofs. The Count de Romanones insisted that the Masons out in the islands had been a set of fools and had harmed nobody. Morayta, the successor to Sagasta as grand master of the Orient of Spain, denied that Masonry in the Philippines had

* *Cf. La Gaceta del Norte*, Bilbao, April 13, 1904.

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been in any way a significant political factor. Against their unproven statements Maura cited a host of authorities. Among these were three important pamphlets by Don Isabelo de los Reyes and Ilocano, an enthusiastic supporter of Philippine Masonry and revolution. One of these pamphlets, *La Revolucion Filipina,* a defence of the revolt from Spain, places the portrait of Morayta along with those of such fine friends of Spain as Aguinaldo, De los Reyes, and other revolutionary leaders, and has as a preface an elaborate eulogy of the ideas of Isabelo written by Morayta. This work shows that twenty years ago there was formed a Filipino lodge dependent on the Grand Orient of Spain. Nothing much came of the Masonic movement till 1891. Within five years from that time 180 Tagalo lodges were formed. The smouldering fire of revolt was fanned anew into flame. The Masonic party in Spain was hand and glove with the Masonic party in the islands. Among the Peninsular Masons many openly favored separation of the colonies from the mother country, and called themselves Separatists; they supported the Liga Filipina and Katipúnan, whose avowed purpose is to establish a communistic republic of Filipinos, for Filipinos, and by Filipinos.* So strong was this secret movement that in 1896 General Blanco discovered and reported "a great conspiracy against government in the secret societies."

Señor Nocedal† added force to the testimonies of Señor Maura. In 1896 Señor Canalejas went to the Philippines to try to break the backbone of the insurrection over there, and studied the state of things as he had studied them before in Cuba. On July 1, 1896, he stated his honest opinion in an editorial in the *Heraldo.* That opinion Señor Nocedal resuscitated from the files of eight years ago and read to the wondering Cortes in the presence of the woful Canalejas. Mark well this honest statement: "The Masonic lodges that did so much to help on the insurrection in Cuba have caught up the Filipinos in their nets. These Filipino Masons set out by cutting away from the church, they end by rebelling against the state." There is the truth of things. Yet Señor Canalejas now tries to bring men to take for truth the absurd canard that the friars started and completed the Filipino revolt from Spain.

* *Cf.* Sawyer, p. 83. † *Cf.* Speech before Congress, February 4, 1904.

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Señor Lerroux, also, had been honest enough, August 30, 1896, to say in *La Publicidad:* "Masonry in Cuba and the Philippines is entirely Separatist." Now he cries down Maura for saying the same thing in Congress.

Perhaps the saddest argument to vindicate Nozaleda and to incriminate the Masonic party was given by Señor Llorens. He showed by documents that the government of Sagasta, then grand master of the Orient, was the chief cause of the defeat that Spain endured. We cannot understand why that government acted as it did. Some one blundered. Time will tell who. A work entitled *La Gran Traicion* gives evidence that goes far to showing that the Masonic party was guilty of treason to Spain. We hope the archives of Madrid will soon give out such documents as are needed that the truth may appear. These facts we know: Sagasta's government was often told of the preparations the United States was making for war, of the certainty of Dewey's attacking the Philippines, of the utter lack of defence in the islands. In the whole archipelago there were only six modern pieces of artillery; the rest of the guns were cast in the time of Charles IV. Urgent appeals were made for shells, torpedoes, and mines; nothing was sent, the entrance to the Bay of Manila was left wide open.* Government's neglect of the Philippines had all the appearance of favoring their capture by the United States. A like mystery surrounds the action of government in Cuba. Cervera was forced against his will to sacrifice his magnificent ships, at a time when their presence in the harbor of Santiago was as much of a bother to us as the presence of the Russian fleet in Port Arthur is now to the Japs. A few days before the surrender of Santiago, General Shafter cabled that he would be obliged to move back from his position in front of the city.† Sagasta prevented this retreat by ordering the surrender of 23,000 Spanish soldiers to 15,000 Americans. General Linares is said to have shot himself to avoid the shameful surrender. At any rate he was disabled, and General Toral, with tears of indignant emotion, surrendered to a force inferior in numbers to his own. All this time there were about 150,000 Spanish regulars in Cuba, while most of our regulars had already been sent against Santiago. In the city of Havana there were 199

* *Cf.* Speech of Llorens before Congress, January 29, 1904. Llorens is a leading authority on military matters in Spain.

† *Cf.* Report of General Miles for 1898.

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staff officers, 2,251 line officers, 40,245 of the rank and file, and 284 cannons. The generals were all unanimous in urging the relief of Santiago: Sagasta kept them idle in Havana. Why did Sagasta blunder so? We cannot now say for certain. The clerical debaters of the Cortes insist that the grand master of the Orient was only carrying out the Masonic policy of freeing the colonies from Spain and of destroying, if possible, the monarchy itself. Of this we feel certain, that Sagasta's government was to blame for Spain's disgrace during the late war; and that it is a shame and a parody on justice now to point the finger of blame at Mgr. Nozaleda.

From the anti-clerical and Masonic tactics that we have been considering, it seems clear that "there are lurking beneath the surface of Spanish political life all the seeds of a serious crisis."* The Jacobin and anti-clerical spirit has only in recent years been injected into the minds of the working classes of Spain; yet as a result of this baneful inoculation, subversive socialism and anarchy have in a very short time taken strong hold on Spanish thought and sentiment. The cosmopolitan scum of Barcelona, Madrid, and other large cities stands out in bold view. "The base-minded crowd the public meetings, fill the low concert halls, monopolize the press, and push themselves to the forefront as representatives of public opinion. The high-minded, the men that really and truly follow conscience, that slowly but surely weave the warp and woof of the great social fabric of a nation, that should shape the hearts and form the minds of Spain; the men of deep and sincere patriotism, pure and holy love, where are they? For the most part they sit at home and do nothing for Spain; as if, forsooth, they had no voice at all in the affairs of state. . . . Hid safe and sound within the four walls of their homes, they look on with fear and trembling as the torrent of falsehoods and calumnies gluts the ways that should be clear for truth; they look on and do nothing, worse than nothing,—they bring into their homes the very sheets that have wrought so much desolation and deception among the children of Spain." †

The disturbance effected in Spain by the republican and anti-clerical forces may be clearly followed during the past seven years. Since 1897 no prime minister has been able to hold the reins of government more than two years. To-day Maura

* *Cf.* London *Tablet*, January 30, 1904. † *Cf. Lectura Dominical*, January 17, 1904.

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is in danger of defeat. Spanish silver has taken a slump down to forty per cent. of its face value. The republicans are overjoyed. *El Imparcial* at once concludes: "The depreciation of our silver coinage is due to the nomination of Nozaleda, the discourses in his defence by Maura, and the predominance of clericalism in Spain." The truth of it is that the republicans are doing their best to block the regeneration of Spain. One of their members, Señor Zulueta, introduced a measure to bring about closer commercial relations with the South American republics. He was not supported by his fellows. They were honest enough to say: "Don't talk like that! Why, if we go on in that way, the republic will never come!" "The plan is a good one; but we must first put the clericals out of office." *

While we consider these tactics of the anti-clericals of Spain, we wonder why it is that the Catholics do not unite against anti-clericalism. Yet the answer is simple. First, not all Catholics are clericals. Then, too, the Catholics do not come together on this one issue because they are kept apart by so many other issues. There are four parties to which the clerical Catholics belong. The Carlistas, who uphold the rights of Don Carlos to the throne; the Dinasticos, who stand for the present dynasty; the Integristas, a branch of the Carlistas, and the Independientes. Besides, a great number of Catholics, called in Spain liberal Catholics, are Conservatives. These conservatives are now in power. Señor Maura is their prime minister. Maura is a grand and noble Spaniard, yet by no means a clerical; in fact his attitude in the Nozaleda affair has been a surprise to many. He has fundamental notions that the clerical party cannot accept. He has just put through Congress an army bill that will force into military service priests and religious, who are freed from that imposition even in Protestant countries. In the Nozaleda debate he shocked the clericals by saying that in his mind there was no such thing as Catholic right or Protestant right; but right was right, and that was all. Nocedal took up Maura's policy in the following words:

"Can a prelate govern a diocese in the midst of such hellish discord, in the heat of so many evil passions, wrapped round about with newspapers, theatres, and meetings whose

* *Cf. Lectura Dominical*, February 14, 1904.

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whole and set purpose seems to be to insult, to blacken, and to revile? Are you going to put a stop to all this? Or, are you going to inflict on Padre Nozaleda the punishment of being shut up in his palace to suffer so many insults, injuries, and defamations? Are you fully determined to prevent all this? If not, mark my words! If you do not put an end to this violence once and for all, and in every part of Spain,—I repeat, if you do not put an end to this—things will become worse and worse. Padre Nozaleda will not be able to rule his diocese in Valencia; nay more, you will not stay long in your present office, the monarchy and its throne will not be secure.

"There are two ways, Señor Maura, and only two—you cannot steer the ship of state between them; your government must be traditional or liberal. A traditional government could with our laws insist on what I propose; you cannot do so,—there is the fault, there is the weakness, there is the failure of your government.

"Balmes said of General Narvaez, a former prime minister of Spain: 'It is impossible for him to rule; he has not in his head a single fixed idea.' Señor Maura has ideas in his head, and fixed ones too; but they are liberal ideas, they are ideas that are in utter contradiction to the ideas that would allow Padre Nozaleda to rule his diocese without let or hindrance from the mob, and would insure the peace, prosperity, and tranquillity of the kingdom. You cannot go by halves with a revolutionary movement; you must stifle it or be stifled by it.

"When I ask respect for these ideas, I do not ask it for my own poor reasoning, for my own weak will, for my own opinions, errors, caprices, and passions. No, I ask esteem and defence for Catholic right and Catholic justice that, according to my faith, have come from heaven, and, according to history, have been the right and the justice, the glory and the greatness of many generations of scholars, heroes, and saints, of men that were honored, noble, and prosperous, that believed and adored as I believe and adore. You say, Señor Maura, that you and your party are not intolerant. I say, you are tyrants. You wish the inviolability not of conscience, right, and justice, but of your caprices and fancies—fancies and caprices that are not favored by history and are condemned by experience; that have been proven to have been of no use to us except to lose to us our colonies and Spain itself.

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"It is sad to say so, but the truth must be admitted—it has been said many times before—my father used to say it, and I now repeat it very low that no scandal be taken: it is sad to say so, but this Congress will go on in the same old way as an exchange for haggling over political barterings, but not as a body that will legislate for the regeneration of Spain." *

By these fiery words of a noble and representative clerical, we may judge how far the clericals are from coming together with the liberal-conservatives on questions Catholic. There are signs of the reawakening of Catholicity,† yet we are inclined to the sad thought of Nocedal, that there is not very great hope that the flames of anti-clericalism will soon be smothered in Spain.

* *Cf.* Señor Nocedal's Speech before Congress, February 4, 1904.

† *Cf.* "The Religious Struggle in Spain," by S. Sarasola, S.J., *The Messenger*, August, 1904.

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MISSION WORK IN PARIS.

BY THE COUNTESS DE COURSON.

A PASSING visitor, whom business, pleasure, or curiosity brings to Paris, is only able to gather surface ideas of the inner life, social and religious, of the so-called "Ville Lumière."

Unfortunately too, the aspects of life that are most persistently and prominently thrust before his eyes are not calculated to impress him favorably; his attention is unavoidably drawn to plays, prints, and publications tolerated in France, but that would be strictly prohibited elsewhere, and that, illogical as this may appear, do not correctly express the thoughts and feelings of the mass of the French people.

If the visitor happens to be of a religious and artistic temperament, he will naturally turn to other sources of interest: the Louvre and its priceless art collections; the churches, ancient and modern, with their music, their preachers, and, in certain cases, their old-world aspect, modernized by recent improvements, will arrest his attention, charm his taste, and give him, at any rate, a glimpse of the religious life of Paris.

But, as a rule, the Catholic tourist, whose footsteps we are shadowing for the time being, will hardly be induced to wander beyond the gay streets that surround his hotel. He will, as a matter of course, visit La Madeleine and St. Roch, Notre Dame and the Ste. Chapelle, and perhaps also that out-of-the-way gem of architecture, St. Étienne du Mont; but he will see nothing of the mission work that is being carried on in many an outlying suburb, and on the result of which the future of France as a Catholic nation may be said to depend.

This hand-to-hand fight with the powers of evil, whose object is to unchristianize the country, is one of the most interesting features of religious life in Paris at the present moment, and its developments must appeal to the sympathy of Catholics of all countries, united as they are by a tie of brotherhood, stronger even than ties of race.

The scene of this strenuous struggle is laid in the thickly

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peopled "faubourgs," or outlying parishes, that extend round the city, far removed from the broad streets and avenues of the wealthy quarters; its heroes are the devoted priests, many of whom are men of means, culture, and refinement, who have thrown themselves heart and soul into the fray. Turning their backs on more brilliant careers that might have opened before them, they have become missionaries in the literal sense of the word, and their conception of the life of a twentieth-century parish priest in a Parisian "faubourg" is very different from the conventional and dignified ideal of a "curé" in more fashionable regions.

The recent laws issued against the religious congregations give new impetus to their efforts; the persecution, of which M. Waldeck-Rousseau was the inventor and M. Combes is the instrument, reached its climax when the nuns and Christian Brothers, who directed the poor schools, were, for the greater part, brutally expelled. All of them are condemned, many have already been exiled, and it is difficult for Catholics who do not live in France to estimate rightly the far-reaching consequences of this campaign against the souls of the children of the poor.

The evil is naturally greatest in the outlying suburbs, where the working classes live; where socialism is rampant; here on the walls are placarded blasphemous and incendiary proclamations, that are unknown in the smarter regions of the gay city, and where, alas! more than elsewhere, children are an easy prey to the hostile and evil influences that surround them.

The religious life of these parishes has necessarily a peculiar aspect; the churches have not the solemn old-world appearance of St. Roch or Notre Dame, and the lives of the priests who serve them are cast on very different lines from those of their confrères who minister to the wants of the Catholics of central Paris.

They are to all intents and purposes missionaries among the heathen; their clients are the poor, the miserable, the ignorant, and the wicked; but, if rough and hard, their lives possess an element of very real heroism, even of picturesqueness, and they seem to be spent in a special manner, under the protecting hand of God's providence.

A typical parish, among these centres of Catholic life, is that of Plaisance; its "curé," the Abbé Soulange-Bodin, is an

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interesting personality, a man in the prime of life who is well to the front among the missionary priests of the Paris "faubourgs."

Circumstances have made us acquainted with him and with his work, of which a brief account may interest those of our readers whose knowledge of religious life in Paris does not extend to the unlovely and unholy "faubourgs," with their poverty and their pain, their capabilities for good and for evil, their terrible temptations and obscure heroisms.

Plaisance lies beyond the Montparnasse railway station, south-west of Paris, between Montrouge and Clamart. A hundred years ago it stood in the open country, and was, it appears, much frequented as a summer resort by the small tradesmen of the city. Passy, on its picturesque heights above the river, close to the Bois de Boulogne, once a royal forest, was the favorite "villégiature" of the noble and wealthy. Plaisance was haunted by humbler visitors, whose tiny villas, with their small gardens, have only lately been swept away by the rising tide of six-storied houses, where hundreds of human beings find a shelter—we hardly venture to say a home.

The population of Plaisance is neither better nor worse than that of other Parisian "faubourgs"—Grenelle, Ménilmontant, Belleville, La Villette, etc. Its inhabitants may be roughly divided into two categories: the Parisian "pur sang," capable of going to the extremes of both heroism and crime; bright, quick, witty, bold, with courteous manners and a native polish that often make the Parisian workman, when dealt with individually, a pleasant and attractive personality. We say when dealt with individually, for these same men, at public meetings or among the evil influences of their "atélier," are loud in their denunciations of all that is worthy of respect. Then, living side by side with the city-bred Parisian, are the men and women from the provinces, whom the glamour of the "Ville Lumière" has withdrawn from the healthier atmosphere of the country. They come chiefly from the poorer parts of France, from Brittany, La Creuse, La Corrèze, l'Aveyron. As a rule the women and children retain for a long time the simplicity, shyness, and ingenuousness that distinguish them at once from the native of Paris, but the men easily fall a prey to the evil influences that encompass them. Whereas among the "gamins de Paris" there are boys who, born and bred

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among deplorable surroundings, attain a sublime degree of sanctity, the softer and shyer "provincial" has a less marked individuality, is more easily led, and, in consequence, is either less wicked or less heroic, as the case may be.

The Abbé Soulange-Bodin was ordained priest in 1884 at the age of twenty-three; he came to Plaisance as "vicaire" the same year and twelve years later, in 1896, he was made "curé" of the same parish. He is a man of good birth and education, endowed with much activity, wide and practical ideas, and great physical strength, a quality which, as he laughingly observes, has considerably helped his spiritual ministry. Twice, soon after his arrival at Plaisance, he was grossly insulted in the street; on both occasions he quietly collared his adversary and sent him sprawling on the ground; the story went round the parish and contributed to the curé's popularity; muscular strength, even more than intellectual superiority, being a quality much appreciated by the Parisian "roughs."

His views on the state of France as regards religion are clearly expressed; they are fraught with grave thought and earnest purpose, but are not depressing. He considered that, owing to political and social causes into which it would take us too long to enter, France, in spite of her splendid charitable institutions, is, as regards her lower orders, a Catholic country in name only.

Under the Second Empire, over thirty years ago, when there was no religious persecution, every man was to all intents and purposes a nominal Catholic, respectful, if not always practical; but if the men of those days had been more active and more earnest in the fulfilment of their religious duties, the condition of the country could never have become what it is now.

The persecution of to-day, cruel and unjust as it is, will have the one good result of sifting the good grain from the bad. To be a practical Catholic at the present moment in France is to cut one's self off deliberately from every chance of promotion, in civil or military service, high or low; hence those who stand by their colors do so at the cost of great personal sacrifice, and their firmness and sincerity are tested by the trials they are called upon to endure.

The view that France is a Catholic country in name only

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is especially true of the Paris "faubourgs," where, owing to peculiar circumstances, unusual calls are made upon the self-sacrifice of the parish priests. Within the last fifty years the population of Paris has increased in an almost alarming manner; the improvements that have been made in the fashionable quarters have driven the workmen and the poor from the centre of the city, where rents are heavy, to take refuge in the suburbs. These have, in consequence, developed in an extraordinary manner, and the churches that existed fifty or a hundred years ago are totally inadequate to provide for the spiritual necessities of the inhabitants; neither are the priests who serve these churches sufficiently numerous to cope with the overwhelming numbers of their nominal parishioners. Many of the Paris "faubourgs" have 80,000 or even 100,000 inhabitants, and these parishes are served by eight or nine priests!

Not, indeed, that all the inhabitants of the suburbs have recourse to the ministrations of their pastors; many of them live as far removed from the church as though they were heathens. "Hitherto we have looked upon the people of the 'faubourgs' as fundamentally Christians," says the curé of Plaisance in an excellently worded booklet. . . . "We waited in the church, expecting them to bring their children to baptism, to come themselves to receive the sacraments or to attend instructions; this is a serious mistake. We see now that the suburbs, being deprived of churches and served by an insufficient number of priests, have become almost pagan; we must, therefore, shape our line of action as we should do in a missionary country."

Adding practice to theory, the curé of Plaisance began by breaking with the custom of the Paris clergy, among whom it is usual for each priest to have his own separate establishment. He and his vicaires live together, a system that has as many advantages in a moral as in a material point of view.

Young priests who are fresh from their seminary often suffer from the isolation and the responsibilities of their new existence, hence the discouragement that stifles the noblest aspirations of young and untried souls. Life, such as it is understood in the presbytery of Plaisance, places them among congenial surroundings, and the descriptions we have gathered from those who form part of this community of missionaries

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give a pleasant insight into its daily routine. The work is almost overwhelming; nine devoted priests have to cope with a population of over 80,000 souls; their days are spent from morning to night in the arduous duties of their ministry; they move freely in the streets of the crowded "faubourg," where twenty years ago no priest could show himself without being insulted, and eagerly seize any pretext for making acquaintance with their poor and hard-worked neighbors. But, after long hours of missionary work, when they return home, there is a cordial exchange of views and ideas; the experience of one helps the other, disappointments and failures are talked over, and thus lose much of their bitterness. "If you could see," said one of these happy members of the little group, "how we enjoy our recreations together"; and another assured us that the crushing weight of labor could hardly be endured were it not for the strength and refreshment of life in common. In the eyes of the population it has also an excellent effect, each member of the community is informed of all that is going on in the parish; the cordiality and unity of purpose that are known to reign among the priests give them an influence that each one individually could not hope to enjoy.

One of the favorite dreams of the Abbé Soulange-Bodin is to establish throughout his huge, straggling, and ever-increasing parish small settlements of priests, living together near a chapel, which might be a centre of social, religious, and charitable works founded on the same lines as those that have grown up under the shadow of the parish church. This would continue to be the central point from whence the workers draw their inspirations, but these outposts of missionaries would, he believes, have a wide-spreading influence, and must inevitably bring the priests into closer contact with the people.

A foundation of this kind has been made at Vauves, within the precincts of the parish of Plaisance, where a group of missionaries are successfully laboring under the patronage of Our Lady of the Rosary.

The works established by M. Soulange-Bodin are manifold; they appeal to persons of every age and standing, and are intended to bring every man, woman, and child in the parish in touch with the church and her ministers.

A mere list of the devout, charitable, and useful associa-

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tions founded by the curé of Plaisance is enough to give an idea of the intensity of religious life that he has kindled in the portion of the vineyard entrusted to his care; the impression is fitly completed by a visit to his church on Sunday afternoon, when parish work is in full swing and the different "patronages" and men's clubs open wide their hospitable doors. Besides the confraternities and associations that exist in every parish: in honor of the Blessed Sacrament, of the Blessed Virgin, of the Holy Family, for a good death, for Christian mothers, for the relief of the souls in purgatory, etc., etc., the curé has established a confraternity of "Our Lady of Labor," under whose patronage his church is placed. The object of this confraternity, which demands no subscription of its members, but only an "Ave" to be recited daily, is to promote the union, the spiritual improvement, and even the temporal peace and happiness of workers of all classes. He has spared no pains to convince his people that he and his brother-priests are the friends, the helpers, the ever-ready sympathizers and advisers of the working classes, to whom he teaches that labor must be sanctified by religion to attain its true dignity and nobleness.

Then there are Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul, for visiting the poor; catechisms for children of all ages, which are doubly useful now that religious teaching in the schools has been abolished; a professional school of needlework for girls; several "patronages," one for little boys, another for young men, and others for girls.

These "patronages" are, among all the religious works that flourish in Paris, peculiarly adapted to the necessities of the present day. Here the boys who go to the lay schools and the young men whose days are spent in the godless "atéliers," find not only a cordial and healthy atmosphere, wise counsel and affectionate sympathy, but also the opportunities of intellectual development for which modern youth is so keen. In this respect the devoted priests who direct the "patronages" keep well abreast of the aspirations of their day; every evening lectures, free of cost, on literary, artistic, and scientific subjects are given to the members, as well as lessons in modern languages and in music.

The club for grown-up men is another institution that is deservedly popular at Plaisance; so is an association for rail-

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way clerks and workmen; a savings bank; two "dispensaires," where medical advice and remedies are freely given away to all who like to ask for them; a "Secrétariat du peuple"—literally the People's Office—where, once a week, a lawyer, as competent as he is charitable, receives all those who wish to consult him. In pure kindness, he gives the poor the legal advice they so often need and which they would otherwise obtain only with difficulty and at the cost of heavy expense; on Sunday, when he gives his audiences, his waiting-room is never empty.

Then, besides these organized works, of which time and space forbid us to give more than a brief summary, there are many others, less public and no less useful. There are, for instance, the devoted women whose mission it is to ascertain that the children born in the parish are duly baptized. Of late years the proportion of unbaptized children in the suburbs of Paris has increased in a truly alarming manner, and we ourselves have often come across families where, from their parents' negligence, ignorance, or hostility, children of ten and twelve have grown up without receiving baptism. To counteract this evil the helpers, whose services the curé of Plaisance has enlisted, go from time to time to the "Mairie" and carefully note down the names and directions of the children newly born at Plaisance; they compare these notes with the baptismal registrars that are kept at the church, and if they discover, as it often happens, that some of the babies have not been made Christians, they visit the mothers and generally succeed, by persuasion and kindness, in repairing the omission. These visits have the advantage of bringing the charitable ladies in touch with the hard working mothers, whose gratitude is quickly awakened by any proofs of disinterested kindness.

A lady, to whom Plaisance, where she has made her home, owes a large debt of gratitude, has found another means of benefiting her poor neighbors; she gives out needlework to be done by women who are anxious to earn money, but are unable to leave their families; this work is done at home and is paid for more generously than by any of the large Paris shops.

The different institutions that have sprung up around the priest's house at Plaisance, the easy and cordial dealings of the missionaries with the people among whom they live, has

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done wonders in dispelling the prejudices that the anti-religious papers so carefully entertain in the minds of the lower orders.

The Abbé Soulange-Bodin has bravely faced the fact that the men of the Paris "faubourgs" no longer come to church; therefore that if the priest is to meet them, it must be outside the precincts of the parish church. He loses no opportunity of coming into touch with the members of his flock, either at public meetings, in the streets, in all matters that concern their material interests as well as their spiritual welfare. He has succeeded in convincing them that God's minister is also the people's friend, interested in their joys and sorrows, solicitous for their happiness and well being; that in helping them to bear their daily burden of care and sorrow, he is not merely fulfilling the duties of his calling, but he is also following the dictates of his heart.

More than this is necessary, no doubt, to make the men of Plaisance practical Catholics; but there is among them a steady progress, and the large church that rises in the midst of the busy suburb is now frequented, not only by women and children but also by an ever-increasing number of men.

This church itself is an illustration of the fact that we stated at the beginning of this paper: that in these missionary settlements the helping hand of Providence is felt at every turn. The curé himself marvels at it; though often perplexed and anxious as to ways and means, he has never been forsaken by the Master for whom he works, and, when human aid seemed to fail, assistance came from unexpected quarters. This was felt more particularly when it became necessary to replace a small and absolutely insufficient chapel by a church in proportion with the needs of the rapidly increasing parish.

Once a man, well dressed and well educated, came to see the curé, and, without telling him his name, placed a parcel of bank notes in his hand. "Take them," he said; "they are all my savings. If I were to keep them I know that I should make a bad use of them; take them for your church and pray for my mother's conversion." Another time the same unknown visitor brought a second donation of ten thousand francs.

Again an anonymous gift of several thousand francs was sent by a newly married couple, who, in order to draw down the blessing of God on their life, gave to the church a

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sum of money that had been put aside for their wedding trip. Again, an unknown lady, quietly dressed, brought forty thousand francs, and another time one hundred thousand, declining to give her name.

One of the vicaires, whose special charge is the men's club, had a similar experience. He was wondering, somewhat anxiously, how he could pay the bills that were lying before him, and which represented the sums that had been expended on the club and "patronage," when a lady entered, so simply dressed that his first thought was that she came to seek relief. "I owe much to the mercy of God," she said, "and am anxious to pay my debt; tell me, what can I do for the church's parochial works?" The priest pointed to the unpaid bills and named the sum that they represented, whereupon his visitor promptly drew out a bundle of bank notes and laid them down before the astonished and grateful M. G——.

Once the curé, while building his church in honor of Our Lady of Labor, felt, almost for the first time, his courage fail him. His funds were exhausted, he knew not which way to turn to get the necessary sum to bring the work to a happy conclusion, and, under this impression, he told his priests that he wondered if, after all, it was the will of God that he should complete the church; another, he added, might succeed where he seemed to fail, and finish what he had begun. The priests suggested that a novena to St. Joseph should be made by all the friends and well-wishers of the work, and the result of this crusade of prayer was that ninety thousand francs came in from unexpected quarters before the last day of the novena.

No wonder, then, that at Plaisance the watchful care of God's providence is a favorite theme; not that Providence spares his children all care and anxiety, but when human efforts, bravely made, seem insufficient, the assistance so earnestly prayed for comes in at last.

Another subject upon which the priests of Plaisance willingly enlarge is the fact that the attacks made upon the Paris churches last spring were productive of excellent results. Our readers may remember that during the months of May and June, 1903, bands of socialists, free-thinkers, and "roughs" of every description proceeded to attack certain churches in the outlying quarters of the town. These "Apaches," to give them the name by which they are commonly known, were looked

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upon with indulgence, and even with approval, by M. Combes and his friends. Their leader was a notorious apostate priest, named Charbonnel, and they generally timed their attacks when the churches were full of women and children. The curé of Plaisance, who believes that self-defence in such cases is a social duty, took his measures. On a certain Sunday in June, when the "Apaches" were expected, he decided that Vespers should take place at the usual time, that the women and children should be placed in the upper galleries of the building, and he willingly accepted the offers of all the men who volunteered to defend the church. They came in crowds, not only the practical Catholics who are members of the different associations that have been founded in the parish, but also men who, although they never enter a church, possess instincts of justice and liberty stronger than their anti-clerical prejudices. All of them were equipped for a fight—some with huge sticks, others with stones and bricks.

Vespers were chanted; and while the solemn sound of the psalms echoed inside, the hissing and hooting "Apaches" gathered outside the church. Soldiers and policemen were there also, for a sharp encounter was expected between the Catholics and their foes.

One of the priests present on the occasion described to us how, just before Benediction, the men within the sacred building opened wide the doors to let in some of their friends, who had arrived late. For an instant the scene was a striking one; within, on the altar, the Blessed Sacrament, raised on Its throne, was surrounded by a blaze of light; in the front were the kneeling priests, and then a closely packed army of resolute men, all ready to fight; outside, on the other side of the street, stood the yelling crowd; between the two M. Lépine, the prefect of police, pale and nervous, doing his best to prevent an encounter which the defenders of the church desired but could not provoke. Their resolute attitude was enough; the "Apaches," who throughout their campaign proved themselves to be arrant cowards, fled from a hand-to-hand fight with these determined men; but the volunteers who that day crossed the threshold of the church often returned. The priests of Plaisance owe many new friends to the "Apaches," and whenever an attack was expected, during the summer months, their volunteers were at their post and the curé very wisely

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entrusted the defence of the church entirely to their care. What, our readers will naturally ask, are the practical results of the arduous mission work so bravely carried on in the suburbs of Paris? Taking Plaisance as an example, we may safely say that these results are real, consoling, and encouraging, but that it would be unwise to expect wholesale conversions among a population that is, to all intents and purposes, almost heathen in its utter ignorance and unreasoning hostility.

Yet, even among the workingmen, who are the most difficult to influence, M. Soulange-Bodin has achieved much good; he says Mass at 11 on Sundays expressly for the men of the parish, to whom a short instruction is addressed. At first forty men only were present; their number has now increased to four hundred, and the number of Easter Communions is more than double what it was eight years ago, when the present curé took in hand the government of the parish.

If these results, comforting though they be, appear out of proportion with the sum of energy spent upon the mission work by those whose life is given up to this one object, let our readers remember against what huge difficulties the priests of the Paris "faubourgs" have to battle. One of these difficulties is the odious and tyrannical pressure exercised by the government upon those who are in its pay. One of the Plaisance priests told us how several government clerks who belonged to the men's club, founded by the curé, were called upon by their chiefs to choose between their employment and their attendance at the club. The men were poor, they had their families to support, and the curé was the first to advise them to leave the club. There is no country in Europe so tyrannized over as France at the present date!

We must conclude this brief account by a pilgrimage to the sanctuary of Our Lady of Labor, the patroness of Plaisance, the queen of the busy, struggling "faubourg." Her church is spacious, airy, light; it is built in wood and iron with stone facings. It has a home-like appearance, although it possesses nothing of the old-world, venerable aspect of the churches of ancient Paris, but to a careful observer many signs betray the fact that the builders of the church wish it to be, not only the House of God but also the home of his hard-worked, suffering children.

From the explanatory notices that are posted up we gather

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that there are no hard-and-fast rules at Plaisance; that day and night, at all hours, priests are ready to hear confessions and to baptize; that the people may seek their ministrations when and as they can, every allowance being made for the difficulties of these toilers in the struggle for life. The paintings and ornaments of the church carry out the same idea, that it was built for the laboring classes, to whom a thousand details bring comforting and strengthening thoughts and visions of a bright hereafter.

What we have written of Plaisance and the mission work that is being carried on among its people is true, in a certain measure, of other Paris parishes, but in point of successful organization M. Soulange-Bodin is unrivalled.

May his efforts and those of his colleagues prove successful! The battle that is being waged against the powers of evil in the suburbs is a hopeful symptom for the religious future of France; ten just men might have saved the doomed cities of Palestine; there are, thank God, more than ten just men in a Paris "faubourg"!

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PRESENT CONDITIONS IN THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

II.

THEN it is seen, as we showed in the last number, how little respect Viscount Halifax has for the bishops who are, according to the Anglican theory, the supreme heads of the church, inasmuch as they have over them in spiritual affairs no sovereign, either pope or king, the question arises how a sensible, honest, and reasonable man who claims to be a Catholic can take up such a position. A Protestant within certain limits can offer a reasonable defence; for private judgment being the supreme judge (according to the Protestant position), claims the right to set aside bishop and pope and general councils. We said within certain limits, for it is beginning to become plain, even to Protestants who wish to be orthodox, that deference to a certain book or certain books called the Bible is an illogical position for a believer in the absolute right of private judgment; and private judgment now assumes the right to dismiss as obsolete, or even as misleading, such parts of the Bible as do not commend themselves to the private judgment of the individual. But the Catholic position is essentially one in which submission to authority is the distinctive mark and the right of private judgment denied. How comes it, then, that Lord Halifax, who claims to have rejected Protestantism and to hold the Catholic Faith in its integrity, treats with so little respect the bishops of the Establishment, and claims the right to mete out to them praise and blame—mostly blame?

If not a Protestant, he must reverence some authority; not being a Roman Catholic, he rejects that of the Holy See; logically therefore he should respect the bishops of the Establishment.

In old days, in the time of the Tractarians, Dr. Newman at first recognized their rights and was willing to suffer for this recognition. But he, as well as Dr. Pusey, soon made a step even as Anglicans which had no logical goal but Rome. They both claimed a right to appeal to antiquity, and by their

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own study to interpret antiquity; that is, in correction both of bishops and of Anglican formularies. To us it seems that this was fatal to any Catholic way—to speak paradoxically—of remaining an Anglican. The church was to be tried by the individual's study of the Fathers and ecclesiastical writers for a period fixed by himself. This was as Protestant a proceeding as that of the one who should derive his faith from a private study of the Bible only. Dean Hook took up a more logical position when he declared that the appeal to antiquity had been made already, and that the Anglican formularies represented the right and authoritative interpretation of antiquity, and that it was not competent for individual students to "go behind the returns," or to make a fresh appeal. But all those theories have long since been superseded, and the theory which has been adopted by numerous Anglicans is at once less and more Catholic. It dismisses the exclusive appeal to antiquity and recognizes the voice of a living or semi-living church. This church cannot speak by any definitive voice either of pope or general council, inasmuch as she is divided. But, notwithstanding this division, it is within the power of any one earnest in the pursuit of Catholic truth to learn from the ordinary magisterium of the church with practical certitude what the faith is, and if such a seeker after truth finds that all the bishops of the church, Roman and Greek, teach a particular doctrine which is not taught by his own branch, or which may even be condemned by the bishops of that branch, being as they are bishops of only two provinces of the church, he has a right to reckon that doctrine to be a part of the Catholic faith, and even to condemn his own bishops for not teaching it. This principle enables a man to be both a Protestant and a Catholic; to exercise in the widest possible sphere his private judgment and at the same time to hold, or to claim to hold, the entire Catholic faith. It is this theory which seems reasonable and right to such earnest and devoted men as Lord Halifax, and which enables them to look upon themselves as the defenders and expounders of the Catholic Faith. In this exposition and defence they indeed do in many ways the cause of truth a good service and we may perhaps see in their work a sign of a coming outpouring of the Holy Spirit, turning the hearts of the children to the fathers and bringing back to the unity of the faith those who through no fault of their own are

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outside of the one visible church. But the Protestantism which is in the very blood of every Englishman is far from being dead even among those who would pour contempt upon the very name.

The curious mingling of the Catholic and the Protestant spirit which is found in the Established Church has been manifested in a striking manner by the movement for the restoration of the ancient synods as formerly held when the church was free from state control. The chains by which the church is bound gall and chafe many who can hardly be called High Churchmen. A few years ago an attempt was made to secure a reform of Convocation so as to enable it to take the initiative in legislation, while not ousting Parliament from the control of this legislation. This scheme, while it accorded to laymen a place in the councils of the church, yet admitted them upon a franchise determined by the clergy. Archbishop Temple, however, knew well the mind of the English people. He saw clearly that they would not legalize any relaxation of the bonds by which ecclesiastics are kept in their right position. He told the Convocation plainly that any scheme which had a tendency to give real power to the church stood no chance of being accepted. Since that declaration the movement for a council has taken a somewhat different course. The strong desire to learn what the voice of the Church of England is has led to the formation of a council which has no legal authority, but which it is hoped will have moral weight. This council is made up of the two Houses of Convocation of Canterbury and York, each of which consists of an upper and a lower house, and of the recently constituted Houses of Laymen of each province. The Houses of Convocation have a legal *status*, the Houses of Laymen have none. It is doubtful, however, whether the two Houses of Convocation have a right to meet together as a single body, and it is certain that the Lower Houses of Convocation have a very poor claim to represent the clergy. How far the Houses of Laymen may be considered as representative of their brother churchmen it is hard to say. The Bishop of Hereford declares that with rare exceptions the laymen which make up the houses belong to the straitest sect of Tory gentlemen, and are consequently supporters of the present government. The moral weight attaching to the decisions of the council has not proved

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very great, and one resolution to which it came has been openly condemned by even episcopal members of the council. This has tended to destroy the moral weight which was hoped for, and, in fact, the practical result of the first meeting has been to make this solemn attempt at a revival of the ancient powers of the church verge upon the ridiculous, inasmuch as its effect has been to place the church among the supporters of a government which is on the eve of a downfall, to make her an ally of the liquor trade, and to set her against the moral forces which are attempting to control the evils arising from intemperance. Moreover, it has shown in how little esteem the bishops are held, and how little influence they possess. For the resolution approving the Government Licensing Bill passed by the council was opposed by the bishops; for when the orders voted separately seven bishops voted in favor of the resolution, twelve against it. While in the Lower House out of 124 members only 37 followed the lead of their spiritual fathers; and as for the laymen, to admit whom into the councils of the church there has been shown a readiness to sacrifice the fundamental basis of Anglicanism—its deference to antiquity—only 15 could be found to side with the bishops in making the church a moral force in the nation in this time of crisis.

The ill success of this attempt to engraft on the Establishment the democratic spirit of the age may, perhaps, teach its heads that fidelity to principle pays best in the long run; that the desire to be up to date may produce the results it aims at, and which it deserves, in a brand-new organization like the Salvation Army; but that for an organization which claims to have come into being hundreds of years ago and to have a Divine Founder to whom it owes its form of government, which asserts its continuous succession from Him and its union with the body established by Him; for such a body as this to undertake to alter the fundamental and distinctive hierarchical character of the church founded by Him is only to manifest to the world that its pretensions to represent that church are untenable.

The temptation to do this is, of course, very strong. The Church of England has had everything in its favor; it inherited the endowments of the ages of faith; it acquired possession of the churches and cathedrals which are the monuments of that

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faith; it has had the support of all the power of the state; it has been intimately associated with the strong national feelings of an insular race; and what is the result? We give the answer not in our own words, for we might be thought to be writing *ex parte*. We quote, therefore, from a member of one of the communities now springing up with the hope of effecting a restoration in the Establishment: "Our present methods have entirely failed to evangelize the masses of this country; England is rapidly approaching national apostasy. The persistent attempt to drive Christ from our schools, the rapid decay of traditional religion and the spread of unbelief, the collapse of a large section of Dissent into a religion which may be described as 'politics touched with emotion,' the wide-spread popularity of Undenominationalism, which is the most subtle form of scepticism, and the utter decay of public worship, all suggest that the church must revise her methods. In London four persons out of five go nowhere, and take no notice of formal religion. In other great towns whole parishes are wildernesses of indifference, and innumerable churches are sepulchres of a religion which has lost its power to save. In the army in English regiments (omitting Irish and Scotch) about 80 per cent. of our soldiers are registered as Church of England. Of these not two per cent. are regular communicants; not five per cent. dare to make any outward profession of religion—such as kneeling for prayers. In the country men are almost universally absent from our altars; and even when some parish is galvanized into life by the strong personality of some vigorous parish priest, it sinks back again into indifference when he moves to some other sphere of work."

We will give one more testimony, that of the Rev. Percy Dearmer: "There are thirteen Anglican priests to every five Dissenting ministers, and to every one Roman Catholic priest —that is to say, our numbers are more than double that of all the other religious ministers put together. Yet our congregations are now barely equal to theirs in spite of all the advantages which we possess." The public tokens of regard shown by the King to the Head of the Church, and by the Prince of Wales to the Salvation Army and to a Wesleyan Settlement, may perhaps be taken as evidence of their having seen the loss of influence over the people

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by the Establishment. This state of things, this loss of its hold upon the people of the land, a fact now so palpable and clear that it can no longer be denied, forms the motive for the attempt to interest the laymen (and the lay women too) in the church by giving them a share in its government. The Bishop of Salisbury, at the head of a committee appointed by Convocation, has issued a report in which an elaborate attempt is made to show that up to the present time the Church East and West has been mistaken upon this point, and not only the church but also such learned authorities as Dr. Pusey, Canon Liddon, and Dr. Bright. It is, of course, of vital importance for a human institution to cater to the desires and wishes of the arbiters of its fate, and if the people will not accept the teaching of a church of this kind then the church must accept the teaching of the people. This conduct is opening the eyes of many who have clung to the Establishment as a faithful representative of the primitive church. Instead of that hitherto cherished ideal, there is to be a modern church order; antiquity is no longer recognized as the ultimate historical standard. The standard now adopted is the idea which the twentieth century forms as to what was the New Testament conception of the church. Development, that unfailing refuge of the innovator, is brought in to supply the ground for this new departure—a development which for Anglicans is without the safeguard of a living authority. The action of the bishops in thus seeking to popularize their church and to secure thereby a broader albeit lower basis, looking down instead of looking up, so far from being of service to the church, is becoming a cause of anxiety to many who have been trying to find rest in the Establishment. They are asking whether there is anything about which the Church of England speaks definitely and finally, and are beginning to think that perchance Mr. Gladstone's doubt as to whether there would be in the West any organized body of believers in the Christian verities other than the Church of Rome may have arisen from his dim perception of the real truth, that the Church of Rome is the rock on which the church is built.

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The Latest Books.

THE VEIL OF THE TEMPLE.
By W. H. Mallock.

Mr. Mallock occasionally drops into the trade of a novelist* in order to give wider publicity to his feats of dialectics. Novel-writing for its own sake interests him little; although he is so extraordinarily clever that he acquits himself creditably as a craftsman of fiction. But for an age so delivered up to novel-reading as ours, the novel is the best means possible for whosoever conceives himself to have a message and wishes to convey it to the average man. Now Mr. Mallock has a message. He believes it to be of momentous importance too; so important in fact as to contain within itself the salvation of religion from the final assault and the ultimate triumph of materialistic science. Mr. Mallock's message is this: It is futile to attempt to reconcile science and faith. It is not only useless but suicidal in the apologists of Christian theism to attempt to refute the scientific objections so frequently flung against them. For science has won a complete intellectual victory over the fundamental postulates of religion, has in fact annihilated them, and made them as incapable of forming a rational basis of belief as a thousand corpses on a battlefield would be incapable of forming a new regiment of the line. The three propositions that lie at the heart of theism are: there is a personal God; the human will is free; the human soul is immortal. Now every one of these is no longer scientifically credible, says Mr. Mallock. On the contrary the pure reason finds them scientifically incredible, baseless, and preposterous.

So much for the first step in Mr. Mallock's new apologetic. Most unpromising it certainly looks, seeming in fact to common, non-Hegelian intellects to be so huge a stride away from religion as to leave us at the outermost station of unbelief. The second step, however, leads Godward. The moral law, the distinction between right and wrong, the mysterious but indisputable supremacy of purity, honesty, veracity, and all that complexus of spiritual and ethical faculties and aspirations

* *The Veil of the Temple.* By William H. Mallock. New York. The Putnam Company.

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which crown life with its sacredest nobility, form an overwhelming difficulty to materialism and imperiously command belief in the three fundamentals which the pure reason, left to itself, must have rejected. So here is the position in which we find ourselves. Our reason cannot accept God, freedom, and immortality; and on the other hand everything that makes life and character holy forces us to assent to all three. Reconciliation of these antinomies is impossible. Pure reason can never do aught else than bow religion out at the front door; practical reason finds it equally impossible not to welcome it in at the back. In such a quandary the first sentiment which Mr. Mallock would have us feel is resignation. We cannot bring together the two members of the contradiction, so let us not try. Let us learn to hold within our minds at one and the same time two directly antithetical positions. Let us get over our superstitious reverence for the principle of contradiction. Let us be religious; for practically we must live up to the old beliefs, else the beauty of life is departed. But while religious, yea, deeply and fervently religious, let us acknowledge that religion has no place in a rational scheme of knowledge, that its first principles and postulates are intellectually untenable, and that, while welcomed by the heart as guest and savior, it must ever be hunted by the mind as outcast and impostor.

This is an outline of the Gospel according to Mallock. It seems to be filled with a spirit of genuine love for religion, and an earnest zeal to promote it. Mr. Mallock thinks that scientific defences of belief are ruining belief, because it is scientifically indefensible. But if the Christian apologist will confine himself to an exposition of the necessity of religion for noble life and character, then religion will win the assent of the choicest minds of the race; for such minds will follow the will to believe rather than the intellect which shrinks from belief. Hence he conceives himself, even while demolishing the proofs of God, free will, and the life immortal, to be not only a defender of religion, but the only sort of defender whose plea will be admitted by modern men.

With regard to Mr. Mallock's fundamental position, namely, that religion can be at the same time divinely true for life and character, and totally false for mind and thought, we will say but little. It is a position which no one who possesses an

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adequate notion of the indivisible unity of truth and of the symmetry of human faculties can entertain. It flings into the human mind a disorder greater than any ever objected against the argument from design. In bidding us to accept its antinomies of reason and be at peace, it commands the impossible. For every whit as strong as our passion for truth is our conviction that truth is one; that it is a city at peace, and not a kingdom in civil war. With this speculative side of Mr. Mallock's system we would not detain our readers long. What we wish just now to bring out is the practical point that Mr. Mallock has fallen into the pit which system-builders usually dig for themselves; that is, he has made facts fit his scheme instead of adapting his scheme to facts. He overstates the case for science and understates the case for theism. It is his purpose to destroy any scientific foundation of belief; and this purpose has darkened his vision to the real value of evidence. Because there are difficulties in the way of a personal Deity, human freedom, and immortality, Mr. Mallock says: Behold, God, will, and the soul are intellectually absurd. Especially in this novel he quite outrages fairness in the enormous claims he sets up for science, and in the miserable apology he devises for an intellectual foundation of faith. Whatever wild statements discredited infidels like Haeckel have made against religion, Mr. Mallock accepts as "the last word of science"; and to the customary arguments in favor of a blind, fatal, purposeless universe, he attributes apodictic conclusiveness, forgetting, it would seem, that many of the men most learned in the laws of that universe have acknowledged that not only does it not exclude, but it demands a personal Creator, moral responsibility, and a life that survives physical death. Mr. Mallock is clever, but not fair. He displays a skill in dialectic fence which is extraordinary; but far less conspicuous in him is a love for the whole, sound, sober truth. He will be applauded by those who are captivated by brilliance; he will not be followed by those who seek caution and gravity. He is an unrivalled debater; but he is not what he has claimed to be, "an intellectual accountant," who dispassionately writes down the full statement of each side of the theistic controversy.

And as to this present book of his, we doubt whether it will lead many to think well of religion. What is destructive in it will help along the work of such despicable productions

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as the *Riddle of the Universe;* and what is constructive is not ably enough done to promise much benefit to belief. Of course the book is ingeniously put together, and charmingly written. A subtle humor pervades it which gives tenfold carrying power to its philosophy; and the weightier dialogues are so relieved by the small talk of ordinary life that one is forced to admit that never before has metaphysics been made so attractive. Two scenes, one in which the present confusion of Anglican theology is depicted; the other in which an ex-priest meets with discomfiture in his advocacy of Ethical Culture, are inimitable; they almost, in fact, deserve to be immortal. The book ends with a poem which hints that after all the Way, the Truth, and the Life is Christ. May the suggestion deepen to conviction both in Mr. Mallock's own mind, and in the minds of the thousands whom he influences! Would that so bright a pen and so keen a mind would cease their dialectic dallying with doubt, and would serve the cause of that Sovereign Person whose power to uplift, enlighten, and inspire has caused to shine above the bloodsheddings and the brutalities of human history a light of glory that must be divine!

LETTERS OF LORD ACTON.* The late Lord Acton is recognized by the whole world as one of the most profoundly learned men that ever lived. The deeper the knowledge of the scholars who came in contact with him, the greater was their amazement at his erudition. In modern history he was supreme; in general ecclesiastical history he had hardly a rival; in the history of institutions, of laws, and of sciences he was a master both of detail and of those tendencies, influences, causes, and effects which fall under what we term the philosophy of history; in metaphysics he was widely read; in theology he could have occupied a doctor's chair; and in the learned literature of the chief European languages he was thoroughly at home, inasmuch as German, French, Italian, and Spanish were as familiar to him as English. When one reflects upon Mr. Bryce's estimate that Lord Acton read on an average an entire octavo volume a day, half the time a German octavo; and when one considers that this reading was done by a mind that could easily

* *Letters of Lord Acton to Mary Gladstone.* With a Biographical Introduction by Herbert Paul. New York: The Macmillan Company.

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retain, assimilate, and co-ordinate it, one may acquire some inadequate idea of the power, depth, and fulness of the illustrious scholar's attainments and intelligence. In character Lord Acton was as unobtrusive as his learning was immense. He wrote no extensive work, although he had planned a History of Liberty which, if it had seen the light of day, would probably have been a classical composition for all time. He made no parade of scholarship, was characteristically modest and retiring, preferred to listen rather than to speak, and revealed the riches of his mind only when he was sought in advice or consultation. Religion he held as the first and greatest interest of history and of life. The moral law he so venerated that he could not withhold his indignation from whatsoever man or institution violated or questioned it. His Christian spirit beautifully appears in his last words to a dying daughter: "Be glad, my child; you will soon be with Jesus Christ."

It must sadden every sincere man to think that a Catholic scholar so profound and so noble should have fallen under the displeasure of the church. Acton was the pupil and close friend of Döllinger, and during the momentous days of the Vatican Council he stood beside his master fighting vigorously and bitterly against the definition of infallibility. Unlike Döllinger, he did not leave the church. He remained in it and died in it. But after 1870 a cloud rested on him while he lived. And indeed he did little to remove it. We dare say it will be the verdict of impartial history that Acton showed some lack of magnanimity in his retention of the prejudices of that historic controversy. For the rest of his life he was hardly capable of judging fairly the actions and policies of popes. In speaking of "Vaticanism" he puts almost a sneer into his words. In expressing indignation against individuals or associations in the church, his tone is often regrettable, from the point of view of intellectual honesty no less than from that of religious propriety. The position which he maintained in 1870 was best defended by exploiting the disedifying side of ecclesiastical history, and with this unfortunate aspect of his study he became only too familiar. He seems unable to see the other and holier side; and one would look long, we fancy, in his writings for any generous, whole-souled praise of pope, Curia, or religious order. Even a love of truth may be narrow and may mislead, and however admirable the conscience which

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impels a scholar to discover, to publish, and to castigate the sins of history, there is an unhappy defect in the mind which cannot occasionally look behind the sins to catch a glimpse of the virtues which assuredly are there. This shortcoming, grave enough it certainly is, is almost the only blemish in a remarkably gifted mind and an unusually noble soul. Very likely it kept Lord Acton from doing some work on the historical side of Catholic apologetic, and the church was thus deprived of one of the ablest defenders she could possibly have had.

These preliminary remarks may indicate, to some extent, the spirit and character of Lord Acton's letters to Mary Gladstone, which have recently been published. It is natural that Acton should have carried on an intimate correspondence with a member of the great premier's family, for he was a Gladstone worshipper. Gladstone and Burke were to his mind the most illustrious of English statesmen. With all his soul he loved liberty, the widest possible liberty. It was the study of his life, the subject oftenest in his thoughts, the purpose which he especially aspired to promote. A Tory he could not be; and in associating himself with Gladstone he believed that he was following the most advanced and enlightened of Liberals, the greatest and best of Democrats. These letters, as we might have expected, are principally taken up with the political phases of Mr. Gladstone's career. They throw some light upon British politics of twenty years ago, and doubtless will therefore interest Englishmen, but in this respect they possess small attraction for us. What American readers, and all other readers for that matter, will most enjoy are the occasional opinions on religion, history, and literature which are scattered throughout the volume, and give most illuminating glimpses into a shy and somewhat secretive mind.

One is astonished to find how the great scholar revered the genius of George Eliot. He seems at times to rank her next to Shakspere. Froude he despised, and next to Froude, as the most detestable of historians, he placed Carlyle. Our own Lowell he admired as a man of learning, culture, and keen wit. Newman he calls the most fascinating writer of the day, but love for him he could not feel. His harsh appreciation of the great cardinal is that he was "the manipulator rather than the servant of truth." Cardinal Manning he could not like, because Manning was devoted to St. Charles Borromeo; and as Bor-

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romeo wrote a letter in approval of religious persecution, Acton would have thrust him uncrowned into outer darkness. About Döllinger, whom he always revered, Acton has these remarkable words: "He looks for the root of differences in speculative systems, in defect of knowledge, in everything but moral causes; and if you had remained with us longer, you would have found out that this is a matter on which I am divided from him by a gulf almost too wide for sympathy." For criticisms like these this book would be well worth reading; and howsoever much one differs from some of them, one cannot help admiring the keenness and independence of the mind that utters them.

Mr. Herbert Paul writes an introduction to this volume which is biographically interesting, but morally monstrous. After telling us enthusiastically of Lord Acton's splendid honesty and perfect worship of truth, he insinuates in a most repulsive manner that Acton was dishonest in remaining a Catholic after 1870. Unable to distinguish between a proposition which is still debatable and a dogma definitively taught; or between criticism of policies and men within the Church and open disbelief in her doctrines, Mr. Paul is at a loss to understand Lord Acton's religious position, and hints that no one can understand it except on the supposition of insincerity. Several sentences of the introduction are open to hardly any other interpretation than this; and no words are too strong in censuring them. They dishonor as candid and fearless a man as ever lived, and Mr. Paul should be thoroughly ashamed of them. Lord Acton remained a Catholic because with all his heart he believed in the entire teaching of the church. As for the doctrine of Papal Infallibility, Acton clearly misunderstood it, before the definition was given, and apparently for some time after. His ideas as to the effect of the doctrine on civil allegiance show that he was greatly in error as to the scope and purpose of it. But when he had fully grasped the careful formulation of the Vatican Council's dogmatic decree, and had recovered somewhat from the acrimonies of the preliminary discussion, we have every reason to believe—in fact, knowing Lord Acton's character, we must believe, that his submission was as complete and reverential as the submission of Hefele, Dupanloup, or Gratry. In suggesting the contrary, Mr. Paul has more than done an injustice; he has uttered a slander.

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NEWMAN.
By William Barry.

In our opinion Dr. Barry is of all living men the fittest to be the author of a critical sketch of *Cardinal Newman.** He is, first of all, a Catholic and priest; and who but a Catholic can throw a clear glance into that mind which lived and reposed upon the ideas of Catholic continuity and Catholic authority? He is, in the second place, a man deeply in intellectual sympathy with the heavy problems and holy issues on which Newman's thought was bent incessantly. He is, moreover, a scholar of deep reading and fine culture, and master of an English style so pure and brilliant that we should be at a loss to say what other author now writing surpasses it. And finally, the most important qualification of all, we think, he is of an intellectual breadth rare among Catholics, let it be said without disparagement either to systems or to men, which is not only useful but absolutely indispensable in arriving at a fair and adequate judgment of Cardinal Newman. So rigorously has the philosophical training of Catholics been fixed and hardened into scholasticism since the beginning of Leo XIII.'s pontificate, that among such Catholic thinkers and critics as are still giving their views to the world, it is seldom that one meets with a mental outlook which peers beyond the horizon of Aristotle and Aquinas. So low, however, has the state of the mental activity of English and American Catholics become that many who read only English may not have noticed this contraction of the field of thought. But whosoever is familiar with European conditions is aware that in France, and to a less extent in Germany and Italy, two parties are at controversy among Catholics; one maintaining that philosophic truth and apologetic necessities demand that we recognize much that is good in that type of speculation of which Plato, Pascal, Malebranche, Kant, and Ollé-Laprune are, roughly speaking, representative; and the other party as stoutly declaring that to depart from the iron integrity of scholasticism is to be unsound in doctrine, and to deserve the condemnation of Rome; and that "Kantian infiltrations" are as foul a menace to faith as ever "Protestant infiltrations" could be. Now, for one whose education has been kept thus faithful to the scholastic spirit, to attempt an appreciation of Cardinal Newman, would be hardly short of a

* *Newman.* By William Barry, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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sin. For Newman was not Aristotelian and Thomistic. He was, in fact, at the opposite pole of philosophy. He was a thinker who not only tolerated, but lifted to a place almost of primacy, those "*raisons du cœur*," those sympathies of instinct, those elevations of the soul, and those spontaneous impulses of the will, which drive us to seek truth, imperiously guide us on our way to it, and utter unspeakably comforting approval when we have found it. Truth to him was a thing expressed but lamely in the scholastic definition, "*adæquatio rei et intellectus*"; and the intellect itself was neither the sole seeker nor the sole judge of what was true. Consequently Cardinal Newman to a rigid Thomist is somewhat of an outcast; and pity shall it be if such a one ever undertakes his biography. As for Dr. Barry, we know not to what extent he is a scholastic; but this we know, that he is too cultured, just, and thoughtful to be incapable of sympathy, deference, and love for any man who so deserves, whatever be the forms of his thinking; and hence his appreciation of Newman's mind is taken from a perfect point of vantage, and is as sound as any that we are likely to have for many a day.

Of the particular features of this "literary life" we need only refer to the name of the author to indicate them. The style is fascinating; the insight searching; the judgments cautious; the condensation extraordinary. Indeed, as to this last point, no one should read this volume who does not already possess a very fair knowledge of the great cardinal's life and works. What these pages disclose is the mental atmosphere which Newman breathed; is his way of thinking, arguing, and writing; is, in a word, a picture of him as a whole man, soul, brain, and heart, as for fifty years he stood before the world, the seer of things invisible, the mighty figure in historic controversies, the worshipful child of the Eternal, the lowly servant of Truth. The Newman of thought, study, and style—this it is Dr. Barry's purpose to delineate, not the Newman of many deeds, many friends, and many sorrows. The Newman of many sorrows! How true this is of the anchorite of Edgbaston; denounced to Rome by the very orthodox as being tainted in his Catholicity; whispered against secretly in his own household, when already acknowledged by those without the greatest intellect of his age; suspected because he sympathized with the movement, gloriously begun and mournfully

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ended, of Montalembert and Lacordaire; misunderstood but venerated by Wiseman; distrusted by Manning, and finally not spared the pain of open attack in the dark days of the Vatican Council; to him in his Oratorian cell little human joy remained save the sweet solace of the friendships to which his heart was so tenderly devoted. Lonely he had to be, he was so great. Lonely are all such explorers of the unseen to whom the world of physical force is not, and only the world of spirit is reality. This inner Newman Dr. Barry reveals to us with the clearness of a great critic and the love of a devoted disciple. Short the description is, but every word in it is full of meaning. It presents to us a man whose heart ever yearned for Truth, and whose soul ever turned to God; a man whose penetrating, deep, and subtle intellect flashed light upon that dim region where the human spirit meets the Divine, the birthplace of reverence and religion; a man whose mind was awed by the Deity within his conscience, and by the Providence manifest in Hebrew history and still authoritatively speaking through the Catholic Church; a man who occupied a place of unrivalled power as a leader of other men, but who was totally detached from the spirit of ambition; a man whose prose will immortally adorn our literature, but who never made the slightest effort for purely literary effect; a man, in one word, who turned the entire ability of a marvellous intelligence to a most selfless seeking for the Kingdom of Heaven; to the finding of it for himself, and to the guiding unto its portals of salvation of an age in dreadful danger of forgetting it. Holy, lofty, winsome is his figure in the history of the last century; and in the century just beginning it seems destined to be greater still. He was a prophet of the invisible, and he is hardly yet understood in the full measure of his scheme of thought. For a prophet is without due honor not only in his own country but in his own age. And perhaps when Christianity, just now bewildered with the problem of its own evidences and apologetic, shall fix upon some definite method as the best for vindicating its right to be the spiritual sovereign of men, it will borrow many a page from the Oxford thinker and Roman cardinal; yea, even it may come to pass that it will adopt, as the text-books of its defence, the Essay on Development and the "Grammar of Assent."

Long as this review is we cannot forbear quoting, as illus-

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trating Dr. Barry's style and manner, the following sentences from the last chapter of his book: "Newman's supreme gift was an intellect which detected the logical inaccuracy of words, arguments, ideas, and systems, when confronted with the realities which they bodied forth. On the other hand, he perceived that the individual must be guided by his conscience, and that society lives by revelation and tradition. Hence are derived his four great leading principles: implicit reason, economical representation, symbolic expression, and the necessary development of creeds. Thus he bridges the gulf between reason and experience; he connects the finite with the Infinite; he deduces the Catholic Church from primitive Christianity; and he protects faith against the assaults of a fictitious enlightenment. Religion and science are brought to the same touchstone, which is reality known or desired, sought by love, and possessed by life, of which the guiding motive must be a moral choice in action." Of Newman's style, Dr. Barry says that it "was wrought up little by little to a finish and a refinement, a strength and a subtlety, thrown into the forms of eloquence, beyond which no English writer of prose has gone. It is invariably just, tender, penetrating, animated, decisive, and weighty. It is eminently pure. It has learned to smile; it can be entertaining, humorous, pleading, indignant, as its creator wills. By it he will live when the questions upon which it was employed have sunk below the horizon or appear above it in undreamt-of shapes; for it is in itself a thing of light and beauty, a treasure from the classic past, an inheritance bequeathed to those people and continents which shall bear onward to far-off ages the language and literature that entitle England to a place beside Rome and Hellas in the world's chronicle."

THE WORD INCARNATE.
By Rev. R. Freddi, S.J.

It would be unwise for any one who has not made a fairly thorough study of theology to attempt the reading of the Rev. Roger Freddi's volume on the Word Incarnate.* It is a bare translation of dogmatic theology, retaining all the technical terms, all the ponderous constructions, and all the minute specula-

* *Jesus Christ the Word Incarnate.* By Roger Freddi, S.J. Translated from the Italian by F. J. Sullivan, S.J. St. Louis: B. Herder.

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tion of a class-room manual or of St. Thomas' *Summa*. To those who at some time in their lives have been theolcgians the book will give opportunity for a good review of an important treatise. To those who never heard a *videtur quod* expounded it speaks an unknown tongue. In case a layman should open its pages, what would most edify him, we fancy, would be the ease with which the learned author gives us illumination on many matters too lofty for common ken. On such problems as the vespertine and matutine knowledge of the heavenly hosts, and the non-phantasmal nature of angelic cognition, the book contains information hard to find elsewhere. A remarkable piece of reasoning, too, is that wherein the author (following St. Thomas) explains why painted pictures of Christ are to be given the worship of latria; whereas the Virgin Mother and the Saints are not to be allowed this worship, "for this is reserved to God alone." The seventh General Council has some remarks on images, and Bossuet has a celebrated passage on the subject, which ought always to be read in connection with this particular article of the *Summa*. In conclusion, while we must regret the language in which the book is written—"Scholastico English," we might call it—we must on two grounds express our admiration for the translator. He has given us a work which must have cost him much labor that was dry and hard; and he has flattered us by thinking to find among us enough readers of deep and technical theology to repay him for his task.

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Library Table.

The Month (August): *Ex Umbris et Imaginibus* considers Newman as a man of ideals, contrasting him with Plato. The difference between them is that between nature and grace. In Plato the spirit of idealism is "the craving for the good, the noble, and the true. It is the development of the power implanted in each of us to see in the 'real' depths beyond." In Newman's person we find combined "the truth of the idealism of Plato and the idealism, invincible yet ever open-eyed to fact, which permeates the New Testament and forms the backbone of Christian hope." The writer touches on the conflict within which Newman had to undergo.——Rev. Sydney F. Smith furnishes a critical review of *The Veil of the Temple*, which contains in popular form Mr. Mallock's argument in *Religion as a Credible Doctrine*. Father Smith fears lest the new book deserves a place among the books most influential in undermining the people's faith.

Church Quarterly Review (July): An article on Christian Sanctity remarks on the homely common sense and great practical ability of Catholic mystics like St. Teresa, and urges this as a powerful argument for the general healthiness of their spiritual condition.——A writer on the historical value of the Synoptic Gospels thus concludes: "The conception of Christ thus drawn from the Gospels carries with it an irresistible conviction of its truth, and blends with the witness of history and of Christian experience. We have urged that the extreme critical depreciation of the value of the Gospels as history is due ultimately to a presupposition in the mind of the critic that the facts recorded are in the nature of things impossible, and that the critical reconstruction of the process by which the Gospels reached their present shape depends largely upon a series of extravagant conjectures, and raises as many difficulties as it solves—— An article entitled "Truth in History" declares that the researches of Mr. Firth and Mr. Morley prove that Cromwell, while a man of iron will on the battlefield,

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was a man of utmost weakness in the Protector's chair. ——A critic of Canon Henson's latest volume flings this parting shaft: "It is difficult to be patient with the modern theologian who never hesitates to criticise, and to criticise mercilessly, old-established and tenaciously-held beliefs, but resents even the most moderate criticism applied to himself."

The Critical Review (July): A lengthy notice of Driver's *The Book of Genesis* is contributed by Rev. H. W. Robinson. The reviewer maintains that it is a work indispensable to the student of Scripture because of its collection of facts and references to Biblical literature.——Jülicher's *Introduction to the New Testament* is favorably criticised, being characterized as a work "scholarly in the best sense—a product of most careful study."——Rev. David Purves gives a brief summary of Drummond's *An Inquiry into the Character and Authorship of the Fourth Gospel.*

Études (5 July): Contains a review by L. de Grandmaison of the third part of Auguste Sabatier's work *The Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit.* The first two parts of the work are devoted to a criticism of the dogma of authority both in the Catholic Church and in Protestant communities. Sabatier devotes the part in question to explaining his theory of religion, one which he believes is destined to take the place of the religions of authority in the future, namely, the religion of the Spirit. "His religion," says the reviewer, "is one without the authority indispensable in every system; his faith is without doctrines; and, according to him, the admission even of a personal God is not necessary to a religious man."——Gaston Sortais refutes M. Séailles, who impugned the infallibillity of the Pope, taking the case of Galileo and the Roman Congregations as a groundwork for his attack. M. Séailles tries to show a resemblance between Galileo and M. Loisy, but receives a strong rebuke from Sortais, who argues that while the Holy Office had no special means of deciding whether or not the sun went around the earth, it was in a position to judge if Loisy had erred in his treatment of the fundamental questions of Catholic dogma.

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"It would be a foolish hope," he adds, "to think of freeing the Roman Congregations from the charge of condemning Galileo and the Copernican system. They were deceived." "But what difference does it make in point of view of doctrine, since their sentences are not infallible or irrevocable." The writer also shows a distinction between the disciplinary and doctrinal decisions of the Holy Office. Against the claim that the Popes Paul V. and Urban VIII. signed the sentences of Holy Office, Sortais proves that no document can be found with these popes' signature attached. He concludes by giving the opinions of many prominent writers and by showing that the Copernican system was taught—but not in the hypothetical way of Galileo—with the approbation of Benedict XIV. (1757).

(20 July): The continuation of M. Léonce de Grandmaison's article on "The Religion of the Spirit" discusses the place which the personality of Christ occupies in his teaching. He points out the utter inadequacy of the so-called "religion of the Spirit" (a religion without doctrine, authoritative teaching, or belief of any kind) to satisfy the deep religious needs of the vast majority of mankind, and predicts the moral decadence as well as religious indifference and unbelief to which such a religion must inevitably lead, because of the impossibility of maintaining religion and morality upon the basis of subjective agnosticism, which underlies Sabatier's position——An interesting article by Lucien Choupin on the "Codification of Canon Law," as contemplated in the recent "Motu Proprio" of Pius X. The writer reviews the history of canon law, the various collections and editions made in the past, the present urgent need of codification, and especially of the closer adaptation of the church's laws to the needs and requirements of modern times, and finally the great difficulty of the task, which it will require all the energy and earnestness of the Holy Father and of the distinguished commission appointed by him to successfully overcome; but from whose efforts the writer thinks the most satisfactory results are to be expected.——A bright, sympathetic, and highly interest-

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ing sketch of the life and character of Blessed Margaret Mary by Auguste Hamon.

Revue du Monde Catholique (1 July): Contains a leading article by Mgr. Justin Fèvre on the "Revocability of the Concordat." The writer reviews at length the history of the Concordat. The church alone, he adds, has the right in justice to revoke the Concordat or decide as to its advisability. As to the feasibility and opportuneness of such a measure from the church's point of view, the writer expresses an opinion which is apparently borne out by the testimony of many distinguished members of the French hierarchy, that the revocation of the Concordat would be at present most disastrous to the cause of the church in France, and would, in all likelihood, inaugurate an era of persecution similar to that for which the Concordat was framed as a remedy and long-desired relief.——In an article entitled "Neo-Criticism and Christian Democracy," Paul Lapeyre gives an answer to the many objections and accusations brought against "Christian democracy" by its opponents, and explains clearly the objects and aims of the organization, especially in its relation to criticism, science, and modern thought.

Le Correspondant (10 July): The well-known Academician, Ferdinand Brunetière, contributes to this number a very thoughtful article on the three phases of paganism that have become so prominent in present-day morality, viz., Individualism, Naturalism, and Secularism. We are appropriating the better elements of paganism; the danger is that pagan corruption and immorality may follow.——The last installment of Abbé Klein's series of articles on "The Land of 'the Strenuous Life'" appears in this number. He gives a very good outline of our educational system, writes very accurately of the difficulties attendant on the negro question in this country, praises the work done at Tuskegee, tells of the unveiling of Sherman's statue in Washington, incidentally praises our "strenuous" President, and in everything speaks enthusiastically of America, its institutions, and its people. Many will be pleased to know that these articles will soon appear in book

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form under the same title—"In the Land of the Strenuous Life."

(25 July): An interesting article is written for this number by J.-B. Piolet describing the Protestant foreign missions. A brief history of the leading missionary societies is given. They keep up 558 missions—nearly triple the number of Catholic missions. The writer gives interesting accounts of missionary work in China and in Africa. He gives statistics that show the good work of the Salvation Army, and tells of the great amount of good accomplished by the Protestant Bible societies.——Francis Marre describes the educational system of Japan. The rapid rise of the Japanese people in late years is due chiefly to the rapid development of their schools. The complex nature of the Japanese language is a bar to educational progress there. The instructors are poorly paid. Great praise is given to the leading institution of Japan—the University of Tokio.

La Quinzaine (1 July): "The Question of Newfoundland and the French-English Agreement" is the title of an interesting article by Gabriel Louis Jaray.——André Germain contributes an article on "The Religious Ideas of M. F. Brunetière," citing three as worthy of notice: his idealism, his passion for truth, and his social sense.——Under the title "The Domestic Religion of the Chinese" Fernand Fajenel gives an account of the religions of China, dwelling upon the "Religion of Ancestors," which, he claims, exercises greater sway over the minds and customs of the people than either Catholicism, Protestantism, Islamism, or Buddhism.

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THE COLUMBIAN READING UNION.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS WATERS, M.A., gave the closing lecture of a series given this season under the auspices of the D'Youville Circle in Rideau Street convent. A large audience assembled to hear the lecture, which was on Madame de Sévigné, the queen of letter-writers. As Madame de Sévigné is one of the authors to whom the D'Youville circle gives much time and thought, Mr. Waters was particularly happy in his choice of subject. The platform was decorated with green and white, and several pots of flowers, primroses and azaleas, making a very pretty background.

The lecture was bright and interesting and instructive. It dealt with the life, such as is known of it, of Madame de Sévigné, that brilliant and beautiful woman, who gives such vivid pictures of the court of the gay Louis XIV. Several of the sayings in her letters, of which nearly 2,000 have been preserved, were quoted. The lecturer expatiated upon the necessity for writing letters, and writing them well. Every one can do it, but the majority of people are too lazy, both mentally and physically, to try. Labor-saving and ignorance-concealing devices, such as the telephone, telegraph, and cable are used nowadays, and real letter-writing is becoming an obsolete art; which is a pity, as it can be one of the most charming.

Rev. Father O'Boyle moved a vote of thanks in his usual witty manner, congratulating the speaker upon his address and the circle upon the year's work, which has been faithful and steady. Mr. Waters also congratulated the D'Youville Circle, which has a large working membership and is a live organization, exhorting it to further efforts, and closed his remarks by saying *au revoir*.

* * *

In New York City the closing reception of the Rosary Reading Circle was held in the parlors of the lyceum. A high-class musical programme gave pleasure to a large assemblage of members and friends. A piano solo by Miss Marie Saietta; a violin and piano duet, by the Misses Marie and Loretta Rocco, were well received, as were also the singing of the well-known soprano, Miss Anna V. Donohue, and the tenor solo of Mr. Christie. Mr. Joseph McHugh was, as always, humorously entertaining; and Miss Rosemary Sullivan's exquisite voice gave much pleasure. She is one of the circle's talented members. A few words of retrospect by the moderator, the Rev. John J. O'Brien, were followed by a short address by the rector of Holy Rosary Church, the Rev. Francis H. Wall, D.D. He spoke of the high standard of literary taste achieved in the parish through the efforts of the circle and urged a continuance of the good work. Catholic young women who desire to become affiliated with the Rosary Reading Circle may receive information regarding membership by addressing the Rev. J. J. O'Brien, 444 East One Hundred and Nineteenth Street, New York. Membership is not limited to parishioners.

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The two hundred Catholic women of the Fénelon Reading Circle, of Brooklyn, had a gala evening at the Pouch Gallery at their annual reception to Right Rev. C. E. McDonnell, whose kind patronage is one of their

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greatest encouragements. A very happy musical programme opened the evening, after which the president, Miss Ellen A. Ford, addressed the bishop with a few words of welcome, outlining them with an account of the work of the society for the season just closing. The progress of the Catholic Church in New York had been the year's study. Sixteen papers covering important points and persons in the history of the church in New York had been prepared and read by as many of the members for their mutual instruction. Miss Ford said no one could be a sincere member of the Fénelon and not become year by year a better and better historian.

Such eminent orators as Dr. James J. Walsh, of Manhattan; Dr. John M. Reiner, of Villanova College, Pennsylvania; Right Rev. Mgr. O'Hare, of St. Anthony's, Brooklyn; Dr. Condé B. Pallen, the poet, and Father William Farrell had addressed them on Catholic historical subjects. After referring to the gracious and wise aid of the director, Rev. James J. Coan, Miss Ford gratefully alluded to the cheery co-operation of her fellow-officers during the year: Miss Elizabeth Rogers, the vice-president; Miss Alice Cavanagh and Miss Margaret O'Connor, secretaries; Miss Daisy Richards, treasurer; Miss Anna Higgins, librarian; also to the efficient work of Miss May E. White, chairman of the advisory committee; of Mrs. Campbell Keough, of the music committee, and of the several young ladies of the reception committee. She hoped for his lordship's approbation of the work done, and begged his blessing on future efforts of the Fénelon.

Bishop McDonnell responded briefly, warmly approving of what the Fénelon had done for the history of the church and for Catholic literature. He recalled woman's efficient services in the early church and her active apostolate in all ages. It was the women baptized by St. Peter who gathered and preserved the relics of the first martyrs. The noble women converted by St. Paul were most generous, as St. Paul himself testifies, in furnishing the material needs of the visible church in its beginnings in Greece and Rome and Jerusalem. History is full of noble examples of Catholic women famous in all branches of the higher education. The world to-day is full of the happy influence of Catholic women like the daughters of St. Vincent de Paul who, from a little town in France, have spread over the whole earth for God's glory and man's happiness.

The bishop made all the members present very happy by his fervent blessing on them and their work.

* * *

A book of absorbing interest to Gaelic students, and to all supporters of what is known as the Irish Ireland movement, has just been published. This is the *Memorials and Reliques of Father O'Growney*, by Miss Agnes O'Farrelly, M.A. Father O'Growney was only thirty-six years of age when he died in California; yet in that short career he did more for the uplifting of his native land, by reviving within her people the spirit of and love for the national language and pride in all things Irish, than perhaps any other patriot has achieved in recent years. Miss O'Farrelly's work comprises, besides a history of Father O'Growney's life, a record of the great movement which he set on foot, and also a collection of his writings. Her description of the last sad removal of Father O'Growney's remains from the coast of the Pacific to his own dear isle and of the touching scenes attending the

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interment at Maynooth recall to mind the funeral of Terence Bellew McManus, who also died in America and was brought home to rest in Irish earth. One particular point in Father O'Growney's life which should encourage all who would follow his example is that up to the age of sixteen years he had absolutely no knowledge whatever of that almost dead language—Irish—which he subsequently mastered so thoroughly as to impart a knowledge of it to millions of his fellow-countrymen through the medium of his *Simple Lessons in Irish*. Miss O'Farrelly is herself a gifted, self-taught Irish scholar. Her book, though written mostly in English for the convenience of those who have not yet mastered the national language, is printed on Irish paper, with illustrations by Irish artists, and turned out in first-class style by Messrs. Gill & Son, publishers, Dublin.

* * *

The *Life and Letters* of the late M. P. O'Connor, of Charleston, S. C., edited by his daughter, Mary Doline O'Connor, and published by Dempsey & Carroll, of New York, is in active circulation among all the leading universities and public libraries in the country.

The demand for the book is steady and most gratifying. Besides the value of the only published collection of Mr. O'Connor's orations and public speeches, his public career is identified with the Reconstruction period, which makes it invaluable as a book of reference. The present edition is almost exhausted.

The volumes have been ordered by the Catholic University, the State libraries of New York, New Jersey, California, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Ohio, Connecticut, Kansas, and Illinois; the historical societies of New York, Long Island, Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, New Jersey, Montana, and New Hampshire; the public libraries of New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Worcester, Buffalo, Chicago, Detroit, Syracuse, Paterson, Pittsburg, Newburg, Jersey City, St. Louis, Indianapolis, Milwaukee, Lincoln, Cleveland, San Francisco, Lynn, Denver, and Peoria.

* * *

Although librarians themselves are puzzling over the matter, no one rises to explain why men patrons of the reading-rooms of public libraries are so much more numerous than women, when, in the matter of taking out books, it is exactly the other way. Of course, in the reading-room it is a question of magazines rather than books; but it does not appear from any other evidence available that men read magazines more closely than women do. Yet the fact remains that in every well patronized reading-room practically all the patrons are men. Sometimes they pore steadily over one magazine, and sometimes they browse around, but they are there and they are stayers. If any women are seen they are generally busy with a note-book and some work of reference; and if not, they stay but a short time. One explanation offered is that in the feminine temperament the love of order is greater than in the masculine, and that because the visits to the library or the spending of a morning there are not a regular thing they are to be regarded as strictly business, and made accordingly with as fixed a purpose as that which makes the shopping tour such a definite and strenuous performance. It is said, too, that a great many men seen in these reading-rooms are temporarily out of employment. There must, of course, be a

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great many women who are without work also, and perhaps these are not visible in the libraries because they are out looking for it.

* * *

Teachers have always enjoyed special privileges in the public libraries of New York, but it is thought that the books might be made much more useful to them than they are at present, and to that end a plan for systematic and practical co-operation with the public-school teachers and school children of the city will be put into operation soon by the New York Public Library system.

Each public school will be assigned to a nearby branch of the library, and in each branch the school work will be in charge of one person, whose business it will be to know personally every teacher in her district. With the permission of the Board of Education a bulletin-board will be placed in each school, giving the location of the library nearest the school, urging the teachers to make use of it, and giving such notices and monthly lists of new books as may be of interest to the teachers or pupils. Books required by the teachers will be sent to them and called for by messengers, and no limitation will be put on the number they may take out at one time. Teachers undertaking special studies or doing other definite literary work may arrange to secure all the books necessary for such study, and keep them for six months, if they like, provided only that they are renewed monthly, and that no one else calls for them during that time. Popular current fiction will be the only exception to this rule.

Endorsements will not be required for membership cards of teachers in any of the public schools, and endorsements by teachers of pupils' applications will not entail any financial responsibility.

This idea originated with E. W. Gaillard, who will have charge of the work, and who had already proved the value of the plan in his own library, before its consolidation with the public library system. The plan has also been carried out in whole or in part by other branches of the New York Free Circulating Library, and by the public libraries of Buffalo, Pittsburg, Newark, and other cities. It will be put into operation in five branches of the public library, but will be extended as soon as possible to the remaining branches.

After each branch has established friendly relations with individual teachers, the work with the children will be taken up. This will be based on the course of study, and ideas will be borrowed from successful experiments made in the Carnegie Library of Pittsburg, the Newark Public Library, the Pratt Institute Free Library, the Buffalo Public Library, and the Webster Free Library (now the East Seventy-sixth Street Library).

The Buffalo plan of large collections of pictures to aid in the illustration of lessons will be adopted, and in at least one branch there will be a model school library for the inspection of teachers. The Pittsburg plan of a story hour may be adopted in branches where there are suitable rooms.

For the children's circulating department bookcases will be arranged to correspond with the school grades, and for reference work lists will be compiled by each branch every week, such lists to be pasted on the school bulletin boards. By such methods as these the circulation of the Webster Free Library was increased from 26,000 to 144,000 volumes a year.

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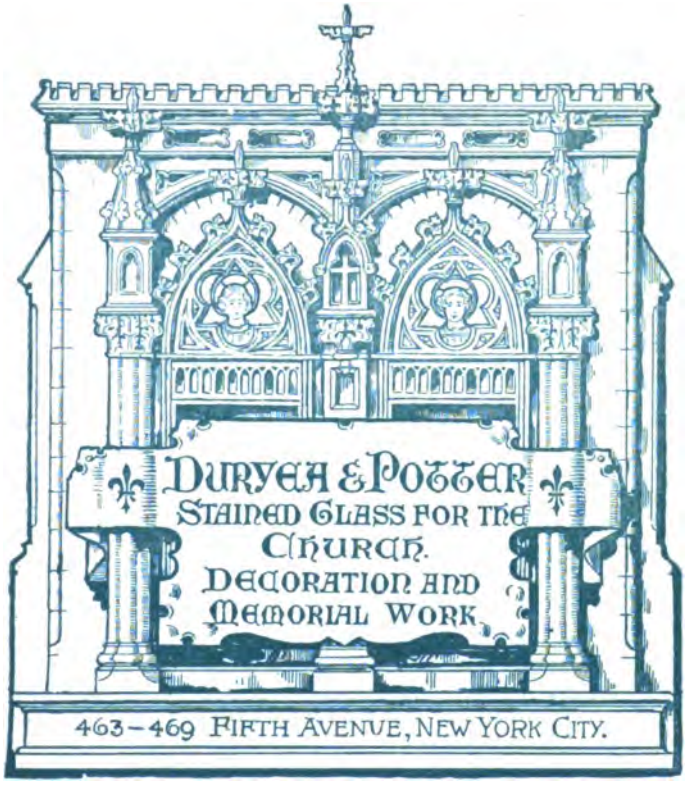
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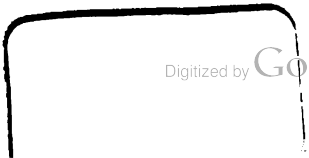

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